Life and Letters
of
Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE,
C. F. CLAY, MANAGER.
London: FETTER LANE, E.C.
Glasgow: 50, WELLINGTON STREET.

Leipzig: F. A. BROCKHAUS.
New York: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.
Bombay and Calcutta: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

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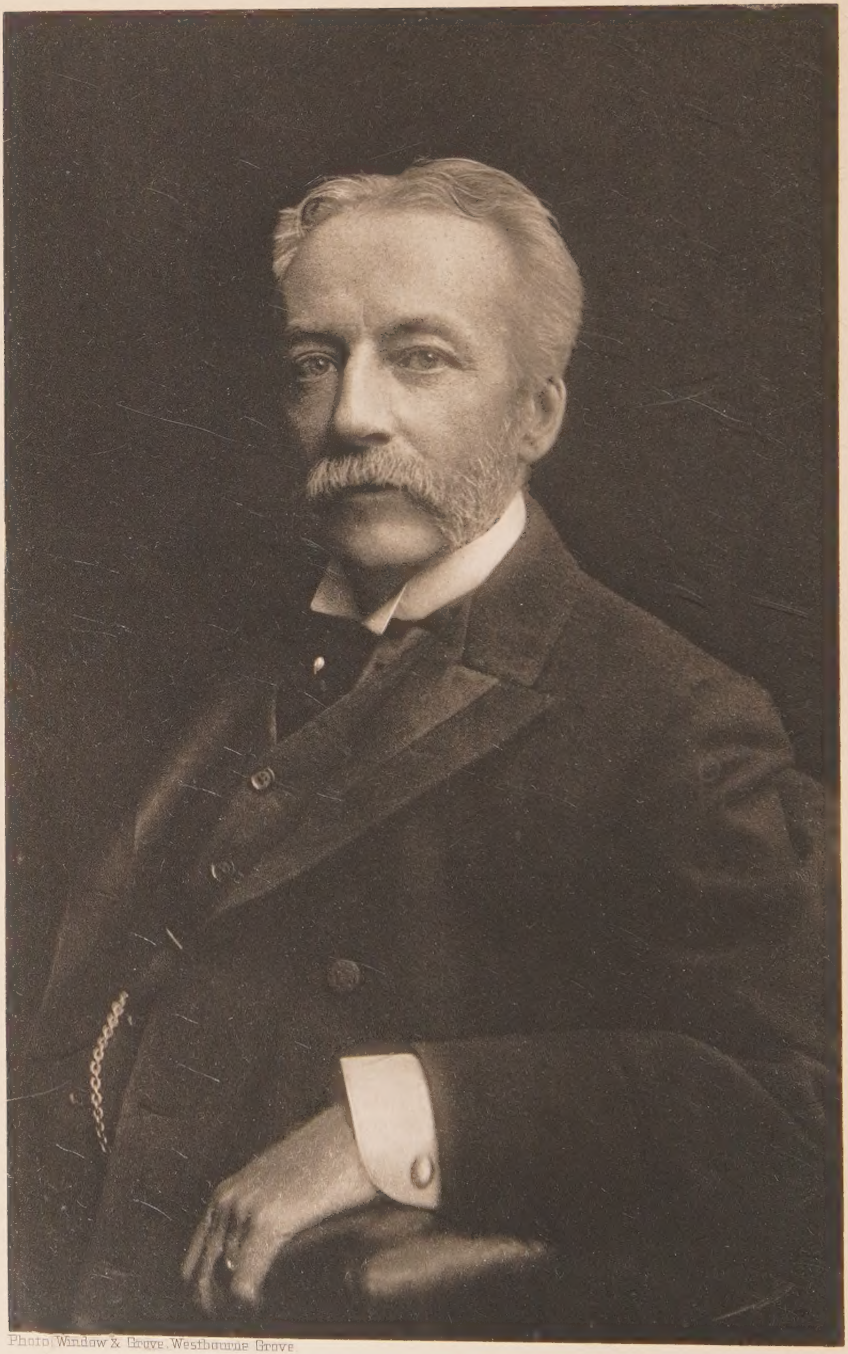

Photo: Window & Grove, Westbourne Grove

R. C. Jebb.

Life and Letters
of
Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb
O.M., Litt.D.

by his wife

Caroline Jebb

With a Chapter on Sir Richard Jebb as Scholar
and Critic by Dr A. W. Verrall

Cambridge:
at the University Press
1907

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PRINTED BY JOHN CLAY, M.A.
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

PREFACE

MY work in preparing this book was made unexpectedly easy. My husband in the latter half of his life collected a series of volumes which he named Servanda—scrap-books in which were pasted letters, reviews, extracts from speeches and newspaper cuttings—matter of any kind that he wished to preserve. Here ready to my hand was evidence sufficient of the interests and occupations of his full and busy life—if only I could use it aright. But selection from such a mass of material was difficult and I am haunted by the fear that what was put aside may in part be of more general interest than that given here. I could only use my own judgment, bearing always in mind that to tell the whole tends to tediousness. The many family letters which Mr Heneage Jebb and Mrs Arthur Jebb placed unreservedly at my disposal gave the story of his earlier years, and a little diary which he kept chiefly for engagements—in an unbroken series from 1877 to 1905—has been invaluable to me in furnishing dates for our many journeys together and my own memories.

It now remains my pleasant duty to thank warmly Mr J. D. Duff of Trinity, who has most kindly and carefully gone through my proofs with me page by page, giving me much friendly and valued criticism, and Mr S. H. Butcher, who after reading the first type-written chapters gave me encouragement to go on with the more difficult part.

Thanks are also due to the Rev. Dr Denney and Mr R. P. G. Williamson for their interesting recollections of Sir Richard Jebb as a teacher, and to the many friends who sent me letters. Whether or not these could be fitted into the fabric of the book, it was a great pleasure to me to read them.

And I wish also to thank Mr R. T. Wright for the interest he has shown in the progress of the book and for his advice on technical points. Indeed all the officials at the Pitt Press have been most patient with my ignorance which must often have given them needless trouble.

For nothing in the Life and Letters is Dr Verrall responsible. He has not yet seen them. I felt it the very greatest kindness and a great point gained when he consented to write the chapter on my husband's work as critic and scholar.

CAROLINE JEBB.

SPRINGFIELD,
CAMBRIDGE.
September, 1907.

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Portrait of Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb . . . *Frontispiece*

CHAPTER I.

FAMILY HISTORY.

Richard Claverhouse Jebb was born on the 27th of August, 1841, at Dundee in the house of his grandfather the Dean of Brechin, where his parents were then upon a visit. He came of gentle stock on both sides. The Jebbs of Woodborough in Nottinghamshire were prominent from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Towards the end of the seventeenth century a part of the family settled at Mansfield, in the same county, where they soon became noted for eminence in literary work. "Few families," says Mr Nichols in his *Literary Anecdotes*, "have produced more persons connected with the literary history of the eighteenth century." Short lives of these are given in Maunder's *Biographical Dictionary*; and a *Memoir* of Dr John Jebb[1], F.R.S.,

[1] Dr John Jebb was celebrated for the remarkable liberality of his political and religious opinions, and was fortunate in having a wife like-minded with himself, to judge from a biographical notice of her published at her death in 1812. She was a daughter of the Rev. John Torkington and Lady Dorothy Sherard (daughter of the second Earl of Harborough). The young couple met at a ball in Huntingdon and "took no long time to discover that

F.S.A., of Peterhouse, Cambridge, whom the Bishop of Limerick characterized as his very honest and able but wrongheaded and heretical cousin, is prefixed to a collection of his miscellaneous works.

Samuel Jebb, the grandfather of Dr John Jebb, and of Sir Richard Jebb, Bart., Physician to George III, was also the direct ancestor of Richard Claverhouse Jebb, the subject of these memoirs. He was born in 1670, and married in 1690 Elizabeth, only daughter of Richard Gilliver, Esq., of Bamfield, Yorkshire, whose wife was Amelia de Witt, daughter of Jacob de Witt, Burgomaster of Dort, and sister of John de Witt, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, and of Cornelius de Witt, Admiral of the Fleet, who were murdered on the 14th of August, 1672. On account of the disturbances of the time, Jacob de Witt left Holland during the lifetime of his famous sons and came to England. He undertook to drain the Fens of Lincolnshire, and large grants were assigned to him of the reclaimed lands, which, on account of the disorders that prevailed during the Civil Wars, were lost to his only daughter and her descendants.

Happily some of the de Witt force of character

their hearts and understandings were formed for each other." They were married in 1764 and came to live in Cambridge, where Mrs Jebb soon became a social centre. The *Memoir* says:—"She was listened to with deference and attention by some of the most eminent characters. Her conversation was at the same time spritely, argumentative, and profound; and while she expressed herself fluently on all occasions her language was equally happy and correct."—*Memoirs of Mrs John Jebb* by G. W. M. 1812.

was inherited by them. Bishop Jebb[1] writes, "They were distinguished by their strength of character, independence of mind, love of freedom, and indomitable ardour in all their pursuits. With strength however," he adds, "weakness was sufficiently mingled; and prudence, in the ordinary sense of the term, was by no means their characteristic. Some of them were tolerably successful in the acquisition, but none proceeded to the accumulation, of the goods of fortune. They were apt to spend with more rapidity than they acquired; and many of them were liberal in the transactions, and almost profuse in the charities, of life."

Samuel Jebb had by this marriage six sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Richard, went to Ireland early in the eighteenth century, where he entered into business. He is described as "a man of strong sense and sound principles, hasty in temper, but good-natured and benevolent to a degree."

This Richard Jebb married in 1718 Mary, daughter of William Stanley, Esq., of Lincolnshire, and died in 1761, leaving an only son, John, of whom his son, Bishop Jebb, writes, "I never knew a more innocent human being, an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile."

John Jebb was twice married, the second time to Alicia Forster, a beautiful woman to judge by her portrait now at Springfield, Cambridge. By this marriage he had two sons, both destined to be men of influence on their time, and three daughters.

[1] *Life of Bishop Jebb* by the Rev. Charles Forster.

Richard, the elder son, the grandfather of Richard Claverhouse, born in 1766, was educated at Drogheda, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin. Having come into a property as the heir of his cousin Sir Richard Jebb, Bart., he went to the Irish bar at the age of twenty-two. His rise was rapid in his profession; and he also came early into notice by the part he took in opposing the Union. In 1799 he published "A Reply to a Pamphlet entitled 'Arguments for and against a Union,'" which received wide recognition. Lord Glenbervie, the successor of Lord Castlereagh in the Irish Secretaryship, cited it as containing all the arguments of real weight against the Union; "to the whole of which," he said, "he felt himself to be replying in answering Mr Jebb."

The Government Richard Jebb had opposed offered him a seat in Parliament which, after full consideration, he declined; nor would he allow himself to be nominated for Drogheda, though much urged, and with the certainty of being elected.

The younger son John, after a distinguished career at College, chose the Church for a profession. He at once became noted for eloquence as a preacher and for his skill in public discussions. In 1806 he preached the Visitation Sermon at Cashel, and was publicly thanked by the Archbishop. While he was receiving the congratulations of his friends, the Rev. Dr Hare startled him by exclaiming, "I give you no credit for that Sermon; you stole it, Sir, you stole it." The astonished preacher said, "May I ask

from what source?" when Mr Hare's countenance relaxed, and he answered with a gentle voice and a profound bow:—"From your own life and conversation[1]."

John Jebb was appointed Bishop of Limerick in 1823. His first speech in the House of Lords—on the Irish Tithes Commutation Bill—lasted three hours. Mr Wilberforce declared it to be one of the ablest speeches ever delivered in the House. Bishop Jebb was also famous for his learning, his many contributions to literature, his social charm, and, above all, for the beauty of his life.

Between the two brothers Richard and John, nine years apart in age, the closest affection existed. When a little boy John was struck with the words *Memento Mori* on a tomb at Leixlip. He asked his brother to translate them, and then to write them in his childish album. Richard wrote instead *Memento Mei*. "From that hour to the present," adds the Bishop, "he has taken special care that the impression made while he translated these words should never be obliterated. To me and to our sisters he has been, as to our father he was for several years, *in loco parentis*, his heart and house ever open to us, every advantage with which Providence has been pleased to favour him affectionately shared with us. He has been dealt with accordingly;—blessed with a most valuable wife, and children of the highest promise, he has just attained (1818) a Judge's seat on the King's Bench. Nor can I omit that he has

[1] *Life of Bishop Jebb* by the Rev. Charles Forster.

risen by pure merit; that he never courted business or asked for office; that he kept most delicately aloof when many might have thought him to blame in not putting himself forward."

It may not be out of place to give here a passage from the Rev. Charles Forster's *Life of Bishop Jebb*, the less so that many of the characteristics of this Richard Jebb and his brother were repeated in their descendants.

"In the groundwork of their characters—integrity, candour, generosity, high-mindedness—never were brethren more in unity; in manner, on the other hand, they were of perfectly opposite styles. Both were characteristically modest and constitutionally shy: but probably owing to the influence of their different professions, Bishop Jebb's native modesty and shyness occasioned a degree of reserve in society which his brother's daily contact with life enabled him to overcome. Both were naturally playful, with a vein both of wit and humour: but the Bishop's manner though cheerful was grave, and seldom relaxed except among intimate friends; while his brother's was easy, lively, and universally prepossessing."

Who that knew the late Sir R. C. Jebb intimately will not recall the almost boyish playfulness which made him in his own family and with intimate friends such a delightful companion?

Richard Jebb married in 1803 Jane Louisa Finlay, a daughter of John Finlay, Esq., of Corkagh in the County of Dublin, a Member of the last Irish Parlia-

ment. Bishop Jebb describes her as "uniting a masculine strength of mind with truly feminine delicacy and tenderness of heart."

Five sons and one daughter were born of this marriage. The eldest son, John, entered the Church and became Rector of Peterstow and Canon of Hereford; the second son, Richard, studied law, and was for many years Vicar-General in the Isle of Man; the third, Robert, went to the Irish bar.

Robert was a man of extraordinary accomplishments; his son Richard Claverhouse always spoke of him as the most accomplished person he had ever known; but the gentleness and innocence of his nature—inherited from his grandfather—prevented him from winning the place in his profession to which his abilities gave him a right. He shrank from any appearance of striving for his own advantage. A seat on the Irish Bench, practically promised to him, when it became vacant, was given to another with more interest. From that time Robert Jebb retired from active life, having found the struggle with this "everlasting flint," the world, too hard for his gentle spirit. He passed his quiet days in the study of ancient and modern literatures, in the care of his beautiful garden, and in educating his children. Until Richard was sent to school at the age of twelve his father was his only teacher.

Robert Jebb married in August 1840 Emily Harriet, third daughter of the Rev. Heneage Horsley, Dean of Brechin, and grand-daughter of Bishop Horsley of St Asaph's. The Horsley family had

long been established in Hertfordshire. The Bishop's own father, John Horsley, became Rector of Thorley in 1745, receiving about the same time the Rectory of Newington Butts in Surrey. He appears to have had a higher standard of clerical duty than was common at the time. "At Thorley," says the late Lord Selborne, "he resided constantly, when residence was not enforced as it is at present; did his duty as long as he was able; and was a considerable benefactor to the parsonage." His eldest son Samuel (afterwards Bishop of St Asaph's) was presented to the living of Albury in Surrey, and married in 1774 Mary Botham, the daughter of the late Rector. The Albury Register states that "Samuel Horsley, Clerk, Doctor of Laws in this Parish, Batchelor, and Mary Botham of this Parish, Spinster, were married in this Church by License, this 13th day of December, 1774, by John Buckner, Curate *pro hac vice*." Of this marriage two children were born; one died in infancy; the other, Heneage, afterwards Dean of Brechin, married in 1801 Frances Emma Bourke, sister of Sir Richard Bourke of Thornfields, County Limerick. She was a cousin of Edmund Burke, and it was at Beaconsfield that Heneage Horsley first met her.

Dean Horsley died on October 6th, 1847, leaving one son, Samuel (the "Uncle Sam" of the letters), and three daughters, Frances Emma, Eglantyne, and Emily Harriet; the first two remained unmarried, Emily Harriet became the wife of Robert Jebb and the mother of Richard Claverhouse Jebb.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS. 1841—1858.

For some years, while Robert Jebb was still active in his profession, the family home was in Dublin. Here the little "Dick" passed his early childhood amid surroundings peculiarly suited to his sensitive affectionate nature and quick intellect. Not only his parents but his mother's two sisters, Frances and Eglantyne Horsley, found in the eager, beautiful boy their chief interest in life. Full of vitality and intelligence as he was, even his faults were engaging. He had a passionate temper as quickly allayed as it was excited. When he was two years old his Aunt Eglantyne offended him by laughing (as he thought) at him. Like a flash, yet gently, his hands flew to her cap, pulled it off and threw it on the floor. "Aunty sorry," he remarked triumphantly; adding the instant after, "Dicky sorry too," as he burst into tears and threw his arms around her neck. Miss Horsley told me it was impossible to express what a delight he was to them all. Notwithstanding his quick temper, he was a very good child, easily

governed by affection. A look of disapproval from his mother made him miserable: to disappoint anyone who loved him was all his life intolerable to him. "Dick sorry; forgive your Dick" was a phrase not confined to childhood. He was also naturally obedient and law-abiding, with a respect for authority.

If affection could ever spoil, I am afraid his adoring "Aunt Fanny" was guilty. He had a vivid recollection of the pastry-cook's shop to which he always turned her steps when taken out for a walk by her. She said he was as a child quite irresistible, so affectionate, so amusingly coaxing: she *had* to gratify him. Until Miss Horsley died at the age of 92, he remained her darling, and he gave her back a most devoted affection. To the very last, he would snatch time from the busiest season to visit her, at least once a year, at Bath. In the later years he used to come back saddened at seeing her so aged and changing.

One of his pleasantest recollections of the home in Dublin was a pony on which he was allowed to ride alone in the Park. His mother often recalled the picture of her little son, his beauty heightened by excitement, his large blue eyes shining, as he claimed her sympathy when starting for a ride. His sister remembers that an old gentleman, who lived opposite, used to have his chair wheeled to the window at the time when Dick usually returned from his ride, in order that he might watch "the spirited little fellow dash up the street, jump off, throw his rein

over the rail, and running up the steps, reach with difficulty the knocker on which he gave a resounding summons."

His first letter, written on ruled paper in big letters at the age of six, to his uncle John, was about this pony.

"My dear Uncle,

I have got a nice set of tools amongst which there is a saw half a yard long. I have had three falls from my pony so I suppose I shall be a good rider at last the same pony I had in the Isle of Man is to be sent to me by my friend Willie Wynyard. Uncle Sam came to us on Sunday he is to stay with us till Saturday and is to go to Uncle Tom's wedding and I am to go too. I was in the Kingstown Railway the other day with Uncle Tom and the Train stopped which rather alarmed us but we found out at last that they had lost the track and soon we went on again as usual. now dear Uncle John I must bid you good bye with love and a kiss to dear Aunt Jebb Believe me your affectionate Nephew,

R. C. Jebb
Wednesday 10th Nov^{ber} 1847
23 Temple st."

Dick was four years old when his sister Eglantyne was born. From the first, her coming was a great delight to him, and all through his life the close tie between them was a source of happiness. When

either was staying at Danesfort, Killarney, the home of their uncle Mr Samuel Horsley and his two sisters, and a second home to the Jebb children, the correspondence between them was constant. At first "brother Dick" printed his letters in large type because the little sister could only read print.

About five years later the family was completed by the birth of twins. Mrs Arthur Jebb[1] remembers well an evening when her father was amusing herself and Dick in the drawing-room. He had not long before read portions of the *Comedy of Errors* to Dick, who had been greatly interested and wished much to see the play acted. When the door opened to admit an old servant who announced the birth of the twins, Dick gleefully exclaimed, "Now we have the two Dromios!"

As one of the twins proved delicate, and the health of the other children seemed to flag in town, it was decided to make a move into the country. A small house was bought at Killiney, nine miles from Dublin, and the family went there in 1850. No more beautiful spot could have been found. Killiney Bay has been compared to the Bay of Naples. However that may be, the beauty of the shore, the sea, the hills, the woods at the back, were never failing sources of happiness to the group of children in the years that followed. His sister describes it as "a land of blackberries, cowslips, and primroses, straggling hedges

[1] Eglantyne Jebb married in 1871 Arthur Trevor Jebb of The Lyth, Salop. The relationship, if any, between the two families was never traced, though they used the same crest.

and wandering footpaths. At that time the houses were few, for the most part hidden by trees. What a delight it was to race down the fields and find ourselves on the open shore! There was a little brook, the Shanganagh, where we made dams and built fortifications; and where, a little later, Dick sailed a whole fleet of ships."

With this world of delight outside, with a little printing-press and an amateur carpenter-shop with its turning-lathe for amusement on wet days, above all with a father who could do such wonderful things, and a sympathetic, devoted, wise mother, no wonder the children remembered their childhood almost as a tale of fairyland.

When Dick grew older he had regular lessons from his father, which he studied with the thoroughness so characteristic of him. The set task was often exceeded. His father, who used to see his work in the evenings after coming from his Chambers, would say, "But you cannot have done all that," to which the response would be the recitation or translation of the whole. The pleasure of surprising his father by his diligence was a sufficient incentive to industry.

But the break had to come. In his childish journals which he kept carefully for two years, and which record the adventures of many kites and dearly loved ships, often made for him by his father and anxiously watched on their voyages by both, he writes:

"August 7th, 1853:—To-night, papa and I

finished our studies which, for upwards of four years, have been successfully continued.

I go to school next Wednesday.
It cannot be helped.

August 10th, 1853. *O! Miserrima dies.* To-day I go to St Columba's College, Rathfarnham."

Dick was not at first happy at school; the change from home was too great. He was very sensitive, was accustomed to loving sympathy in all his pursuits, perhaps unaccustomed to criticism or censure. The Headmaster wrote to his parents that it surprised him to perceive how wretched a few words of blame made the boy, and how his misery lasted for days. He sent for him and talked to him seriously on the mistake of having too much *amour propre.* "Fancy saying that to a sensitive boy of twelve! as if I could help it," he exclaimed, in telling me of his school days.

All through the year, it is touching to see how he clings to the thought of home, how he counts on his mother's weekly visits, calls the post which brings him her letters the "event of the day," marks off each week till the holidays. This continues, though he quickly grows interested in his work and the useful spirit of emulation comes to his aid. On September 11th, 1853, he writes to his mother: "I got a great piece of encouragement last night. When

the Warden sent for me I went, very much wondering what he wanted me for. He was settling some papers as I came to him, and when he had finished, he took me by the arms and said, 'Jebb, how are you getting on?' 'Very well, thank you, Sir,' said I. He said, 'I have had a very good report of you from Mr Tuckwell, and he says you are industrious. I am very well satisfied with you. If I take no notice of a boy, it is not because I am not satisfied with him; it is generally the reverse. For if I am not satisfied with him I generally do notice him. I am glad to see that you have boys about you that will keep you up to your work. And remember, you can scarcely be called placed. You have to find your level, which you will do at the next examination. Well, God bless you. You can go.'"

This hint about the examination bore fruit. He got his rise into the Fourth Form at the beginning of the year, the only boy from the Third Form who did. His progress that year must have been rapid, for in August he writes to his mother:—"We heard the history list this morning. I was first, O'Brien Maximus second, Smith third. In Geography O'Brien was first, I second. The Prize has been adjudged to *me*. Mr Tuckwell spoke in the kindest way of my paper which he said was much superior to anyone else's. I am very much surprised at my own luck; I never expected to be above O'Brien Maximus."

The Rev. W. Tuckwell kindly permits me to publish this description of him as a boy.

"Pyrford Rough, Woking,
November 26th, 1906.

Dear Madam,

I am perhaps the last man left who remembers your husband as a pupil in 1853 (?) when brought by his father to St Columba's College. He was in my Form, and as classical master I had charge of his composition. I remember the delightful contrast between him and other boys. They were good studious fairly clever boys, but looked on their Latin verses as at best a kind of Chinese puzzle: he seemed to *feel* the force of a distinguishing epithet, the charm of a corrected word or phrase; caught up hints and improved them, turned out all his copies with something of artistic pride. He was unusually shy and timid, blushing like a girl when addressed, his eyes mostly downcast, but bright and glancing when he was encouraged; and he responded gratefully to kindliness and attention. The Warden, George Williams of King's, a very remarkable man, in masculine vigour of character and intense hatred of evil closely resembling Dr Arnold of Rugby, saw, as did we all, the great promise of your husband, and was much hurt by his removal after a year or two. It was a wise step; he had in fact outgrown the St Columba teaching."

He left St Columba's in 1854 and was admitted at Charterhouse early in the following year.

"...I like Charterhouse very well—it is pleasant for a school," he writes on February 17th, 1855,—though he still drags a lengthening chain with the other end fast at Killiney. "How I wish I could get over these high walls; into a train; and home again. But Whitsuntide must come at last if the world endures so long."

He soon began to feel more at home in Charterhouse, becoming greatly attached to Mr Elwyn, the second master, who became Headmaster in 1858, on the death of Dr Elder. He quickly made friends among the boys, besides meeting family friends in the sons of the Rev. Charles Forster, the close friend and able biographer of his great-uncle Bishop Jebb; he liked examinations and competitions, and of these there was a sufficiency; above all, he liked feeling his own powers which were rapidly growing and shaping. The prizes he won were chiefly a pleasure to him because of the happiness his success gave to the dear ones at Desmond[1]. His brother Heneage describes him rushing up the steps and into the drawing-room, on his return for the holidays, dropping down on his knees before "darling Mammy" and throwing with both hands his prizes into her lap. They were her chief treasures until she gave them to his wife after his marriage.

His letters to his sister at this time are written in a tone of cheerfulness, which shows life was satisfactory.

"My dearest Tye,

It is precisely nine minutes to ten on Saturday night and here I am in the Parthenon Club; don't you think under the circumstances I ought to be starting for Charterhouse? Well, not just yet. Uncle Richard is dozing and soon will be snoring,

[1] His father's house at Killiney.

and the rooms are very quiet, so altogether there couldn't be a better time for writing a letter to a dutiful sister like yourself. Uncle R. took me by surprise about ten o'clock to-day at C.H. I thought he was safe at Desmond but there he *was*; so I got leave to go out with him and we went in a little Thames steamboat down to Chelsea and walked about in Battersea Park. He had first to leave a parcel for Aunt Jebb at Mr Burke's; he gave me three guesses what it was: I guessed

1. a backgammon-board
2. a Peerage
3. a medicine-chest:—

but it was brown soap!

Look in the *Times* and you'll see £24. 17*s.* 2*d.* was collected in the C.H. Chapel on the First Day. Pretty well for only boys and pensioners, was it not?

Your affectionate brother,

DICK."

Dick's school days came to an end in the spring of 1858: on May 6th, having now left Charterhouse, he writes:

"PETERSTOW, *May 6th*, 1858.

DEAREST MAMMY,

I did feel the greatest regret at leaving the old place and all its associations. We attended service in Chapel as usual at the end of the quarter, at 9.30 a.m. yesterday. The distribution of prizes commenced immediately afterwards at 10.15.

Mr Elwyn and the four other masters of the school presided. When the turn of the Sixth Form came, we went up before the awful dais and the order was read out. I stood first and received the prize: but what I value ten times more, was the way in which Mr Elwyn spoke of me to the school on behalf of the Examiners and Masters. I shall never forget his words as long as I live: but they are not words to be written down at length, and you shall have them some other time. The Preacher then adjudged the prizes for the Theological Essays:—subject, 'National Judgments and National Mercies as exhibited in Bible History.' He awarded the first prize to me, and was good enough to say that my essay was the best that had ever been shown up for his prize. He then spoke of me in terms as gratifying and kind as those which Elwyn had used. Then came the mathematical list. I was surprised that I stood second and received the second Walford prize in six volumes. Lastly I received two Classical Medals for Latin prose and Greek verse. Elwyn then presented me with the book usually given to the Monitors at leaving with a few of the very kindest words I ever heard in my life...."

His old school said its last word to him on December 13th, 1905, when it sent a beautiful wreath with the message

Fratri Praeclarissimo
Valedicunt
Carthusiani.

CHAPTER III.

UNDERGRADUATE YEARS.
1858—1862.

Jebb came up to Cambridge in October, 1858, under good auspices. His reputation from Charterhouse preceded him, and he was fortunate in having that great scholar, Dr Lightfoot, late Bishop of Durham, for his tutor. He was very young, having attained the age of seventeen only five weeks before, on August 27th. Mr Jebb had felt much doubt about the advisability of allowing him to come up this year, but the general opinion was in favour, and the boy himself was set against delay.

His friend, the Vice-Provost of Eton[1], describes the impression made on his contemporaries at this time.

"It was in October 1858 that I went to Bishop's Hostel, being then in my second year, to call on the famous freshman. There is always a famous freshman: the year before it was Trevelyan, from Harrow; that year it was Jebb, from Charterhouse. The impression then received has only been deepened in the years that have followed; an

[1] Mr F. Warre Cornish in the *Cambridge Review*.

impression of force and refinement, shyness and courtesy, pungency and kindliness, readiness and reserve, composing a character the attraction of which was heightened by a sense of enigma in an appearance of elaborateness without affectation. Here was a person whom you were not likely to know at once, nor beyond your own limitations ever; but how well worth knowing, so far as he would grant it! We were told, and we easily believed, that he came up to Cambridge at seventeen, because he had learnt all that Charterhouse could teach him. He appeared here with a kind of nimbus of distinction, and it never left him. I imagine him entering Cambridge with a blaze of light following him, and his gaze full of inquiry, set upon knowing the world that opened before him and all that it contained. He was radiant with life, wit, and all that the word scholarship denotes; which I take to be a bright and cheery word, the very contrary of pedantry. He never did anything by halves; and in his first year he tried the taste of everything, and became an epitome of university life. He joined the A.D.C.[1], the Beefsteak Club, the Whist Club, and I almost think the Athenæum; he steered a First Trinity Boat, held a commission in the Volunteers, and was an officer of the Union and the Musical Society. We used to smile at his versatility, thinking it superficial, not knowing that Jebb did well whatever he did, and that these were only phases of an almost universal capacity. His clear and melodious voice expressed him, as did his beautiful handwriting; his somewhat hesitating manner came not from uncertain judgment, but from a courteous wish to show his own point of view, always individual and original, without too much enforcing it. He could be not only brilliant in talk, but cogent and severe in argument; what he loved best, like Henry Sidgwick, though with a different method, was to find points of agreement in diverging views."

[1] Amateur Dramatic Club.

The change is great from the strict rule of school to the wide freedom a University accords to her undergraduates. No wonder the youth was carried away for a time by the amusements and fresh interests that opened out before him. At school he had been almost exclusively devoted to study; the only recreations he had cared for were long solitary walks in the gardens of Sydenham, dreaming dreams and seeing visions;—and music, which he loved with intensity. Perhaps Nature whispered that his mind was growing unevenly,—better give study a rest and let the lighter social qualities take their turn in developing; thus he would be better equipped for the part he might be called upon to play in life.

In addition to other societies he had the honour of being elected an "Apostle" in his first year, a distinction which he always valued, and which at once brought him into intimate relations with many of the best men in the University. It was a period when much entertaining was the fashion, of which he took his full share. One wonders how he found time to read at all, so full is his diary of almost hourly social engagements. Of course he could not live within his allowance, and yet, as he always said, he had no extravagant habits. The one thing he could not do was to keep accounts, or remember that the aggregate of many little sums makes surprisingly big totals. It is almost pathetic to read letter after letter to his father always expressing amazement that the bills are so large.

"Firbeck Hall,
April 23rd, 1859.

My dear Pappy,

I am greatly surprised at the amount of the College Bill which you enclose; and must in the first place thank you for the kind manner in which you have received it. I proceed to throw what light I can on the items of which it is composed.

(1) 'Chandler' (for one term) £8. 13*s*. 4*d*. This enormous item I am totally at a loss to explain. I certainly was not a party to an Illumination or anything else of the kind.

(2) 'Tailor' £17. 18*s*. 6*d*. The largeness of this item does surprise me, for though I certainly did get some articles, I did not think they would come to the half...."

And so he takes up each item of a bill amounting to over £100; always surprised, never really extravagant, only ordering what he thought necessary, with no thought or question as to the cost. All through his life there were so many things to think about, that he had no time to think of money. His father had been afraid that he might be getting into an idle and fast set, and letting his chances slip through his fingers. This he repudiates indignantly:

"I prize such honours too much and have worked for them too hard to do anything so foolish. Can you mention an instance of my missing or losing anything from overweening confidence in my own powers, and consequent idleness? Allow me then to choose my own set and trust to me that I will choose in the way best for my own interests. I *will* read

but not very hard; because I know better than you or any one can tell me, how much reading is good for the development of my own powers at the present time, and will conduce to my success next year and afterwards; and I will *not* identify myself with what are called in Cambridge 'the reading set,' *i.e.* men who read circ. twelve hours a day and never do anything; (1) because I should lose ten per cent. of reputation (which at the University is no bubble but real living useful capital); (2) because the reading set, with a few exceptions, are utterly uncongenial to me. My set is a set that *reads*, but does not only read; that accomplishes one great end of University life by mixing in cheerful and intellectual society, and learning the ways of the world which its members are so soon to enter; and which, without the pedantry and cant of the 'reading man,' turns out as good Christians, better scholars, better men of the world, and better gentlemen, than those mere plodders with whom a man is inevitably associated if he identifies himself with the reading set. It seems to me almost absurd to assure you that I have not been idle; but I give the assurance in case kind friends have endeavoured to alarm you on that head.

Firbeck[1] is extremely pleasant. We are getting up 'Tom Noddy's Secret' for acting next week and I am to be the hero. I will write to some of you on Sunday.

I remain,

Your affectionate son,

R. C. Jebb."

[1] The house of Mrs Miles, a cousin.

He had just won the Porson Scholarship in his second term. Congratulations poured in. The Headmaster of Charterhouse wrote to his father:

".....I always hoped great things of him but I had scarcely ventured to carry my hopes so high, as the event proves I might have done. The last Carthusian who attained the same success was Bishop Thirlwall of St David's."

His cousin Charles Spencer Perceval wrote to Mr Jebb:

".....I heard a little while ago that some of Dick's Latin verses were so beautiful and pathetic as to extract tears from the venerable eyes of Dr Jeremie, one of the Examiners for the University Scholarships."

And his tutor, Dr Lightfoot, accompanies the before-mentioned Bill with some remarks of a more agreeable nature:

".....You will be glad to hear also that the Trinity examiners were very much struck with his papers....On the whole perhaps his plan of reading at home during the vacation will be as good as any. He has too many friends in Cambridge, and, I think, allows them to occupy too much of his time. But it is hard to find fault with one who has been so successful; and his conduct, otherwise, has been so satisfactory that I should not have thought of mentioning this but that his brilliant prospects only increase one's anxiety lest they should not be borne out in the result."

At the end of this October term, a friend for whom he had the greatest regard and admiration, the present Master of Trinity, left Cambridge to take up other duties. Writing to his father on

November 20th, 1859, he says, "..... You will be glad to hear that Butler has been made Headmaster of Harrow, youth and inexperience notwithstanding; which indeed don't matter much where the mind is so matured and so capable of quick development, or rather adaptation. He will be greatly missed by some men here. For my part I feel his loss already."

In 1860 he began a correspondence with a distant cousin whom he had seen much of during a visit to Firbeck Hall, and later at her own home in Boston. He writes of her to his mother, after saying how happy he has been with the whole family at Boston, "..... My favourite, however, is the eldest daughter, Susan, who will soon be an old maid, poor thing" [this does not necessarily mean any advanced age—merely the point of view of a youth of eighteen]. "She sympathises thoroughly with young people, and is universally liked by old and young for her unselfishness and kindness of disposition."

The letters to her tell something of his history in the next two years, and, written as they are with ease and frankness, give a vivid impression of the keenness and ardour he brought to every pursuit, whether it was work, or amusement, or something that was soon to touch him still more deeply than either—an affair of the affections.

To Miss Susan Jebb.

"*February 2nd*, 1860.

..... Herbert Booth turned up last night at the rooms of our friend Cornish, having just found the

hearthrug on the table in his rooms, and thence perceived that his bed-maker did not know of his arrival, and was innocent of any preparation for him.

I took a walk with him this afternoon, after a game of billiards replete with extraordinary strokes (for each of which one's adversary scores one—a great mistake: brilliant misses ought to count double).

We compared notes about the Christmas vacation. He seems to have been pleasantly quartered in Staffordshire;—quiet family party of six;—amiable boy;—early dinner;—piquet with the aunt;—turn over music for the sister. He is one of the most sensible fellows I know, and I am glad to get his advice about a profession, because his is precisely the mind to choose well—being perfectly calm and remarkably comprehensive. We came to the conclusion that an engineer is better off than a barrister without interest, an emigrant who doesn't understand sheep, an Indian servant without a spare liver, or a parson without decided zeal....

I open this to add that I will do your character[1] and the others, directly the examination for the Craven is over.

> 'The hour is almost come
> When I to stifling and tormenting grind
> Must render up myself,'

which in the English of the nineteenth century signifies that it is now twenty-five minutes past eight A.M., and that I go into the Senate House at nine.....

[1] It was the fashion of the moment to tell character from handwriting.

Feb. 3rd. The examination for the Craven is just over, ended at 4 P.M. Result will not be known for two months or more.....

You cannot conceive the ecstatic feeling one has on emerging from the Senate House, after the last paper, into the fresh air.....

Excuse this vile writing. The fact is, I have a spiteful pleasure in scribbling my worst after some literary effort which has demanded good behaviour."

To Miss SUSAN JEBB.

"*March 1st*, 1860.

.....One more week struck off from the interval before Easter: during which, 6.30 A.M. has seen me out of bed regularly every morning, with a view to 7 A.M. Chapel, and Drill immediately afterwards.... We have not turned out in uniform yet; the day fixed at present is Monday next; when, after marching through the town to Fenner's Cricket Ground (the streets being kept by the Town Corps as a guard of honour), we shall return to the Senate House and take the oath of allegiance. The Sergeant described the forms to be observed very graphically: 'You faces right and left; then you takes the book in your four hinward 'ands, and swears houtwardly.'

Have you ever seen our hall at Trinity during feeding time? If you have not, I will assist your imagination. Fancy a vast hall, traversed lengthwise by narrow tables. Fancy these tables crowded to excess with British youths in every stage of

starvation or repletion: some, with the stony look of despairing hunger; some, in whose faces despair has not yet frozen boiling indignation; some, whose countenances express ungrateful content and the peace that is engendered by unctuous pudding. Between these tables, where haggard misery is the neighbour of stolid fatness, fancy a dense tide of slovenly men and dirty old women pushing, wrangling, struggling for hacked and gory joints, upsetting gravy, dropping dishes, always in a hurry, never attending to one, but always going to everybody. If, in addition to these efforts of imagination, you can further portray to your fancy the personal appearance of a leg of mutton, which has been carved in succession by three or four men, who have distinct and antagonistic theories on that subject, you will have a faint, a very faint and dim conception of Trinity, its Hall. So, last Monday, a meeting was held of some Trinity men (I was one of them), at which a Petition was approved for presentation to Whewell and the Senior Fellows, praying earnestly for a total Reform: and we confidently look for a favourable answer.

One effect which University life produces on my mind, is the idealisation, almost, of life in the world external to Cambridge: I mean, that I look back on life at home and in private society as on a dream; so totally unlike is it to anything we have here, living entirely among ourselves, never seeing a lady's face, and never associating with people older than ourselves. You have probably observed, by this time,

that I am one of those hare-brained correspondents who stick down their thoughts exactly as they occur, and give a faithful picture of a disordered mind: so I have no scruple in going on to say that Garfitt is *not* likely to row at Putney *this* year...."

The petition in question was supposed at first to have given much annoyance to the Master of Trinity, Dr Whewell. He could not trust himself, he said, to look at the names of the petitioners, as he should certainly have an unpleasant feeling towards them ever afterwards. The petition "humbly showed that the manner of serving dinner in Hall was disgusting: and prayed, (1) that two dinners should be provided daily, at different hours, in order to prevent too great a crowd of men from dining at once: (2) that a staff of men waiters should be organised, cleanly, decently dressed, and efficient: (3) that any man should be exempt from paying for dinner in Hall, on giving previous notice of his intention to dine elsewhere." The Master notwithstanding rumours did take some action; "He allowed the Tutors to receive testimony corroborating our statements, and to suggest practicable reforms."

The Craven Scholarship was awarded on the 4th of March. Jebb had written to his father again and again that they must not be disappointed if he failed to get the prize. Such a failure would be no disgrace, seeing that no one could expect to win two University Scholarships in two consecutive years.

"*March 15th*, 1860.

Dear Pappy,

If a telegram which I sent this morning reached its destination, you know by this time that I have got the Craven. The Second University Scholarship (the Battie) is adjudged to a great friend of mine, Cornish of King's, a third year man: so nothing could be more satisfactory.

The Examiners were entirely unanimous, and I have been told that I was far ahead of the rest. It was known that the scholarships were coming out yesterday, and, though morally certain that I should not be successful, I felt uncomfortable as on the eve of a disagreeable announcement. So a friend of mine, Trevelyan, and I arranged to take a long ride, and not return till dark to Cambridge. As we got near home I felt rather uncomfortable; I knew that the moment I entered my room the truth would appear,—in the event of my success, the table would be covered with notes and cards, otherwise, it would be a blank. As I mounted the stairs, I felt a conviction that the table would be *in statu quo*, with nothing on it. I walked in—there *were* notes on the table. The first was from Lightfoot—'congratulations.' Another from Clark, the Public Orator —'with congratulations'; but it was not till I caught sight of a square piece of paper in the Vice-Chancellor's hand, 'Craven Scholar—Richard Claverhouse Jebb of Trinity'—that my doubts and fears finally vanished.

The Craven is tenable for six years, value, about £80 per annum.

Elwyn, whom I informed by telegram of the event, seems very much delighted and tells me he intends to 'announce the triumph publicly to the School' to-day; and as 'triumphs' mean 'half-holidays,' the announcement will doubtless be well received[1].

The Little Go begins on Monday. I would far rather go in for the most elaborate classical examination, than for the jumble of Paley's Evidences, Arithmetic, Euclid, Statics, and Greek Testament which is before us."

Charles Forster[2] wrote a day or two later to Mr Jebb:

"……Dick as usual bears his honours remarkably well: I was particularly struck by the intense burst of gratitude he felt towards dear old Lightfoot, on getting the Craven, for his use of the spur. So many men would have said, 'What is the use of his bothering me, when, after all, I got it safe enough.'

Lightfoot's feelings are mingled pleasure and regret; he said to Henry[3] with a half sigh, 'What can I find to give that boy next?' However, he consoled himself with

[1] In 1905 a member of the Sixth Form recalled the announcement thus:—"I remember Elwyn bounding into the room with a telegram in his hand: 'Our Dick has got the Craven—half-holiday for all.'"

[2] Son of the Rev. Charles Forster, who was for so many years chaplain to Bishop Jebb.

[3] Henry Forster, son of the Rev. Charles Forster. He was at Trinity, his brother at Jesus.

the reflection that the Degree was coming; and meanwhile we'll hope the Prize Exercises will keep Dick in training.

I am afraid Dick will never learn business habits; I don't know whether it is quite fair to tell on him, but he was within an ace of losing his scholarship, by an oversight, for he never put his name down on the candidates' list, which is essential for those who wish to stand. Dick declares he never heard of its existence. Luckily, however, Henry discovered the omission at the eleventh hour and, finding it would not be forgery, put down Dick's name, county, etc., etc., with all other requisites. I believe the hour *was* literally eleven and the list went in at twelve, so it was rather a close shave. Dick's worst enemies can't accuse him of business habits, but no doubt he will learn in time though I am afraid he will have to pay for the lesson."

To Miss Susan Jebb.

"Trinity,
March 30th, 1860.

.....Fancy my feelings when I awoke this morning as the clock was striking—eight, surely,—no! nine at least—ten—eleven!!!

By a heartless feint of getting out of bed I deceived my simple-minded gyp, who went away rejoicing. *Then* I got in again—and the consequence is I am writing to you at twelve, noon.....

You are my Guardian Angel, my special providence, my Proverbial Philosophy. Not only had I never answered Mrs Miles' letter, but had never thought of answering it. Is one to answer

congratulations[1]? Well, the omission is atoned for: let us trust it is not too late.

The Little Go is over. We repose in trembling hope which to-morrow evening will convert into joyful or mournful certainty.

If men with grievances ought to be happy, my spirits may be expected to rise. I have got a grievance. My Tutor, Joseph Barber Lightfoot, a pigheaded though talented being, professes himself unable to give me some long-expected rooms in Old Court. In the meantime, an especially noisy man has got the rooms above my present set, and what makes it worse, the rooms under them as well. In the latter he means to locate his valet, and that domestic will be summoned by a bell communicating with the upper rooms, which bell the amiable Viscount has had put up for his special convenience. The pleasures of occupying the intermediate rooms will now be obvious to the meanest capacity. Lightfoot is a pig!"

The Little Go was passed successfully—the only examination in which he seems ever to have reckoned on success—and on April 21st he was elected to a Trinity Scholarship.

It is surprising that he should have done so well in the examinations, for about this time he fell in love. He had met the young lady while on a visit to Miss Jebb and was at once strongly attracted. All his plans and hopes began to centre in her—how to arrange to meet her, what messages to send her

[1] On his winning the Craven Scholarship.

through Susan, in what way to interest her. Susan *must* arrange to bring her to Cambridge for the boat-race week; and when this was settled, dinners, picnics, balls, boating parties, were made into a programme so that her every moment might be pleasantly occupied. Letters were sent almost daily to the much-enduring Susan, to consult about some change, to explain some detail, to express some hope. And then she did not come! It is easy to understand that the girl's mother would think it unwise to encourage the attentions of a young man not yet nineteen whose reckless devotion would certainly attract attention. But what lover was ever reasonable—and his was a nature to kick hard against the pricks.

To Miss Susan Jebb.

"Trinity College,
May 26th, 1860.

I often fear that my letters must weary you, being almost entirely on one subject. Great despondency comes upon me sometimes when I think of all my past life. For years everything conspired to make me think that Greek and Latin were the end of existence. This miserable illusion disappeared when I came up here, and yet I know that my pretensions to any ability whatever rest solely on proficiency in these wretched Classics, which I now almost detest. What I yearn for is a start in the serious business of life, and emancipation from these utterly barren studies—barren at least in respect of all that is practically useful.

Then I have learned to hate competition—to long for some station in life with definite duties in the performance of which I might find rest and peace. It is fearful to wake from a long bright dream—from years of hope and almost enthusiasm, —and find oneself nought. Forgive me, dearest Susan, for the selfishness of writing in this strain. I am so utterly unhappy at times that I scarcely know what I am saying. It is ungrateful to write to a friend like you such dismal letters, but you are the only one to whom I can pour out my feelings and it is such a relief when one feels very miserable....."

His unhappiness at this time arose partly from uncertainty concerning a profession. To the young undergraduate, the prospect of staying up as a don offered no attractions. The yearning was already on him to depart

"Into the world and wave of men,"

to try his powers in a wider field. He wanted to plunge at once into the business of life; to make money to secure independence; to be in a position to marry; to have a home as the background for his fight with the world.

There had been talk about his going into the Church, but he shrank from pledging himself to its service, unless impelled by the highest motives; and the claims of an eager vitality were clamouring in his ears too insistently for self-abnegation. The Law again, his grandfather's profession—but then his grandfather had early come into a fortune and

could bide his time—would require years of waiting for success; and never anyone existed to whom waiting was so irksome. His mother never dared tell him as a child of any treat or expedition planned for his pleasure until almost the moment of starting, or else there was no peace. "Isn't it time?" "Isn't it time *now*?" would be his steady cry while his little legs would race up and down stairs and through the house to get some one or other to make him "quite ready," hours before it was necessary. A third alternative was Engineering. A distant cousin, Sir Joshua Jebb, had made a great success in this profession. He and his wife Lady Amelia Jebb had been very kind to the bright boy, and probably he thought here was skilled advice at his disposal.

In October, 1860, at the beginning of his third year, he came up in better spirits. The vacation had been very pleasant, the latter part of it spent at a place he loved, Firbeck Hall in Yorkshire, the country home of a distant cousin, Mrs Miles, whose hospitality was always generous and pleasantly exercised. Also, he had escaped in College from those upper and nether millstones—the Viscount and his valet—and was settling into fresh quarters.

To Miss Susan Jebb.

"Trinity,

October 22nd, 1860.

I got up at 7.30 this morning, and up to the present moment 3.45 p.m., have been incessantly occupied with countless morsels of business—some

connected with my removal to new diggings—some with the First Trinity Boat Club—most with my arrangements for work.

The latter are completed and I feel happy to think of the invulnerable front which I shall oppose to the arrows of temptation. I AM GOING TO READ. But I have instituted a cottage Broadwood, hired by the term, to shed the soul of music through the shrine of X. Y. and Z.... 5.30 p.m.: Have been to Hall, have seen my coach, have got good advice; and now have still half an hour before Chapel.... You shall hear about Firbeck.... On the Monday after our arrival A.[1] was expected. Feeling that the climax of our lives was approaching, that the hour was at hand when we should see the great A. face to face, Emma and I went forth to meet our destiny which was coming from Worksop in the Whitechapel. It was cold, windy, and dark; so after struggling with the elements for the distance of two miles, we turned back, expecting that the Phenomenon would overtake us. However we arrived at the cross-roads without having heard wheels; and then a dilemma arose. Would the Great Unknown approach by the back or the front way? Adopting the former supposition, we turned to the left instead of holding straight on. A low hedge skirted both roads. We had not gone twenty yards—a sound of wheels, and the Whitechapel

[1] A young relative of Mrs Miles had become engaged to A. and this was his first introduction to the family. "Emma" was the wife of the Rev. Henry Gladwyn Jebb, nephew of Mrs Miles.

apparent over the hedge of the *other* road, rapidly nearing the cross-roads we were leaving! They might take the other road and not pass us at all. To deliberate was to be lost; we faced about—crept stealthily but rapidly along the hedge, and turned the corner, just as the great Affianced was upon us. A moment of painfully intense expectation—one moment in which our senses were concentrated into sight—the flash of a white choker whirled by—and we were left to reflect that we had seen A.

Yet another vision flits across my memory. Lo, it is evening;—a party of four are playing whist. One of them has revoked for the second time—is it that young man whose disordered tie proclaims that the spirit within is ill at ease? It is. For as he was playing, was not a waltz struck up in the hall? and did he not see around him lots of old buffers who could not dance and might have played—impotent himself to make the suggestion? And did he not hear Miss F. dancing with Miss C.? And did not hope deferred make him play 'shocking' till the music stopped and he had lost a dozen points?—Know, oh Susan, that having been wounded in my most vulnerable feelings—having been chaffed about my billiards—I have offered Emma to play her next Christmas under circumstances the most trying. I am to give her thirty out of fifty, to play with an umbrella for a cue. Don't you think that is a sporting offer? Other notable reminiscences of our visit have I none, save that Mr ——— wants to be kept in

order by some one equally gifted with a genius for being disagreeable.

Your affectionate cousin,
DICK."

Jebb had from first coming up been interested in the Cambridge Rifle Corps. The news he announces in the next letter was most gratifying to him.

To Miss SUSAN JEBB.

"*October* 31*st*, 1860.

.....Two great distinctions have been conferred on your undeserving cousin within the week. In the first place I have been elected a member of the A.D.C. (Amateur Dramatic Club) in a very pleasant way. Last Wednesday the manager of the Club, a friend of mine, came and said I had been already elected, and that he was come to know if I was willing to join.... The second piece of promotion was still more unexpected. The votes of a majority of my company have transformed Private Jebb, a soldier of bad character and shocking ignorance, into Ensign Jebb of the 4th Trinity Company of the C.U.R.V., holding Her Majesty's commission, and wearing a sword and other delights[1]...."

His first youthful fancy had, during the last year, developed into an absorbing passion. The young girl seems to have been kind enough to him. She was a cousin of cousins of his, and, one way and another, he was able to meet her with some frequency.

[1] Later he became lieutenant—the highest rank he reached.

I doubt if she guessed the extent of his interest in her, or took his devotion very seriously. He was wretched at having nothing to offer, no income on which he could propose an engagement. Though still only nineteen, he did not seem young to himself. There was nothing in his own feelings to tell him they would be short-lived; that at his age such wounds heal quickly. I suppose some such experience of boyish love comes to most men;—

> "And some give thanks; and some blaspheme;
> And most forget."

But Richard Jebb never took anything lightly; and, though this first strong stirring of his nature steadied and made a man of him and was in the long run an unmixed benefit, keeping him clear of love affairs through the years when a man is most apt to act rashly, the lesson was learnt at the price of very real suffering.

To Miss Susan Jebb.

"Cambridge,

March 2nd, 1861.

.....I am not happy: a feeling of loneliness which cannot be expressed is upon me: and I am conscious that the want of spirits,—and no efforts can command them—is rapidly destroying the kind of negative popularity I enjoyed before. It all is intensely painful, but I bear it, having a faith which it is difficult to express in words, but which something tells me is true, that all this will come right

at last, and that, some day, I shall find rest and sympathy and perhaps even affection.

Such strange and sorrowful longings rise in my mind as day by day spring comes on. The freshness of the sunny breezy mornings brings back this time a year ago, as if it was yesterday ; with gleams of every feeling that belonged to that happy spring. I remember that it is a whole year since we were looking forward to Easter at Boston, and how the current of my thoughts, through all this bright sunny month, flowed to that exciting hope. I remember my efforts, made easy by that inspiration, to be free by the First of April—the eager happiness of the last day—Sunday—before my departure :—and most of all the sunny morning when E. and I met in the drawing-room at Boston. Do you recollect our drive with her in the afternoon—the first of so many sunny afternoons—when you could not tell the way home, and the rustic was indignant at being asked ? As I look back on it, it seems incredible that, but one short year ago, all these things were delightful realities, so unspeakably different from any the future now promises.

Ever your affectionate cousin,

Dick."

Outwardly his life in College went on as usual. His diary, written for his cousin, is a record of continual parties for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, often in his own rooms. Open it anywhere, it tells the same story.

"*Feb. 27th.* After a morning passed in the stereotyped way, I took a walk with Henniker—one of the first acquaintances I made up here; a man I particularly admire.... We walked down to the river and saw some very uninteresting boat races. Kingsley was striding before us part of the way. He is addicted to solitary constitutionals, seemingly. Every line of his face and every movement expresses vigour. Henniker dined with me, and we went to the A.D.C., in which neither of us has a part this evening.

Sat. March 1st. Breakfasted with Sidgwick. The talk was an argument about Church Rates. Very good."

To Miss Susan Jebb.

"*April 10th,* 1861.

To-day my mother and I took a long walk. She is an emphatic exception to the rule that sympathy cannot exist between a young man and his family. The experience of this last week during which I have been very much in her society, has shown me that she does possess with reference to me that something which makes congeniality: although it does not present itself but after much intimate confidence. When this is given without reserve, she becomes a very charming friend, and reveals a depth of thought and practical wisdom and acute feeling, which would never be suggested to a stranger by the gaiety and naïveté of her manner.

Did not my last letter leave us on the brink of a

visitation from Mr J.? That personage arrived, favoured by that special Providence of bores which invariably renders them whole and perfect unto their friends. It never rains or looks like rain; Bradshaw never lies; trains never come to grief or are late; headaches, colds, sore-throats keep out of the way as carefully as policemen.

Saturday afternoon my mother and I were deprived of what would have been a pleasant stroll by the appearance of M. whom a half-holiday at St Columba's had uncaged. This plain Christian stayed to dinner, and greatly edified my father with conversation which would do honour to any young man; at least I thought so."

"Cambridge,
April 29th, 1861.

The days here drag their slow length through cricket matches, novels, and whist, as if they were trying how much ennui they could carry. On Friday there was a meeting of the Whist Club in my rooms. Including visitors we had three tables and the evening went off very fairly. The next night, I took my turn of receiving the 'Society' and read a short essay on the question 'Are the turns in the moral race-course curves or angles?' That is, are moral changes gradual or sudden? It appears to me that from the nature of character, depending as it does on the force of habit, which in turn depends on an infinite series of small actions and incidents, such changes must always be gradual. It is true there are moments

of strong emotion, never forgotten, from which we sometimes date a new era of our inner life. But such may be merely vivid revelations of a change begun, or in progress; at any rate they cannot be its consummation. For it is as difficult to conceive the bent of a disposition altered by a single impulse, as to conceive the direction of a branch's growth altered by a single wrench. Some moments in the progress of a moral change are doubtless more influential than the rest, but time alone can fulfil it perfectly.

The Rifle Corps paraded to-day. We labour under a singular disadvantage at present. Our Colonel has become an author. Military education is the theme which bore him into print. The two phases of his life—soldier and undergraduate—have suggested a combination of Army and University. He proposes that the latter should become the nursery of the former: establish military examinations and award military fellowships. This would be a very fine thing for the Army; but it may be doubted whether it would not be rather a bad thing for the University. Government, it is said, smiles on the great reformer; in the meantime we are not drilled quite so much as usual. The Inns of Court men are coming down to drill with us on the 18th of May; and unless we make a stride, it will be a day of rebuke...."

"*May 8th*, 1861.

On Friday I again went to Newmarket to see the 'Thousand,' or rather to see the motley

specimens of the sporting world which these occasions bring together. Betting men are certainly the strangest species of the human race I have ever seen. It is so odd to see that racing is their real business, not their amusement, and to hear them plying their trade with a serious eagerness which one associates only with graver professions. Then, it is curious to observe men in whom sharpness is preter-naturally developed: who scorn the dull common-places of 'flats' and express more in a syllable or a wink than the rest of mankind do in a speech. In their presence, one feels a consciousness, bordering on the sublime, of profound and unlimited mildness. Albeit, the effect of the contrast is to make one hug one's own verdant simplicity....

On Saturday evening, the usual meeting of the Society came off in Yates Thompson's rooms. The question discussed referred to personal dignity: how far it should be maintained; and whether the present age is deficient in dignity. It appears to me that personal dignity consists of two parts: regard for one's own rights and regard for other people's. In an official capacity one must look especially to the former; in a private capacity especially to the latter. For instance it would be undignified in the Headmaster of a school to play cricket with the boys in play hour; not because the mere act would demean him, but because it would be an intrusion on them. I defended the present age from the charge of being less dignified because less ceremonious than the last. The object of ceremony is to maintain reverence for

authority by appealing to the imagination. The last century, in so far as it was less civilized than we are, was more poetical; and therefore the appeal to the imagination was more successful than the appeal to the understanding. Now it is no longer so. The average intelligence is higher; therefore it is less necessary to appeal to the imagination by ceremonial forms. It is the fashion to say that the literature of the present day is too undignified. This seems to me a most unfair way of putting it. Fifty years ago, we were on quite different terms with our authors. The acquaintance was of the most formal kind; and instead of talking, they preached to us. Now we are more familiar and they can chaff us. But it does not follow that they have lost any of their dignity.

Yesterday we went over to Babraham, a place about six miles from here, to see a cricket match. I was looking at the match in peace and content, when on turning round, I saw the Prince of Wales close by. He asked when I had come up, and expressed some faint surprise at hearing I had been in residence all the term....

The Boat Races begin this evening. This year, for the first time, I shall enjoy the ease and dignity of an amateur spectator. I am sorry that my University career must close without the accomplishment of my once favourite dream—a reunion of friends to see the Boat Races. Indeed I shall long be haunted by many ungratified visions connected with this place. I came up here too young and restless. But

regrets do no good. One's business is with the future, not with the past: though it is as impossible to do away with its influence as to prevent a tree from casting a shadow.

So you enjoyed Sydenham. The late evenings in summer, when the gardens were deserted, used to be delightful to my Londonized faculties. I used to go over from Charterhouse to stroll about the solitary walks, among the antediluvian monsters, nourishing a youth sublime with many dreams which have never come to pass; but I did not know what was destined then, and ignorance was real bliss. The busts of celebrities which line the walks in the Palace, were great favourites with me: but the Alhambra and the Grecian Court were my Elysium.

Do you know the legend of Mr Marjoribanks having first proposed to Fanny among the mammoths and crocodiles of Sydenham, and having been refused[1]?

Are you going to see the Colleen Bawn? Uncle Richard informed me the other day of a curious fact; viz., that my grandfather was the judge who tried and passed sentence on the principal in the historical transaction....."

"CAMBRIDGE,
May 22nd, 1861.

.....My last letter left the Boat Races at a crisis; First Trinity having lost its place at the Head of the

[1] This decision, it is pleasant to know, was afterwards, in less terrifying surroundings, reversed.

River on the sixth night, had failed to regain it on the seventh. The final race on Thursday, the eighth and last night, was expected with great curiosity in both the boating and the betting world. Large sums depended on the issue. A current report that, on the seventh evening, First Trinity had abstained from bumping Third Trinity on prudential grounds, was not generally believed. It was remarked on the other hand, that 'First' had rowed with more sustained strength than their opponents, whose chances of escape in the deciding race were thought to depend mainly on their genius for 'spurting' at the right moment. The evening was fine: I never saw such a muster on the banks. 'Grassy,' a corner of meadow land jutting into the course, was crowded to the water's edge with the nondescript vehicles hired by University men for their friends. A few languid swells on their 'camels,' a small minority of boating men too lazy to run with the race, a sprinkling of unmistakeable townsmen carefully got up and smoking questionable cigars, moved about among the carriages and 'traps.' On the opposite bank, a slow stream of many-coloured jerseys, denoting as many different Clubs, interspersed with amateurs in mufti and mighty Dons in blameless black, was setting towards the start. As the time becomes short, the stream has ceased to flow. A large group, assembled at the angle of the towing-path corresponding to Grassy, is prepared to take up the running from that point. They are looking quietly towards a bend of the river some fifty yards lower down. Round that bend the

boats will appear in five minutes more. It conceals a crowd who, at this moment, are distributed at the starting posts of the various boats, advising, helping, encouraging, or obstructing.

A gun. 'First gun!' says a man at Grassy to his neighbour, and takes out his watch. One minute gone. Two gone. Half a minute left. Another gun. 'Second gun!' say the men at Grassy. Talking dwindles to monosyllables, and the Corner is stared out of countenance. Presently, some obscure individual, who has been giving his whole mind to his watch, starts into momentary greatness by announcing 'Ten seconds left': and begins telling them off, somewhat grudgingly, as if he had a strong motive for economy in the fact that, while they last, he is the Man of the period. He ceases—a pause—a thrill—the gun. 'They're off.' From round the corner, feeble and conventional cries of 'well started' or 'well rowed,' by which the ear knows that there is no excitement yet. Every eye is on the Corner. In eight seconds, which seem a week, a pointed slip of wood and a white jersey peep round. Third Trinity swings into view—will First never come? Here are the striped jerseys:—they *are* gaining; but not much. Their long, hard, steady strokes have an air of weariless strength, but look at Third Trinity—all slighter men, but springing to their short sharp strokes as if they were inspired incarnations of Pluck; is the course long enough for strength to gain forty feet on quicksilver?

The rival crowds—now almost mingled by the

increasing proximity of their boats—roar along, howling and raging with excitement. Grassy goes raving mad. The interval is closing and closing, surely and steadily as fate. Now for Ditton Corner, —First Trinity will steer inside, and *may* bump. They are going round—the nose of the pursuer is thrust between its intended victim and the bank—suddenly, it shoots onwards towards its prey—the coxswain is going to take a shot! an awful moment —and darts *past* the stern of Third Trinity. He has missed!

Now they will escape. Off they go with something like their hereditary 'spurt.' But First Trinity is tearing after them like a disappointed Fury. The yells of the crowd are passionate with the ecstasy of the crisis. But now a thrilling change is coming over the great roar of voices. A moment ago they expressed *excitement*—now, they are beginning to express *triumph*. You rush on, out of breath. The voices are more exultant every instant. Suddenly—as they start up to the sky in one great impulsive burst—your ear tells you that the *crowd has ceased running*. *First Trinity is Head of the River!*

I had almost forgotten to mention the Volunteer Review on Saturday. The Inns of Court Corps came down about 350 strong, and were inspected with us by Colonel M'Murdo. Parker's Piece, the scene of operations, was fringed with a dense crowd of carriages and people on foot, who seemed to be as much alive to the ridiculous as the sublime in the

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pomp of war that they beheld. Two or three colonels and generals and a sprinkling of gay volunteer specimens, made rather a showy thing of the review, in which we secured the high praise of almost equalling his nether Majesty's Own."

The long vacation of 1861 was passed chiefly in Ireland. Jebb had intended to join a reading party of his friends in County Mayo, but an unusually severe attack of hay-fever made it desirable for him to keep as much as possible within doors.

Early in October he went up to Cambridge, but only to make arrangements for absence. Permission had been given him to spend this term at Desmond, Killiney, away from the distractions of University life and societies. The Tripos was coming perilously near; and if he was to work in earnest for it, this was his last chance.

To Miss Susan Jebb.

"Cambridge,

October 22nd.

I arrived here this evening, and hope to take my departure on Thursday. My feelings at this moment are precisely those which I used to experience on returning to school; namely, a vague impression that everybody talks loud, and that everything smells strongly of paint. There is a severe emptiness about places intended for the occupation of the male sex only, which probably causes these effects.... My resolution to stay at home is quite in the style of Brutus

and Cato; but it is a last chance. I have just been hearing a dismal account of the reading party in Mayo, which I was to have joined. The accommodation was miserable, even for an Irish wilderness, and though each of the studious epicures brought a hamper from Fortnum and Mason's, the discomfort was only less than the slowness. Fancy being penned up in a porous cottage for a week of heavy rain at a time, with nothing to do but read. Trevelyan, who like Tancred's valet 'likes his meals regular,' was eloquent on their sufferings...."

He writes later from Killiney: "The last event was the opening of Mr Bell's church. Archbishop Whately preached the opening sermon. The old man shook with paralysis, while he was speaking with the clear calm face, and the indescribable self-possession that never fails a real master of argument: it seemed as if his Mind had come down by train to preach without noticing it had not put on its best Body.

I am nothing but exemplary from morning till night; but it is truly refreshing to think what a new leaf I will turn over when I have taken my degree...."

"KILLINEY,

December 25th, 1861.

I came down this morning with a dim suspicion that I was not in a holly-and-ivy frame of mind; and found your letter. It really had the effect of converting December 25 into Christmas-day.

We keep up the old fashion of Christmas presents; and the twins are already armed cap à pie with toys offensive and defensive,—if one may so class the resources of the young unemployed. I gave them fireworks, for two reasons. First, they are soon over; secondly, there is a chance of some one being blown up, which is a warm Christmas feeling."

The next letter is written directly after the examination for the Tripos, when, with brain tired by the steady exertion of the previous months of unremitting study, and by that of the examination itself, he gave way to the utmost despondency.

"*February 24th*, 1862.

My Dear Susan,

Do not mention what I am going to tell you. I want to save you some disappointment. I have *failed utterly* in the Examination. I expected something of the sort, but all has turned out worse than I thought for. For myself I don't care—it matters very little—but it makes me wretched to think what a disappointment is in store for my people. I have written to them, trying to prepare them for it—and shall go home at once, and do all I can to reconcile them to such a miserable result. But it will be hard work—my father has an excessive notion of University honours.

I feel sure that it is all over with me. I suppose I shall go to India. This is paying with a vengeance for three years' idleness at the time when life is most

enjoyable....Excuse this scrawl. I am hurried with preparations for departure.

Your affectionate cousin,

R. C. Jebb."

When the list came out he was Senior Classic, with a wide margin above the next man. But for an unlucky mistake in translating some verses in a different metre from the one prescribed, his total would have been so high, one of the examiners told him, that a line would have been drawn under his name.

"I dare say you think I was shamming a little," he writes to his mother, "when I professed so much despondency. I can only tell you that I was most sincerely alarmed about my place, and am still entirely at a loss to imagine how I came out so well."

He took his degree on the 27th of March, after which he went on a round of visits to Firbeck Hall, to Wickersley, to Boston, happy to be again among so many affectionate relations, in the best of spirits now that the incubus which had weighed so heavily was removed.

CHAPTER IV.

FELLOWSHIP AND COLLEGE WORK. TOUR IN EGYPT. 1862—1864.

The spring and summer were spent partly at Harrow, whither he went to take up the duties of an Assistant Master for one term, and partly abroad.

In the autumn he came up to Cambridge to lecture under very unusual circumstances. After such a degree it was natural that he should expect to be elected a Fellow. But the Master and Senior Fellows, in whose hands the election rested, rejected him while taking a man of his own year, much below him in academic distinction. No doubt they thought him young enough to wait; but to him it seemed an injustice, even an affront. A good deal of indignation was felt by some of the younger Fellows, and at least one of the Seniors thought he had good reason to feel hurt. "Romilly, one of the Seniors," he writes to his mother on October 1st "(though not an examiner this time and personally unknown to me), wrote me a very kind note, to-day,

in which he said, 'I was much surprised as well as grieved that you were not elected this morning, as all the University expected you would be' (pretty strong that for a Senior of Trinity)....Trevelyan is justly indignant at their treatment of him. I doubt if he will stand again[1]."

Jebb was very angry, with the anger of hurt affection: he loved his College and she had snubbed him. All kinds of ideas filled his head. If Trinity would not have him, there were other Colleges where he would be welcomed. He was barely twenty-one and youth is rash; his friends felt something besides pure reason must be applied to the wound. A scheme was formed whereby he might still come up to his own College in the October term; and it was very nicely put. The Tutors of Trinity proposed that he should lecture as a Scholar to a picked class of men, offering him the salary of an assistant tutor. This was not permitted by the Seniors, there being no precedent for it; but some arrangement must have been found possible, for he writes to his mother on November 2nd from Cambridge:

"...My duties as a lecturer began on Thursday and hitherto everything has gone smoothly. The Seniors at first objected to my having the use of a lecture room; but have been induced to yield;—much to my satisfaction, as it brings out the singularity of my position in strong relief."

[1] Sir George Trevelyan did not stand again, and Trinity never enrolled his name in its list of Fellows. Many years later he was chosen an Honorary Fellow of the College.

To HIS MOTHER.

"*November* 18*th*, 1862.

...My life for the past fortnight has been far too exemplary to be made amusing. Trevelyan gave a farewell dinner last night. He goes down on the 26th and sails for India on the 4th. The Dons affect to think him foolish for not waiting another year for a Trinity Fellowship. His position in India will not be so definite and official as that which the Secretary to the Governor of Madras would have held; but it will be a rare opportunity for learning habits of business."

He had often attempted to keep a diary, but was too much bored by the effort until the happy thought occurred to him to include in his letters to Miss Susan Jebb a daily record[1] of his occupations. Where fancy or wit had play, he could picture her smile or comment, and writing for sympathetic eyes would be amusing. The love affair by this time had dropped out of sight. Hard work in the autumn of 1861, by absorbing all his faculties, had perhaps given it its death blow. There is no further mention of the young lady except once a message sent through Susan on the death of her father;—"I would wish dear E. to know from you that she has the sympathy of an old friend in her bereavement." The full confidence and happiness in his friendship with Susan continue. The letters to his cousin exhibit his wit

[1] He jestingly named this record "Footprints on the sands of time, by a young man all sole."

in the form most natural to him, a combination of pure fun and delicate irony. There is no ill-nature or sarcasm; unless when he was very angry his wit was never caustic or bitter.

The lectures had gone off well, and at Christmas he was again in Ireland. On December 22nd he writes to Susan, who seems to have been remiss on her part.

"KILLINEY,

December 22nd, 1862.

DEAR MADAM,

Considering the time you took to answer my last letter I decided on rejecting your request for a communication before I left the University of Cambridge, though I had plenty of time to write, and a good deal to say: and now, being in a desert island, and having forgotten everything I ever knew about anything, I sit down, not to amuse, but to instruct you....

Tiny and I are going to Killarney on the 29th. In the meantime, I am going to take the twins and Tye to the pantomime, and General Colomb and Colonel and Mrs Mackenzie are going with us. Wait till you are as old as I am, and you will like to see young people amused. When I was in London I went to the Westminster Play, which, as you probably know, is always a Latin Play, from Terence or Plautus. The thing I most admired was the admirable provision for applause, which is secured by a standing army of 'gods.' The gods are town boys. They stand on a plank at the top of a tier of

seats. They are under the command of the god-keeper, who has a cane; and when the gods are to signify their unbiassed approbation, the god-keeper waves the cane; and if the gods are not immediately struck with the dramatic merits of what is going on, they know why next morning. By that system of double government which is so fruitful of tyranny but so admirable in its results, the god-keeper is himself responsible for the acuteness of artistic feeling shewn by the gods: and is not unfrequently thrashed within an inch of his life, if the deities are obtuse.

I dined with Thackeray the other day, at his house in Kensington Gardens; and had a very pleasant evening....After dinner the whole party, including two Miss Thackerays and another lady, moved into his library where the men were allowed to smoke cigars: then the lamps were turned down, and we sat round a stove, and told ghost stories...."

The means found for restoring peace had proved efficacious. He came up in the Lent term as usual, took some pupils, did some College work, saw a good deal of his friends, according to his wont, and studied in the intervals. The "Footprints" for his cousin are in the customary tone of playful affection.

In February Miss Ada Bateman, the youngest daughter in a family of intimate friends, whom he met frequently at Firbeck Hall and often visited at their own house, was to be married. He had been asked to be one of the groomsmen—the number

was to be eight—and as it was the first time he had ever held office at a wedding he anticipated a good deal of pleasure from the occasion. He was to stay for some days at West Leake, the home of the Batemans; other young people would be there; the conditions lent themselves to visions of gaiety. His experiences produced a letter to Susan, who, being in mourning, was kept away.

To Miss Susan Jebb.

"Cambridge,

February 17th, 1863.

...My arduous task is before me—to give an account of the wedding to the hostess of a bridesmaid. The prospect is disheartening; I am sure you must have heard the whole affair very well described; so I intend to confine myself to points which a bridesmaid might possibly overlook.

(1) The hour at which Mr R. C. J. rose on Thursday, the 12th. This gentleman got up at 8.30, sorely against his will; but he knew that he would not get any breakfast if he was not downstairs at 9.30. The groomsmen were assembled in the housekeeper's room; the bridegroom wore that air of desperate resignation common to persons in his awful position, and feebly carved a ham for such as could eat. Of the latter number was Mr R. C. J.; but he partook of brawn....Then we all smoked in the garden, and wondered what the bridesmaids had for breakfast, and why they took so long to get themselves up.

The dance on Thursday evening was pleasant enough, but rather too crowded at first. I think I enjoyed more than anything the walk on Friday morning, over the Fox Hills, as they call them. It was a lovely morning.

We were lonely, as you may imagine, after the departures on Saturday. I walked back from the station with the Miss Batemans, and they read out for my benefit some of the congratulatory notes received by that morning's post. A very indifferent lot! (Yours was one of them, I think.) Miss Abney left the same afternoon; and the Miss B.'s, seeing what low spirits we were in, sent out Alfred B., Miss Shewell, and me for a walk. I have a dim recollection of talking about Indian jugglers, and entirely coinciding with all Miss Shewell's views about Central Africa, and Verbal Inspiration. Music was the order of the evening.

At Cambridge some of my luggage was missing; but the Inspector has telegraphed up and down the line for it, and I expect to get it soon: and I scarcely regret the temporary deprivation, as it was the occasion of my overhearing a fine piece of irony.

Official (To Passenger in the Bottomless Pit at the Cambridge station, vainly looking for his luggage).

'Well, Sir? What have you come here for, Sir?'

Passenger (bitterly). '*To see a thing done slow.*'

(Official collapses.)

My only apology for such an unconscionably long letter is that I am very busy, and ought to have written a short one."

"*March 2nd*, 1863.

I am coming round to the belief that, if one keeps a journal at all, it should be something more than a diary of facts. The severity of my style in diary keeping has become such that on reading over a week of it, I find that the record has been most successfully divested of all human associations, and reads like an analysis of the weather. When Macaulay was at Rome for the first time, Trevelyan once told me, he kept a journal of wonderful minuteness—meant of course for his strictly private delectation—which was as carefully written as anything he published. The objection to such an attempt by a person leading an unexciting life, and without much time for private reading, would be that he would infallibly fall into the way of attributing a certain number of elevated feelings to himself per diem for the sake of describing them; nor, if he thought the Wednesday sensations particularly fine, would he perhaps abstain from shewing them to his sister or cousin. On the whole I am resigned to despairing of even the middle course, the hardest of all, and acquiesce in the Meteorological Report.

On Saturday the 'Society' met in my rooms, and I read an Essay on a subject of my own devising, 'Is Taste reducible to a science?' My

conclusion affirmed the question within limits; and a majority concurred. The Apostles certainly have one peculiar facility for sifting general questions: familiarity with each other's modes of thinking and experiences allows much to be taken for granted, and the kernel of the matter to be reached at once....."

On October 9th Jebb was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity College, and was duly admitted a day or two later, returning to Cambridge for that purpose from a very pleasant visit to Mr Arthur Strutt at Kingston. Mr Heathcote and Mr Currey were also at Kingston, and the four friends were glad to have an opportunity to complete their plans for a tour in Egypt and Syria.

To Miss Susan Jebb.

"Cambridge,

October 25th, 1863.

You will perhaps be curious to hear the programme of this Eastern expedition. Currey and Strutt have just gone to Rome, and will spend the next month in Italy and Sicily. Heathcote and I leave England by the P. & O. steamer on December 12th. At Malta we shall be joined by the others and shall reach Alexandria about Christmas-day. Allowing five days for the dragoman's preparations, we propose to start up the Nile on January 1st, and to go as far as the first Cataract. We shall reach Cairo on our return not later than

February 15th, and start as soon as possible across the desert. We hope to see Sinai, and to arrive at Jerusalem about the middle of March. Here two other members of the 'Tea Club,' Lord John Hervey and Coore, will join us..... One month will enable us to see something of Palestine, including, we hope, Palmyra and Damascus. Then Constantinople; then Greece. About June 1st we shall turn homeward."

The Eastern tour began auspiciously on December 12th, 1863. The weather was good, Jebb was quite well at sea and much enjoyed the voyage. At Malta, he and Mr Heathcote were joined by Mr Strutt and Mr Currey, and the four proceeded in the "Ceylon" to Alexandria, and thence by train to Cairo. Here, or rather at Alexandria, their dragoman mounted guard over their luggage, and except paying him, they had no care whatever. He contracted to provide them with everything requisite for an expedition to the first Cataract, and to charge them only £1. 5*s*. a head per day, he to pay all backshish. While strolling in the streets of Cairo they had several slight adventures. On one occasion "We[1] called on a real live Bey to whom Strutt had an introduction; and before we were admitted there was an audible scuffle: it was the harem being bundled upstairs. The Bey received us courteously; he was well-informed, enlightened, etc., and told us a great deal about cotton, and something about flax, but his enlightenment was nothing to his tobacco.

[1] Letter to his mother, January 5, 1864.

We sat on one divan and he on an opposite one; he did not clap his hands, but menials, who it is sweet to think may have been slaves, did bring coffee and presented long pipes, and we smoked the remarkable fine mild Turkish of a real, live, palpable Osmanli. Still, I bear him one grudge—he might have clapped his hands; and perhaps a person with some consideration for others would have had slaves with silver anklets.

One great peril encompasses the romantic traveller at this point of his journey—it is an arduous task to breast the tide of cockneyism which surges in from Southampton, and with one's Herodotus and Wilkinson between one's teeth to bear one's illusions scatheless to the pillars of Karnak. You feel that if you were only at Thebes—if you had but the Memnon statue or a Colossus or so, or a few thousand hawk-headed deities, you could bear up better.

I have bought a pipe which I think will astonish you some fine morning in June. When I bought it, I was distinctly picturing to myself how we should go out after breakfast and sit in the iron chair in the garden and talk heterodoxy.

How I long to hear from you! I think of you all constantly. Ah, how I wish we were together here! I trust this is the last long separation, as it is the first we have ever had. In spite of all the variety of new things about me, I am very often as homesick as a boy in his first week at school. It seems so dreary to be divided from you all by so many thousand miles. Explain to the darling

people at Danesfort that this letter is for all of you. Much as I wish to write a great many letters there is not time."

Here at Cairo they saw the Great Pyramid for the first time.

To HIS MOTHER.

"*January 8th*, 1864.

I shall never forget the moment when the presence of the oldest monument in the world broke upon us. You do not see it from the shore, but on the second morning of our stay on board our boat, I was taking a listless survey of the town and harbour, when, suddenly, as my eye rested on the western bank, *there* was the form so long familiar standing up in awful reality against the speckless sky, the same to my eye as when Abraham looked upon it four thousand years ago. It is worth coming 3,000 miles to experience the sensation of awe, perhaps momentary, which for that moment at least enables one to conceive the inconceivable, as one stands face to face with some unchanged witness of the primeval world."

Their voyage up to the Cataract, which began on January 9th, was marked by no untoward incidents, and all explorations were left for the down journey. Assouan was the end of the actual voyage, but, as all travellers do, they went on to the Island of Philae, taking the universal donkey for the seven miles to be traversed from Assouan.

To HIS MOTHER.

"As you round a slight bend in your path along the eastern bank.....Philae is before you. There is—or at least so I thought—something very grand and beautiful in the scene that opens here; the rocks are even more picturesque in form and grouping, the background bolder; and the few palms and partial verdure of the sacred island give a pleasant resting place to the eye. Indeed, I was so engrossed by the *coup d'œil*, that it was a moment before I observed the central wonder of the scene. From the centre of Philae, of a pale brown against the dark rugged background, rise the perfect and majestic towers of an Egyptian temple—not our Western notion of towers—but those massive piles, like pyramids with their apex taken off, that stand on each side of the gateway in the temples of ancient Egypt, and were once approached through a long avenue of Sphinxes. Somehow that first glimpse of those two great towers, and the buildings behind them, at a distance which quite disguised the ravages of time, in a neighbourhood so unutterably wild, so absolutely remote from all other associations of a great and powerful civilisation—that first glimpse probably brought me nearer to some dim realization of Ancient Egypt than the less lonely splendours of Luxor and Karnak could ever do.....I think one of the facts which first struck me most was the colossal size of the figures graven on the walls, exterior and interior.....And, once for all, I must state—for I cannot explain—the quite peculiar

sensation which falls upon me from the awful *SILENCE* of these huge gods and kings whose mute significance was once so much more definite than that of any picture or sculpture.....Never before did I appreciate Shelley's epithet

> 'He lingered poring on Memorials
> Of the world's youth, through the long burning day—
> Gazed on those *SPEECHLESS* shapes.....'"

On their return down the Nile they were compensated for not being able to sail by the as yet unproved pleasure of temple-seeing. The first temple they saw was Ombus, the place of crocodile-worship, where a grand portico remains close to the river. He writes to his mother in February: "This temple was sacred jointly to two deities, and so the entablature above the great columns of the portico exhibits two winged globes. When one has seen these sweeping pinions widespread over the sublime entrance of an Egyptian temple—and they are found there always—one perceives that Isaiah seized a most striking feature in their religious symbolism when he describes Egypt as 'a land shadowing with wings.'"

The tour was unfortunately cut short for him by illness: on their return to Cairo he was laid up with a mild attack of gastric fever, followed by jaundice. It was the greatest disappointment to him not to see Palestine, but his doctor discouraged the attempt so strongly, that, as soon as he was well enough, he started for home in the "Syria" on March 30th,

taking the long voyage to Southampton instead of stopping at Marseilles, as he did not feel equal to the railway journey through France.

After a month of the quiet life and health-giving air of Killiney the jaundice left him, and gradually he regained his usual health and spirits.

To HIS SISTER.

"DESMOND,

August 13th, 1864.

MY DEAREST TYE,

I am afraid I have not much to say. I defy the author of the 'Polite Letter Writer' to find anything to say about any given fortnight at Killiney. As you well know, we took a drive yesterday afternoon, and, as you have long anticipated, Bobby and Mama take another to-day. A letter came for you from Olivia Finlay to-day, which Mama opened, as she thought it might be a proposal for me, or some such matter of business. I read it over her shoulder, and can assure you that you are welcome to the whole of the contents. We called at Stoneville the other day. Mrs Pratt said that I looked more like a cavalry officer than a fellow of Oxford; and the Colonel wanted to know if ancient Egyptian was still much spoken on the Nile. Then we went on to Talbots, Joneses, and Colombs, of whom the last only were at home.

You will get this on your birthday. May they go on accumulating, long, long after you have begun to think accuracy unnecessary in counting them!

When, many years hence, you and I are keeping house together, I shall, ever on this day, present you with some elegant trifle, inscribed with the exact date of your birth."

His sister had asked him to arrange a course of reading for her. He answers in the character of an elderly uncle, feeling amused that anyone should consider him an authority.

To HIS SISTER.

"*September*, 1864.

MY DEAR CHILD,

Nothing gives me more pleasure than to be able to afford the benefit of such experience as I have had to those whose youth renders education a matter of paramount importance. You are kind enough, in your last letter, to express a belief that I have the power to render you such help; and pursuant to your wish, I write a few remarks which seem suited to the extended scale on which you purpose to pursue your studies.

In the first place, you cannot do better than make reading the basis of your whole course of study. But you must seek those works which are calculated to expand and elevate the thoughts, not to depress the intellectual faculties and cause you to degenerate into a mere reader of fiction. Not that I would discourage novel-reading as a whole, but I would cautiously advise you to read no work of fiction unless the name of the author guarantees its literary and moral excellence. For example, the works of

Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray, and the later works of Bulwer, although varying in the principles they inculcate, never lead us to refine upon human deficiencies, or to mistake sentimentalism for feeling....

Yours affectionately,

R. C. Jebb.

P.S. Will you tell me the name of the pianoforte tuner at Kingstown; or do you refuse? Send a single line, if you like, saying 'I decline for certain reasons to communicate the name of this tuner,' and I will respect your reserve without questioning your motives. But do not, do not prolong this suspense."

"Cambridge,

Friday, October 31st.

"I had a walk with Sidgwick to-day, which I enjoyed very much. He is one of the most agreeable companions I know here. Mr Wood gave me my music lesson as usual, and for the first time I got *kudos* for the sonata of Beethoven's."

All through the diary the weather never fails to be recorded, the beauty of the trees, the clouds, the colouring of the seasons, almost every sunbeam noted.

To his Mother.

"Trinity College,

December 6th, 1864.

I have just come in from a solitary walk. I am not sure that I do not sometimes prefer my own

company to any that I can get—as far as walking is concerned at least. There is something that I enjoy very much in the frosty twilight of a December afternoon. To-day everything was still and clear, and the sunlight, with the afternoon shadows, was beautiful.....I suppose that susceptibility to the quieter beauties of nature is sometimes the compensation for suppressed ardour and ambition in vivid temperaments. I do not, somehow, associate the kind of feeling that these things give me now with my childhood, though a striking landscape always impressed me intensely. Perhaps half the charm of these calm winter scenes is their nameless 'regret'—the 'divine despair' that touches nearly all impressible people now and then, but which has no place in the mind of a child. I never experienced this vague sensation half so strongly as in the Egyptian sunsets. Do you know, under the strange spell that they threw over me, I more than once caught a glimpse of some incident in my early childhood, that had left no former vestige in my memory? When I said that I do not associate the sensation itself with my earliest recollections, I did not mean that the sensation does not often help me to recall old times. It is of later growth itself; but it is often the window through which I catch glimpses of bygone years. I can tell you that I have begun fairly to indulge in thinking about Christmas. I shall continue to get up at seven o'clock, as it agrees with me so well. Then I shall have an hour's reading; and as I suppose we shall both breakfast

about nine, I shall be ready to come and read to you afterwards till you begin to think of getting up, and order me to ring your bell. Then I shall do some reading; and when you come downstairs we will sit in the garden together.....

Next Tuesday! It is not far off now. The notches on the Cambridge stick and Winchester stick are nearly done, and in three days more the Winchester and Cambridge stick will respectively be cut[1].

Butler has come up for one day only. I was lucky to get nearly two hours of him. It is wonderful how his freshness and vigour have survived the ageing ordeal of a Headmaster's routine. His work is very hard, and much of it very dull, but his capacity of taking vivid interest in new books, new questions, and old friends is unimpaired."

[1] His brother Heneage was at school at Winchester.

CHAPTER V.

DIARY AND LETTERS. PUBLIC ORATORSHIP. 1865—1870.

THE next few years are marked by no events of an exceptional nature. Term succeeded term, and vacation vacation; time slipped by in University life quickly and almost without notice. The "Diary" letters, now addressed to his mother, are records of lectures given, books read, reviews written for the "Saturday," to which he has become a weekly contributor. He likes, indeed loves, some of his pupils, who quickly become his friends, and does his best to make them work; and he never seems to have a single meal alone. The old "Tea Club" of his undergraduate days, which was instituted by a group who disliked four o'clock hall, had ended naturally when most of its members went down, but other clubs sprang up in its place. Next to the meetings of the "Society," he found dining with the "Convivialists" (Rothschild, Flower, Kenyon) as their guest at their weekly dinner parties most enjoyable. They seem to have gathered about them almost everyone of interest in the University. It was a very brilliant group in Trinity at that time

that made the inner circle of Jebb's friends. Even their amusements were an intellectual exercise: acrostics were the fashion of the moment, and the late Mr F. W. H. Myers is my authority for saying that "none were ever written Jebb could not solve."

March 20, 1865, he writes in the "Diary": "I am brimming over with triumph at this moment. The Right Honourable Robert Lowe gave Rothschild an acrostic for me as hard as he could make it; I have guessed it two hours after it came to Cambridge. I wonder how quickly he will guess the following of my composition. See if you can. Mr Lowe is said to be wonderful at acrostics.

Tam O'Shanter when hunted by imps in a pack
Had my second in front, and my first on his back;
Now, if the O'Shanter had been but my whole,
He would, I presume, have shewn fight for his soul.

I.

I never state unqualified opinions;
Why am I vexed by Satire and her minions?

II.

I'm a young lady mentioned by the Childe;
But my prestige is singularly mild:
Gulnare, Medora, make profound sensations—
I'm chiefly known as having expectations.

III.

When meetings gush, I thank their evening gun,
I'm still the sour minority of one.

It is a word of two syllables, 'my First and my Second.'" (The answer is *Bantam.*)

Many pen portraits are given in the "Diary" in order that the home people may follow the record more intelligently.

March 21st. "I had two or three people at breakfast to-day: the Greek Professor, Mr Thompson[1], Sidgwick, Pollock, and Mr Aldis Wright. The Greek Professor is no ordinary person. As a young man he was wonderfully handsome, wonderfully witty, in short a demigod of whom all things were expected. He retains in his ashes the power of saying better things than anybody in Cambridge, and more of them, but always in a caustic vein now; of his good looks age and indigestion have left just enough to help one to the belief that he must have been a splendid looking young man; of the brilliant auguries of his old friends, alas, little has come: ill-health has prevented him from doing anything substantial."

Among Jebb's pupils and associates were men of every variety of early experience. It interested him to see how the surface, at any rate, was smoothed and polished for those who from the first had had what are called social advantages.

March 29th. "The more I see of young men of different ages and sets, the more I am struck with the omnipotence of good society in educating a boy, who is not positively unamiable to begin with. The cleverest man I know talks incomparably worse than Z., who, though a clever man, is a mere child in

[1] Afterwards Master of Trinity.

age, mind, and ideas, compared with him. X. Y. is another instance of the same thing. He is not clever; but he is one of the most charming men I know. I think the secret is this. Nothing but constant intercourse with one's fellow-creatures suffices to keep before the mind a vivid perception of what may or may not hurt another's feelings. A man who has not much practice, and who lives by himself a good deal, has a very inaccurate idea of what it is polite to say....From sheer bluntness of perception he uses a turn of expression or a phrase which wounds your little *amour propre*; after which you listen to him under a wet blanket and are bored."

With himself consideration for the feelings of others was an instinct. The Headmaster of Charterhouse[1] in a letter to me emphasises this trait:—

"I well remember the unobtrusive censure with which, almost upon the sly, Jebb set his mark against the false quantity or solecism, while at the other end of the verse he discussed some delicacy of taste or of scholarship. In those blithe careless days we rather smiled at the scruples of courtesy, which seemed needless as they certainly were unaccustomed; but things change complexion...and it is best of all now to remember the Teacher, to whom the conviction of a boyish blunder seemed almost like trenching on a discourtesy. In the world of scholarship he taught us all good manners, and Attic seemliness became in him a sort of inner spiritual force, that neither uttered nor admitted 'one rude word.'"

April 1st. "This has been such a lovely day—real spring at last. Hervey and I had a delightful long walk, which I enjoyed more than any

[1] The Rev. Dr Rendell.

walk this term. He is one of the very pleasantest of companions, and we have always a good deal to say, and almost always one good argument at least. Some people prefer the society of those with whom they disagree on some subjects, inasmuch as difference of opinion promotes conversation ; for my part I prefer people, even to talk to, whose views are the same as my own. John Hervey and I think alike on nearly all subjects, and I do not think I have ever enjoyed conversations with persons of my own sex so much as some that I have had with him."

April 8th. "The work of the term is over at last. It has been a very long one, but pleasant beyond my expectations ; indeed, if it has had a fault at all, it is that there has been too much society for a sober old bachelor and young don like myself. By Thursday everyone will have gone down, and there will be nothing to interfere with solitary students. After so long a spell of rather uninteresting work, relieved by constant dinner parties and rubbers of whist, it will be rather satisfactory to have a short interval of solitude for mental refreshment.

Dr Whewell has just lost his wife after a very short illness. It is sad for the poor old man, who was settling down for such a happy old age, and beginning to rest on the honours which must henceforth be unshared. They say she was his first love. If so, it is a curious instance of a disappointed man achieving greatness, and eventually sharing it with the first object of his affections."

November 21st. "I dined with Sidgwick last night; such a distinguished party—two Professors, two Senior Wranglers, three Senior Classics, and the Senior and Junior Dean. Professor Fawcett, the blind M.P., asked me to take him for a walk to-morrow. I am very glad to know him better."

February 17th, 1866. "John Hervey came back and we had a long and delightful chat. He is a friend in a thousand, and I don't think there could be a better proof of it than that at the end of five years I like him better than ever.

Ulick Bourke[1] is now certain of rowing in the boat race, and his place in the Eight will be No. 3. The precarious position of the crew presumptive, before the boat is definitely made up, is well illustrated by a fact he mentioned this morning. One day, at the training breakfast, it was noticed with dismay by everyone that there were nine in the room: no one could tell that the newcomer was not to supplant *him*!

At the meeting of the Examiners for the Craven this afternoon, we knocked off all the seventy-two candidates except four, among whom the competition now lies. The election will take place on March 9th. In the meantime each Examiner will have to mark forty papers with great care. It seems to me that in rewarding her Examiners merely with honour our august Mother does not make such a bad bargain."

[1] A cousin.

February 22nd. "At two o'clock attended at the Senate House to vote in favour of the proposed American Lectureship. My friend, H. Y. Thompson, had made an offer to the University of endowing a chair for a Lecturer to be sent over biennially from Harvard University, U.S.A., with the object of making us better acquainted with American affairs in general. A narrow and bigoted party in the University succeeded, unfortunately, in raising the cry that Harvard is a seat of Socinianism, and by mixing up the religious question with the matter contrived to intimidate a number of men. The proposal was rejected, though only by 105 votes to 75."

February 26th. "Myers is a man for whom I am beginning to have admiration. He has great self-command and earnestness of purpose. Having come to the conclusion that the life he has been leading is not the thing, he has devoted himself to self-discipline, such as he believes suited to his own temperament. He never goes anywhere. He gets up at 6.30 and goes to bed at ten. His days are spent in reading *Ecce Homo*, and thinking. All this may seem morbid, and many people would laugh at it, but for my part I respect and congratulate a man who can do it. It shows that he has a strong interest and that he is in earnest. The thing that puzzles me in life is how people who have enough energy left to be in earnest about anything can be unhappy. And yet I do not think Myers is happy. For my

own part, I am never unhappy when I feel capable of an effort: unhappiness and prostration are with me synonymous."

To HIS MOTHER.

"TRINITY COLLEGE,
March 10th, 1866.

All is at last over; our poor Master died about two hours ago, very peacefully; and a great stillness has settled down upon the College, where all are thinking of the great man who has just passed away from us, in the fulness of age and honours, and within the walls where all his work was done and all his long life spent. It is a pleasant thought to me that uniform kindness and courtesy are my only associations with the memory of one whom many thought arrogant, but whom those who knew him most and best, credited with a large and warm heart. It seems such a short time since the stately old man, too proud to struggle with his grief, followed his wife to her grave, and went back to his lonely house; and I am sure that if last April he could have known that the separation was but for a few months, the sorrow that awed all who witnessed it would have been less bitter.

Flower has been sitting with me: he brought the news. Percy Hudson came in soon afterwards. Great changes will soon come in the College; and in a body like ours, anxieties for the future necessarily tread very closely on such an event as to-day's. Expectation begins to point to Thompson, the Greek

Professor; but I am of opinion that Vaughan[1] is a far more likely man. It is no light matter to us Fellows who is to reign over us, with so much power for good or evil, during the best years of our lives."

March 16th. "...The funeral of the Master took place this morning....There could not have been less than seven hundred persons present. The grave was opened in the floor of the ante-chapel, and a platform for the choristers was raised on one side of it. This part of the service was peculiarly touching, the familiar place being so closely associated in the minds of all Trinity men with him who was being laid in it.

I walked with Butler—a long walk—and dined in hall. The Master-Presumptive, Professor Thompson, came over and sat by me. I could not help thinking as he sat there what an admirable successor he would make to the great man whom we have lost. Thompson is even now a strikingly handsome man —tall, dignified, and with the *air noble* as emphatically as almost anyone I have ever seen."

March 18th. "Lightfoot preached a funeral sermon on the late Master this morning, and the chapel was crowded to hear it. He took for his text I Corinthians xv. 32, and dwelt on the special stimulus to effort which, in a society like ours, is supplied by a long line of intellectual ancestry. One more great name, he added, had passed from the

[1] Dr Vaughan is said to have declined an offer of the Mastership.

ranks of the combatants to the ranks of the spectators (alluding to the metaphor of his text, taken from the combats of the amphitheatre); and then he reviewed Whewell's position as a literary man, passing on to his personal relations with ourselves, touching very happily on an incident of exactly a year ago, when, on this fifth Sunday in Lent, the Master attended the service in the College Chapel almost immediately after his wife's death, and did not shrink 'to commit to our sympathies the saddest of all sights—an old man's bereavement and a strong man's tears.'"

April 3rd. "Missed my walk to-day, having promised to do a good office for Gray by coming to Chapel at three o'clock, and being present as the necessary witness when he expounded the catechism, according to an old College custom by which that duty devolves on the Junior Dean at this season. So we went together to the great empty place, and he mounted the Dean's desk and held forth while I played congregation."

To HIS MOTHER.

"*April 14th*, 1866.

.....You ask me to give you my opinion of *Ecce Homo*. Well, to begin with, I am satisfied that the man is not a Unitarian. Two or three times the doubt crossed me in the earlier chapters; but, as the plan of the book was developed, I was struck rather by the calmness and confidence, not very usual in the essayists of the day, with which the

writer *assumed* orthodoxy. And in point of fact it is precisely this assumption of the Divinity of Christ, I mean, of course, this absence of allusion to the fact as one to be discussed, which avowed disbelievers like Huxley have in view when they call *Ecce Homo* a feeble book. The very division of the subject which the writer has adopted seems to me to announce his emphatic rejection of Unitarianism. If the writer intimates that in *Ecce Homo* he has considered only one side of the subject ; if, in order to render the survey complete, a companion work is promised, what else can be its theme but 'Ecce Deus'?

As to the value of the book as an aid to practical religion, it appears to me to consist : (1) In its vivid illustration of this position : how do men become, for the most part, pure, generous, and humane? By personal, not by logical influences. (Chapter on the nature of Christ's Society, I think.) (2) In the stress laid on imitation of Christ as a result of enthusiastic personal attachment to him. But this is a very bald account of the matter ; nor, indeed, have I more than skimmed the book."

Some years after this, when Professor Seeley was staying with us at Glasgow, Jebb ventured to ask him if he intended to bring out another study of Christ. The answer, most unexpected, was to the effect that he had fulfilled this intention already. On being pressed for an explanation, he said that he meant his Life of Stein! His questioner's comment on this, in telling it to the present Headmaster of

Eton, was that if he had heard this statement attributed to Seeley, he would have scouted it as incredible.

Part of the long vacation was spent with Lord John Hervey in a short tour along the banks of the Loire. They had meant to include Brittany in the trip, but after seeing Blois and Amboise and the country in the neighbourhood, they were stopped short at Tours by Lord John's becoming ill. The attack, though sharp, yielded easily to rest and treatment, but great weakness followed, and the French physician ordained that for "ten days at the less" they must stay where they were. The letters show their spirits unaffected by this break in their plans.

To HIS MOTHER.

"HÔTEL DE L'UNIVERS,
TOURS,
September 4th, 1866.

...We are going on very satisfactorily here, and I feel myself settling down into a provincial Frenchman, and speculating as to when I shall next take a run up to Paris to see the last new farce at the Palais Royal, and get a new hat. Hervey and I play picquet after dinner, which we always have at 7.15. We have got a very diminutive pack of apricot-coloured cards, with rounded corners and gilt edges, and printed names in the corner of the court cards. The king of diamonds is David, and the queen of spades, Sarah....

We have another unfailing source of amusement in the *garçon*. He is a boy of about nineteen, I should think, with very bright twinkling eyes, a low forehead with the hair all down on one side, and a most mischievous expression. Every now and then it befalls him to be seized with perfect spasms of laughter, perhaps in the middle of dinner, and he has to retire, on some shallow pretence, in a convulsive state. One hears some choking inarticulate sounds as he leaves the room, and by and by an explosion in the distance. The uncertainty of these attacks makes them rather exciting. It is a curious coincidence, however, that they seem liable to follow remarks addressed to him in French by *me*; but this is merely a singular symptom of his case, and throws no light, of course, upon the causes at work. His last serious attack came on at dinner yesterday. He had put some unripe peaches on the table, and Hervey remarked that they were *dures comme poires*, when I added *et vertes comme haricots* (in playful allusion to the *haricots verts* which appear regularly in the *carte du jour*). The effect upon poor Jacques was instantaneous and appalling: he fled, purple and suffocating, and we felt relieved for his life when a loud report behind the door announced that the paroxysm was past. Hervey, who is pardonably proud of his skill in the language of the country, was at first a little discomposed by this suppressed derision, and talked seriously of the necessity of remonstrating with Jacques. By degrees, however, it became clear that this mysterious influence on

the youth's disorder resided only in one of us; and now Hervey thinks him a very honest, amusing fellow. As to my feelings towards the boy, this is neither the time nor the place to speak of them.

I find that it was a mistake to call the cathedral here *St Martin's*; it is *St Gatien's*. The famous old cathedral of St Martin was destroyed at the Revolution, after twelve centuries of renown, and nothing remains of it but a pair of insignificant towers in an obscure street. Wherever one goes in France, one has reason to deplore the senseless and irreparable havoc committed in the name of civil liberty. At Orleans, for example, the democrats melted down, to make cannon, a statue of Jeanne d'Arc erected only a few years after her death, about 1435, it is said. At Blois, they whitewashed all the fine old rooms in the Castle; but that folly has fortunately been cancelled by the new decorations, and, indeed, was nothing worse than vandalism. It was something worse than vandalism to destroy such a grand old pile as St Martin's Cathedral. When one considers the incalculable treasures of art throughout France which the Revolution swept away, one sees that it was one of the most tremendous blows ever dealt at the continuity of human records. It quite deserves to rank, in this point of view, with the burning of the Alexandrian Library by Omar. It destroyed a mass of memorials which nothing can replace, and left gaps and blanks for the antiquarians and historians of all ages to regret."

October 21st. "I heard to-day of a most romantic act of generous friendship, the more striking to me as I actually know the parties. A Trinity man was engaged to be married, but neither he nor the lady had any money, and a long engagement was before them. When lo, a College friend of the Lothario's—an undergraduate at Magdalene with £6000 a year—comes forward and presents him with £10,000; on the strength of this the young couple have been married.

November 1st, 1866, will be illustrious in the history of Trinity as the first day on which a *late* dinner took place in the College hall. There is actually to be a 'feast' at seven o'clock! One of the very old dons, who had dined at four all his life, was so much disgusted that he said in hall yesterday, let them pay him his dividends in advance and he would resign his fellowship! 'The framework of society must be going to pieces.'"

November 11th. "Went for a walk with Pollock to-day and we talked about Ritualism, one of the great topics here at present. It is creditable to the common-sense of our men that nothing corresponding to the caricature of Ritualism at Oxford has been attempted in Cambridge."

Jebb went to Dresden in the Christmas vacation with a view to improving both his German and music. Mr Cobb, a Fellow of Trinity, a man of high musical attainments, was his companion, and

together they established themselves in a very well known pension, that of Fräulein Kretschner. The house was so full that at first the friends shared one room ; also, they had to dine with the children at a side-table in a room behind the dining-room. "By and by we shall be promoted, and truly glad I shall be. Our side-table is presided over by a most amiable and excellent Fräulein Somebody, a great friend of Fräulein Kretschner's, who helps her to do the honours ; and this good lady hammers away at me with her German till I am nearly wild and all thoughts of food have become odious to me. 'Sehr gut' and 'sehr schön' and 'ja' and 'so' will hardly get the most skilful and economical listener through dinner comfortably ; and when I attempt to construct a remark on the strength of knowing some one word, it is not always as intelligible as it deserves. However, Herr Schier (if indeed that is his name) and I begin our studies at eight to-morrow morning, and I shall take care that they are of a practical character for the first few days ; else I shall die of atrophy or of indigestion. No convict left for execution ever heard the bell of Newgate begin to toll with more despair than I hear the sounds that knell forth breakfast or dinner[1]."

Lessons in German and music were taken daily, and very soon he became at ease in the language. Two Oxford men, "Ridley, a Fellow of All Souls, and Cookson," were staying in the same house, and the three went together on Christmas Eve to hear

[1] Letter to his mother, December 20, 1866.

the midnight Mass at the *Katholische Kirche*, where the music was magnificent. Mr Cobb and he escaped on Christmas Day from the children and the back-room, as the Americans who had hitherto barred the way both at bed and board, had left. "Cobb and I will have separate rooms now," writes Jebb in the diary.

He enjoyed his stay in Dresden extremely. The wonderful music was a daily delight, and soon other entertainments appear. On December 27th there is a dance, and Messrs Ridley and Cookson and he hold a consultation on the programme of dances. They go to the opera on the off-nights when there is no concert. Weber's opera, "Oberon," made a deep impression. "The scenery was beautiful; the overture magnificent," he writes to his mother on December 29th. "It is a most exquisite pleasure to hear good music executed faultlessly. Every man in the band is an artist of the very first order; not a few are celebrities. No wonder there is no such orchestra in Europe. But though the music was glorious, I had an equal treat in the acting of a lady who had only a very small part, that of wife to the Emir who bullied the lovers and wanted to marry the princess. This part was played by Fräulein Ulrich; and I have no hesitation in saying that she is the greatest genius, male or female, that it has been my fortune to see on the stage: not great praise, as it happens, and I would make it greater if I could. When I add that she is decidedly very pretty, you will justly conclude that as soon as Herr

Schier and I have conjugated *willen* and *sollen*, I shall ask her to accompany me to an island where young women are never married to Turks—to my free, my romantic England."

The party of Englishmen was increased by the arrival of Mr Storr and Mr Shepard, friends he had counted on meeting when the plan was made to come abroad. They returned to England at the end of January in time for Jebb to take up his usual College and University work at Cambridge.

Early in 1867 his first book, a school edition of the *Electra* of Sophocles, was published. "The plan of the series to which it belongs," he writes to his father, "excludes the thought of anything ambitious, and of course there is no *éclat* to be gained by an edition of this sort. But at the same time one improves one's own scholarship and has the satisfaction of hoping that the work may be of practical service. I am revolving more than one project for a book in a rather higher sense; and I am resolved that as soon as possible I shall settle down to some serious literary labour....The longer one lives here, the more clear it becomes that some strong intellectual interest is absolutely necessary in order to prevent the drifting into monastic sloth and becoming tired of the cloistral life."

This book deserves something more than this rather slighting mention by the author. Mr J. D. Duff, Fellow of Trinity, writes :—

"Jebb's editions of the *Ajax* and *Electra* of Sophocles appeared in a series of commentaries published by Messrs

Rivington and called *Catena Classicorum.* Jebb's two volumes were a revelation to the boys whose good fortune it was to read them, and were only superseded by his own larger editions of the same plays. They were quite unlike any of the commentaries we had been in the habit of using; and I think the most striking difference was that Jebb paid respect to our own language and was not content to translate noble Greek into barbarous English. Other guides of our youth were less scrupulous. One distinguished scholar translated some words from a famous chorus of Aeschylus in this way: 'there is present for me to feel the severe, the very severe chill of a hostile public executioner.' Another editor, of great and deserved distinction, offered this English as an equivalent for a pathetic sentence in one of Demosthenes' greatest speeches: 'this woman in the first instance merely quietly to drink and eat dessert they tried to force, I should suppose.' One feels that Jebb would rather have cut his hand off than written either sentence; and if the standard of translation is higher now, part at least of the credit must be assigned to him. Boys who used his books soon began to feel that Greek and English were both noble languages, and that the true scholar must learn to use both aright."

To HIS FATHER.

"*February 9th*, 1867.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

We had a very pleasant party at the Lodge last night. To begin with, the Poet Laureate, Woolner, the sculptor, the Public Orator, Cope, Munro, Sidgwick, and I. It was really a party that one might feel proud of having been asked to; at least I might, and did, very. Tennyson is exactly

like his photographs—I mean quite as shaggy. His long black hair is very thin now ; he is bald on the crown ; and it falls as from a tonsure about his ears. He looks older than I should have expected ; his accent is decidedly Lincolnshire, and this was one of the things that rather surprised me. It is impossible not to like him, and not to understand that he is a man of genius. I do not mean to say that one would have found it out from his talk to-night if one did not know it before ; only, that given the fact of his genius, his personality makes it more intelligible ; you see its workings. Tennyson had a tremendous argument with Munro about a Latin passage. It was great fun to see them."

February 15th, 1867. "Another wet day. I began after dinner to read the *Life of St Theresa*, which Myers had lent me. It is striking, but deformed by instances of excessive weakness and credulity : a highly nervous person in a morbid state of mind is scarcely pleasant to read about. Still there is a great deal that is noble ; and at any rate the physical sufferings that she had to endure were not imaginary.

Myers urges me to leave Cambridge and take orders and duty in some very laborious parish. He has a theory that Cambridge depraves me, and that I shall never be good for anything until I take some such step. He is distinctly a man of genius, not merely talented ; but I am puzzled when I try to anticipate what career he is likely to choose."

March 7th, 1867. "This has been rather a severe day's work for me, but it is over at last, or nearly so. I took a lecture for Myers this morning, and an extra hour's teaching is rather apt to be the last straw on the back of that patient dromedary, a tripos examiner. Cornish of Eton is up, and is coming to tea with me to-night. He is a charming man, and I am so glad to hear from all sides that his wife is so nice....I begin to find that I miss Lady Francis Osborne terribly; it makes a great difference not having a friend to whom one may talk as I could to her. I think I never enjoyed a friendship more. She is very charming and really beautiful, but it is her gift of sympathy that makes her adorable[1]."

In August he joined a party (Mr G. O. Trevelyan, Lord John Hervey, and Mr Arthur Humphreys) in Wales at Festiniog, a small village perched on the top of a hill, where they were completely secluded from the outer world. "The Penygwern Arms is very well situated, looking on to Moellyn and the mountains on that side of the vale. Nothing could be more comfortable than our rooms....In short we have a house to ourselves for all purposes. I have seen enough of the place already to feel sure that the choice made is a good one. Trevelyan is working away in his room; Hervey is reading up India, where he is going in September; and I have the sitting-room to myself, not having yet settled down

[1] Lord Francis Osborne and his family had been living in Cambridge for two years, and had recently moved into the country.

in my bed-room, which lacks a chest of drawers and a table, and so I have given myself a holiday this morning. Trevelyan's book is to be about Aristophanes and old Greek life[1], and I think ought to be very good. This afternoon we are going for a long walk in the Beddgelert direction."

In 1868 a Classical Tripos Syndicate was appointed to consider reforms which a large party in the University thought imperatively called for. Jebb, though not a member of the Syndicate, was keenly interested in the question, and did everything in his power to help the side he had taken up after long deliberation. He wrote a paper embodying his views on the changes necessary, and was very happy to find that two of his three points were finally adopted by the Syndicate; but it had been a long and obstinate battle with ultra-conservatism, and the victory of the reformers was by no means complete.

To HIS MOTHER.

"OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB,
April 2nd, 1869.

I have just been reading the accounts of the Diocesan Conferences in Ireland. What strikes me most is the unpractical view of the situation which seems to have been taken everywhere except in Meath. The talk was generally of 'no surrender,' as if it was a question of surrender when the Commons

[1] The pieces here mentioned were published in *The Interludes* under the titles of "The Ladies in Parliament" and "An Ancient Greek War."

have *decided* on disestablishment. What do they expect? That the House of Lords will reverse the decision of a majority of 118 in the Lower House? It can no more do that than I can. I am really puzzled to understand how large meetings, of the educated classes too, can be so childish. Whatever the merits of the question may be, it is now settled. The thing to do is to make as good terms as possible."

On the 2nd of October it became known that Mr W. G. Clark, the Public Orator of the University, had resigned his office. Dr Lightfoot at once proposed to Jebb that he should stand. As usual, he himself thought he had very little chance, believing that Mr Holmes, of St John's, another candidate who had once acted for a few months as Mr Clark's deputy, would from this fact possess a great advantage in the election. Other friends, however, thought Jebb's chances good; and as soon as it was known that Mr Burn, one of the Trinity tutors, would not come forward, he called upon the Master, got his approval of the candidature, and at once, on October 21st, issued the printed circular announcing that he was standing for the vacant office. In the beginning three candidates were in the field, Mr Day of Caius, Mr Holmes of St John's, R. C. Jebb. The electing body is the Senate, that is, the whole number of M.A.'s whose names are on the Register of the University. Of these there are many thousands; and every member of this large constituency who could be got at had to be canvassed, and persuaded

if possible to come to Cambridge on the day of election and vote. This meant stirring times for the candidates. Mr Day soon saw that he had no chance and withdrew his name. This made it certain that the other two candidates would now go to the poll.

To HIS MOTHER.

"OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB,
November 3rd, 1869.

I did not write to you while I was standing for the Public Oratorship because the result was doubtful to the very last, and I did not want you to be disappointed. The overwhelming majority by which I was elected was a triumph, not for me, but for Trinity. If I had been of any other College I should not have had a chance against Holmes. But the whole of the powerful Trinity influence was set in work for me; men came up from all parts of the country, not caring a straw whether Jones or Smith was Public Orator, but determined to vote for the College ticket; and from London we got down a special train with about 200 Cambridge barristers and clergymen....

The Public Orator is the spokesman of the Senate on public occasions. He has the privilege of retaining his fellowship and all emoluments upon marriage, and receives a stipend of £100 or £150 a year. The position is a high one at the University, and of course very advantageous for a young man."

The new Public Orator made his *début* in the Senate House on the 11th of November, scarcely more than a week after the election, when he presented the Bishop of Bathurst for an honorary degree. This appointment to University office made a great change in his prospects by giving him the option of settling at Cambridge in a good position, and life became simpler now that his line of work was decided.

At the end of term he and Dr Lightfoot had intended to go to Rome to see the opening of the Oecumenical Council, but Jebb had lost too much time over the election to be able to spare it from work in the vacation. "I do not much regret having missed it"; he writes on the 8th of December, the day of the opening; "having never seen Rome before, I should not have cared to see it at a time of so much bustle. And I think one would have felt the contrast between the splendour of the ceremonial and the really small significance of the question at issue. It cannot greatly matter to the history of the world whether the propositions before the Council are affirmed or negatived."

To HIS MOTHER.

"*February 15th*, 1870.

I am dining to-night at King's to meet the Greek Archbishop. I rather wish that his Grace were at Hong Kong, for the trouble of learning how to pronounce his language with some distant

approach to correctness is very great. You know it has been settled that he is to be presented in his own language; and not only the Archbishop but three of the members of his suite are to have degrees; I shall have to discourse in modern Greek about all these gentlemen."

"*February* 17*th*, 1870.

My ordeal is over, and went off quite as well as I could expect—but it was an ordeal. The Doctors and officials escorted the Archbishop in procession from the Art Schools. When we entered the Senate House, it was densely crowded, to see the Eastern Bishop in his robes—and a very grand figure he certainly was. But my heart misgave me when I saw the galleries crammed with undergraduates, for I knew very well that the first word of Greek would make them furious, and that there would be an uproar. Sure enough they made a diabolical noise at intervals all through my speech, which lasted about eight minutes. It was not easy to remember my new pronunciation in such an uproar, but I had the satisfaction of learning that the Archbishop had understood it all."

This was the beginning of his interest in modern Greek. He continued the study, until he could speak the language. Mr Duff writes:—

"Jebb spoke modern Greek with ease and fluency. I remember being taken by the late H. A. J. Munro to dine at the Oxford and Cambridge Club; I was then an undergraduate, and I believe it was in the summer of 1880. The next table to ours in the strangers' dining-

room was occupied by Jebb and a friend. They talked continuously in a language which even Munro, who knew many languages, at first failed to recognise. However, as they were close beside us and not talking low, Munro soon pronounced that the language was modern Greek. I was struck, as I still remember, by the rapidity with which Jebb spoke it. The evening paper showed that a deputation of friends of Greece had been received that day at Marlborough House. About that time a good many protests were made against Disraeli's treatment of the aspirations of Greece at the time of the last European settlement; and some may still remember the verses which appeared in *Punch*:

> The claims of Greece, the claims of Greece!
> Which Dilke declared and Rosebery rung,
> But Dizzy in his Berlin peace
> To the Greek Kalends coolly flung—
> Eternal moonshine gilds them yet,
> And moonshine's all they'll ever get."

May 19th, 1870. "I have been spending the morning in a somewhat odd employment—in writing a Latin letter to my old friend and master, Bradshaw, the University Librarian. He has presented the Library with a magnificent collection of Irish and other books, and I, in my official capacity, have been ordered to write him a letter of thanks in the name of the Senate. This production has to be read in the Senate House and then sealed with the University Seal. It is a nice pompous old custom, is it not?"

May 20th. "I am reading *Lothair* for the second time in order to relish the conversations,

which are admirable. It is the most profoundly cynical composition I ever read—with no exception. I do not like it. It seems to me essentially ignoble; a tribute the more to that idolatry of rank and money so baneful to society."

November 1st, 1870. "Westcott has just been elected Regius Professor of Divinity by 15 votes to 2. Lightfoot is of course extremely delighted, and so will be, I think, everyone who knows what Westcott is. Both in learning and personality, he will be a great acquisition to the University."

In 1870 Jebb brought out an edition of the *Characters of Theophrastus* with illustrative notes. "I sent off Theophrastus three days ago," he writes to a friend. "You will be amused I think by the Eresian if you have not expected too much of him. His real interest is this. Other writers, whose name is legion, prove to us that the great, the organic, lines of human nature are the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever. Theophrastus is one of the few who survive to remind us that the lighter traits also of character are permanent and universal. The bore of the Fourth Century B.C. is essentially the bore of the Nineteenth Century A.D. Do not be frightened by the occasional appearance of Greek type in the notes at the end. The notes consist, mainly, of translated extracts from old authors. They are especially meant to be intelligible to English readers. They aim at illustrating the life of Ancient Hellas (as far as may be) in contemporary language."

CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS TO C. L. S.

1871—1872.

In the spring of 1871 R. C. Jebb met the lady who afterwards became his wife. She was at the time visiting a cousin in Cambridge, and on her return to America early in August a correspondence between them began in a rather unusual way. He sent her as a parting present a book of photographs of all the places of interest she had seen in Cambridge, and accompanied the gift with some graceful and amusing verses.

This was the beginning of a correspondence that gradually became regular and continued until their marriage in 1874.

To C. L. S.

"*September 16th*, 1871.

Nothing in your letter interested me so deeply as your account of the meaning which you attach to religion. Between the spirit of your view and the spirit of mine there is an essential analogy. It is this—that for me, just as for you, religion almost excludes reasoning. I hold my Christianity very much as you hold your belief in God. That

is, the Christian morality and the Christian hope appear to me to be divinely adapted to the human heart; I accept them therefore as a divine revelation, on the same ground that supports your faith in a surrounding, protecting, disposing Power. But though I have this definite and constantly evident reason for my belief, I do not pretend or attempt to analyse those details of Christianity which the theological subtlety of centuries has formulated into dogmas of which the very language is unintelligible, without research, to minds of the present day. It is clear to me that the original, the authentic Christianity—the Christianity of the Apostles—was something a great deal simpler and plainer than the Christianity of any modern Church....The two grand points on which St Paul rested his Christianity were these only: the fact of the Resurrection of Christ and His personal character."

"*September 22nd*, 1871.

.....Since I wrote that reason has little to do with my faith, there have come into my mind some words of a man whose company in such a case is the more reassuring because he is a singularly acute reasoner. Newman says in the *Apologia*:—'I am far from denying that every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by Catholics or by Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties; and it is a simple fact that, for myself, I cannot answer those difficulties.....But...ten thousand difficulties

do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate.....Of all points of faith the being of a God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power.'

Between Newman's position—if I understand it accurately—and my own there is a certain amount of difference. He believes in the being of God because his inner consciousness assures him that God exists; and he believes in Christianity, with all the doctrines attached to it by Catholicism, because the Church tells him that Christianity is true. I believe both in the being of God and in Christianity—with those doctrines attached to it which I understand its *first* apostles to have held—because my inner consciousness assures me that God exists and that Christianity is true. He relies partly on the witness of the inward need and partly on an objective authority: I rely throughout on the witness of the inward need. But this is a difference of detail. With him, as with you, I agree in the main principle that reason is not the arbiter of religion.

Now consider the last sentence which I quoted from Newman, and with which I agree. To me, as to him, it appears that, from the intellectual point of view, no doctrine is surrounded with so much difficulty as the Being of God. What you already believe, because it is borne in upon you, is the hardest thing of all to believe. What I believe—also because it is borne in upon me—is, after the other, a comparatively slight trial to the reason.....

I never talk about these things; and I have never in my life written about them to anyone but you. No one can feel more than I do how unfitting it would be for me to preach to other people.....

Every time I find myself in the midst of fine scenery, the thought comes back—Why is the taste for scenery of such very recent development? As has been so often pointed out, the search for natural beauty by travellers, and the effort to express it in language, are not conspicuous, though they are of course traceable, before the beginning of this century. And if the ancient world is contrasted with the modern world, one broad difference is, as a rule, discernible. The ancients gave no place in their imaginations to what Ruskin calls the Pathetic Fallacy,—that is, to the conception of a sympathy between external nature and the passing moods of the human spirit. In the old world, human grief and joy, human hope and despondency, did not fancy any mysterious *rapport* between themselves and Nature—did not go to her for comfort, or hold with her any intimate communion. For instance, Homer or Virgil would not have entered into the innermost meaning of Wordsworth's Ode on *Intimations of Immortality*; where, after saying that, for him, nothing can now bring back

'the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,'

he goes on to affirm his faith in a 'primal sympathy, which having been must ever be'—and ends triumphantly—

'And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might.'

For in these, from childhood to old age, he had found an unbroken companionship, varying only in mood. I have often thought that the contrast between this tone and the tone of the old world is well brought out in a beautiful and touching scene of the *Iliad*. Helen is standing on the walls of Troy, looking out on the Greek warriors whose forms rush and dart through the battle on the plain before the walls; she recognises many whom she had known, many who had wooed her, in past years, in Greece; but she looks in vain for her own twin brothers, the glorious Dioscuri. She does not know that, since she left home, they have died.

'But now in far Lacedaemon
Earth, Earth, *giver of life*, had taken the Kings to her arms.'

So, at the very moment when she entombs, Earth is still, for Homer, only the 'giver of life'—only the passive mother of trees and plants. She offers her cold embrace to the dead; but no sense of the mournfulness of death, no shiver of sympathy with human loss, for an instant ruffles the sleekness of her apathy, or disturbs her at her steady soulless task. Man dies: and the flowers go on springing: that is all. How differently would Wordsworth have managed! How carefully, almost reverentially, would he have abstained from calling Earth, at such a time, the Giver of Life!

It is difficult quite to account for this deep difference between the old and the modern feeling towards nature. Perhaps two main causes may be traced. First, Christianity. From the time when it prevailed over paganism and had rest from without, Christianity has gone on developing in the mind of Christian Europe a habit of pensive meditation, more or less devotional, which had nothing corresponding to it in the pagan mind, and to which the repose of beautiful scenery is congenial. Next, civilisation. In the last century, even, a journey into the Scotch Highlands (for instance) was a perilous and excessively disagreeable enterprise; and people cannot go into raptures when they are wretchedly uncomfortable. Travelling has now become safe, easy, and cheap. Then wealth has increased; the taste for the fine arts, which depend on wealth as regards the area over which they are popular, has been diffused; and this taste reacts on the taste for scenery. Hundreds of people who would not think a landscape worth looking at on its own account are interested in it because it reminds them of a clever water-colour which they have at home."

"*October 24th*, 1871.

Last night at the end of dinner I found myself next Professor Seeley. Our talk, going from one thing to another, happened to turn at last on the curious neglect which some of the greatest English

poets experienced from their contemporaries. 'No country,' said Seeley, 'has three such wrongs to answer for as the neglect in their own day of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.' I suggested that Milton's case was of a kind distinct from the other two, inasmuch as he is the only one of the three who, so far as we know, was greatly pained by the neglect. Wordsworth was too much absorbed in external nature, and in the deepest, most permanent things of human nature, to feel greatly the indifference of a generation, though that generation was his own; while, as for Shakespeare, one is always told that his single ambition was to be able to go back and settle at Stratford. The very wonder of his genius was its almost passive, mirror-like receptivity; other men's natures were included and reflected in his; why should a *creator* of kings and cardinals and statesmen hanker after worldly greatness? To a mind so wide and calm, pleasures really congenial would not have seemed less desirable because they were homely. Seeley had a theory that it was as a disappointed, world-wearied man that Shakespeare retired to Stratford. If I believed that, he would be to me the most unintelligible of all human beings."

"*November 21st*, 1871.

I send you to-day a translation from Aeschylus, the poet of inflexible Destiny, as Sophocles is the

poet of Reconciliation. It is the great Chorus of the Furies—one of the sublimest of all his tragedies. To the Greek mind the Furies represented the stings of avenging conscience. The Furies are spirits whom the curse of the wronged sets upon the track of the wronger: they haunt him: they drive him at last to some act by which his victim is avenged. They were believed to watch in an especial manner over the ties of kindred and to punish any breach of them.

The party at the Adams' last night was very pleasant.....I sat next to Mrs Adams which was enough in itself to make the dinner pleasant..... Professor Adams said a thing which seemed to me so true, and which was deeply impressive as coming from an eminent man of science. 'The problems of the physical world,' he said, 'seem too hard for man's mind at first: yet they can be made out by trying; they seem out of reach; but they can be reached by standing on tiptoe. Had the system of the universe been constructed a little differently, the ascertainment of its laws *would* have been beyond us; as it is, we seem to have been given simple cases—examples just within our comprehension, of laws which might have been too complex for the grasp of the human intellect."

"*December 5th*, 1871.

.....In minor politics, civil or ecclesiastical, there are two events to record:—first, the getting

up of a Memorial to Mr Gladstone for an Executive Commission with power to frame new Statutes for the University in place of the mere Commission of Inquiry into Revenues, etc., which he proposes. .....The other event has been the formation here of a branch of the Church Defence Institution. The disestablishment of the Irish Church has caused a feeling throughout England that the English Church will go next, and will go soon. Such men as Vaughan and Dr Alford were saying not long ago that they would not give the establishment ten years to live. This I believe to be an entire miscalculation. There is a vast difference between the two cases. The Church of Ireland had little or no social influence. The Church of England has enormous social influence. Hardly a man of any position in England but has a brother, or a son, or a cousin in orders; and when Mr Miall moved disestablishment in the House last spring, the result of these personal relations was expressed in the division. I totally disbelieve, then, in any immediate danger to the establishment; though it seems probable that the tendency of the day to regard religion more and more as a private concern, to be settled by each individual for himself, will lead to a universal separation of Church and State within, perhaps, the next half-century. When I was asked to join the Defence Association, I consented chiefly from a belief that the establishment is a protection for religious liberty in precisely the same sense that the monarchy is a protection for political liberty.

If the monarchy were abolished, we should have the tyranny of radicalism. If the Church were disestablished, we should have the tyranny of evangelicalism. The inaugural meeting of the Institution went off well. The Bishop of Ely, who presided, is not only a good man, but a thoroughly sensible man too; and he brought out with tact as well as with truth the point which in England it is still so hard to make people understand—that religious questions are *not* political questions."

"Trinity College, Cambridge,
December 22nd, 1871.

Cambridge is well-nigh deserted; its thousands are scattered to a thousand Christmas hearths. The October Term is over. From fortnight to fortnight you have heard something of its growth, from seed-time to harvest: will you accept now the offering of the last gleanings?

For the last ten days everybody here has been anxious about the Prince of Wales. When I wrote to you on Monday, Dec. 11, it seemed impossible that he could live many hours: symptoms were said to have appeared which must necessarily be fatal. For two days more he was hanging between life and death; the first brighter news was on Thursday morning. Everything in this interval depended on his getting sleep; and the first snatch of sleep was the beginning of hope. Now he is steadily

recovering—with the chance, if he knows how to use it, of becoming the most popular man in England. By a pardonable confusion of ideas, people are prone to regard the recovery of a well-known person from a critical illness as an achievement—an affair which proves that he has something in him. Death, when most dreaded, comes to be personified; and the convalescent appears in the light of a victorious athlete. Altogether, I think that Mr Fawcett's theory is likely to be disproved by the result; the prolongation of this life will have prolonged indefinitely the life of the monarchy.

The Dante readings have been a great success. Mr and Mrs Tovey[1] and I form the class, with Mrs Potts occasionally as audience. Mrs Tovey pronounces Italian so remarkably well that it is a pleasure to hear her read; and, without having studied Italian grammar, she seems able to solve difficulties by intuition. We read and translate stanzas in turn; and I can assure you that we criticise each other severely. Dante is like no other poet; but that which is distinctive of him may be best understood by comparison, or rather contrast, with Milton. Milton in *Paradise Lost*, as Dante in the *Divine Comedy*, has taken for his scene a supernatural world. But Milton is ideal; Dante is real. Milton's images have a dim mysterious grandeur; Dante's images have an intense, sometimes an almost prosaic, reality: he has not imagined Heaven and Hell; he has been

[1] A cousin of C. L. S.

there. He speaks like a traveller reporting what his eyes have seen and his ears have heard and his hands have handled. For instance, Milton describes the colossal form of Satan—'floating many a rood'—huge as the earthborn enemies of Jove. Dante, when he sees the gigantic spectre of Nimrod, says—'the face seemed to me as long and as broad as the ball of St Peter's at Rome'; and—though the form was but half seen—'three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach to his hair.' He is the most intense and the most picturesque of all poets; too intense and too picturesque, even when he is threading the paths of unearthly regions, to be mysterious. Has he not seen—touched—spoken with—the angels and the daemons? They cannot have for him the misty grandeur of Milton's Titan angels,

'Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starred from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,'—

nor that dark majesty in which Milton has shrouded the eternal rebellion of the fallen spirits. Amid all horrors, Dante is ever the traveller; ever preserves a calm, sober power of accurate observation; hence the marvellous impression of *truth* which he creates. And how well he chose his subject! His mind was by nature profoundly sorrowful: in every line that he wrote appears the asperity of pride struggling with misery. Beautiful things are beautiful to him: but their brightness becomes a certain mournful grandeur. His mind was, in the words of Ezekiel, 'a land of darkness,

as darkness itself,—and where the light was as darkness.' The paths of his outer life lay through deep shadows; and he chose the shades as the place of journeying for his spirit.

'Follow his feet's appointed way;—
But little light we find that clears
The darkness of his exiled years.
Follow his spirit's journey;—nay,
What fires are blent, what winds are blown
On paths his feet may tread alone?'"

"*January 29th*, 1872.

.....When you come in this letter to some opaque masses of reflection, do not at once pronounce them 'dulness'; be euphemistic and call them 'shading.' Verily, you shall have your reward. The next fortnight promises to be a period during which sound learning and Religious Education—as the Calendar somewhat feebly describes the presiding influences of the place—will be stimulated by divers worldly pleasures, before entering on the meditative twilight of Lent.....

Do you know I have been trying to guess your riddle—the riddle which you asked me out of *Realmah*, by saying that it has set you thinking what new power or faculty you would most like to have, and then calmly adding—'but I think I won't tell you my choice.' Revenge is sweet; and I beg to observe that I am tolerably sure I have guessed what power you would most like to acquire,

and that I have not the slightest intention of telling you.....Talking of *Realmah*—do you remember a passage in Sir Arthur's conversation with Mauleverer —'The best protest I ever knew made against worldly success was by a small society of young men at College,' etc. (Chapter XXIII). In my last letter I told you how I met Helps at the annual dinner of a Cambridge Society. It is this very society that he is alluding to in *Realmah*; it is called the Apostles; and his description of its esoteric tone and spirit is literally true. If you know *In Memoriam* you may perhaps recollect the place (Stanza LXXXVI) where Tennyson describes revisiting Trinity after his friend's death, and going to see the rooms which had been Arthur Hallam's. It is this same Club that he speaks of there: his name and Hallam's stand close to each other on its books. I have always felt that nothing ever did me more good than belonging to this society—for there was something in its whole spirit, and in the peculiar sort of intimacy among its members which helped one, just at the critical time of life, to resist common standards, to aim high and to be independent.

.....I have just been having a long walk with Fawcett, and on our way back we were met by his wife. What energy that little lady has; she is in the best sense the woman of the future..... The future of the world depends, in every large question, on the higher education of women. The commonplaces repeated in society of a certain tone

—by the men with complacent contempt, by the women with devout resignation, as if to believe them were a part of religion—about woman's 'sphere' (which seems to mean vacancy) sicken my very soul."

"*February 13th*, 1872.

.....Cambridge has been very gay for the last fortnight—and now I am going to give you a full and particular account of the gaieties. In short, this will be, distinctly and confessedly, a gossiping letter. Do not Literature, Science, Art, and Politics remain for our sustenance during the austere period of Lent? On Ash Wednesday, and for thirty-nine days afterwards, I shall read the *Times* and the *Contemporary Review*; and on February 27th, precisely, I shall write you one of the most instructive and improving letters which a lady could possibly receive. As Horace says, however, it is sweet to be foolish in season; it *is* the season just now; and so you shall hear all about our little world..... Following a Cambridge example, that of the great Pepys, I shall throw the fortnight (or rather twelve days) into the form of a diary—a form which has two advantages: it allows of unlimited egotism; and it abolishes the need of connecting remarks.....

Friday, February 2nd. Commemoration Day at Trinity—transferred from December 15th on account of the Prince's illness. Singular subject chosen by the preacher for the day—the importance of powers

of speech—which, with a pardonable professional partiality, he appeared to regard as synonymous with powers of preaching. He alluded darkly to a historical Master of Trinity whose laudable custom it was to write out his sermons four times before delivery. (Wondered how the present Master liked this panegyric.)—Large dinner-party in hall. Speeches. A good speech made by a countryman of yours, Rives, who was 5th Wrangler this year; a long one by the Astronomer Royal; and a lame one by the Master, who proposed the Queen without saying a syllable about the Prince.....

Saturday, February 3rd. Dined with the Master of St John's, Dr Bateson. Met in the room before dinner a man whom I had not seen for ten years, who is in the navy now, and who has suddenly come up here as an undergraduate. Forbore to remark that the world is small. Sat between Mrs Bateson and Mrs Neville, the Master of Magdalene's wife. Mrs N. is a very pleasant woman—fond of society, and very decidedly averse to donnishness. We had a most amusing talk—for we had not met for some time, and had all our friends and enemies, to say nothing of the affairs of Europe, to discuss.....

Sunday, February 4th. Dined with Mr and Mrs Potts. Went to the Historical Society at Mr Fawcett's at 9. The subject for discussion was nominally De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America,* Chapters VI, VII, VIII: but it came

to turn mainly on the comparative advantages of small and large states: this was too abstract for Fawcett; he went fast asleep, and his breathing formed a sort of trombone accompaniment to the dialogue between Mr Moulton and Mr Marshall.

Monday, February 5th. Took a long walk with Dr Lightfoot—a man whom you would like if you knew him. He is curiously shy, but in the highest and best sense manly—physically, morally, intellectually—and is a rather rare instance in England of a man having refused a bishopric, not because he was indolent or because his wife told him to do so, but because he liked study better. He is one of the few genuine students I know, and in theology is one of our foremost men. I was his pupil—on his 'side,' as we say—at Trinity, and we have been close friends for years now. There is nothing I enjoy more than going with him to the Cumberland Lakes. He knows every inch of the Lake Country and is a good instance of 'that love for the very soil and configuration of his country which almost always implies high-heartedness'—as Palgrave most truly says in reference to Arthur Clough. Alone with Lightfoot there, in that splendid country, talking, in our long walks, about things we both really care for, it has been possible sometimes to forget the hard side of life, and to live for the time in better things—in a region above the frost-line of perpetual shams and misunderstandings.

But I am becoming too grave for the Pepysian style. Well, in the evening I went to the fortnightly dinner of a Society to which I belong—Ferrers, Mr Fawcett, the Master of Emmanuel, etc., etc., to the number of twelve, being the other members. We met this time at Mr H.'s. I found myself placed next Mrs H. She is a warm-hearted, simple-minded Tory, who always reminds me of Macaulay's description of that squirearchy which formed the strength of Charles I's army in the Civil War. For example, she told me, without the faintest consciousness of platitude, that she thought it was not his collars, but his mind, which constituted a gentleman. I began to hope that there was something wrong with my collars, as otherwise the remark could only be severe; when she relieved me by adding that she thought a real lady was not always formed at a girls' school; and then I perceived that, as in some of the old Greek writers, one clause of the antithesis had been simply ornamental—the men had been mentioned only to bring the case of the ladies into clearer relief.....

Saturday, February 10th. Dined with Dr and Mrs Parkinson and met the Master of St Peter's and Mrs Cookson, the Frosts, the Liveings, etc. I had occasion to admire Dr C.'s talent, or rather genius, for looking at the ceiling when embarrassing subjects are started. It is the gift by which that man has succeeded in life. Lord Lytton says that

a man with manners needs only opportunity to be great. But a man who understands surveying the ceiling as Dr C. does, is better—he *must* be great. Until the ceiling falls, nothing can embarrass him; and, after it fell, he would be found looking at the sky—as if to divert attention from the recent crash—among the very ruins.....

Monday, February 12th (Yesterday). A Dante reading in Panton Street[1] at 2. Mrs Potts and Mrs Adams came. We have now almost finished the Inferno,—by May we shall have passed through Purgatory into Paradise! I enjoy Dante, because he is the great instance of a man having found, in a purely ideal world, strength to grapple with real troubles; he was too proud, and too strong also, to ask or find in imagination a mere refuge from them; but he came back from those wanderings in the paths of Heaven and Hell really better armed for the battle of his life; and that is the true use of poetry—the use which Carlyle does not understand, and is the smaller and lower for not understanding."

"CAMBRIDGE,
February 27th, 1872.

Your mention of Taine's *Notes on England* has led me to read another little book of his, published in 1864—*English Positivism*; and I was amused to find there what seems to me to be a partial

[1] At Mr Duncan Tovey's house.

explanation of the criticisms which you heard passed upon him at Oxford. Taine begins by describing his visit to an Oxford friend. He was struck with their organisation of positive science, and also with the absence of general ideas. 'You have *savants*,' he said to his host, 'but you have no thinkers'; and then he gives his theory of the want. The authority of orthodox religion takes the place, he thinks, in England of a desire for research into principles. 'Your God embarrasses you' (*votre Dieu vous gêne*), quoth Taine to his English friend. '*He* is the supreme Cause; through respect to Him, you shrink from reasoning upon causes. He is the most important Personage in England; and I perceive that He deserves to be so; for He forms part of the constitution; He is the guardian of morality; He is the final arbitrator of all questions; He replaces, with advantage, the prefects and gendarmes with which the peoples of the Continent are still encumbered. At the same time, this high rank has the inconvenience attending all official positions. It produces a jargon, prejudices, and intolerance. See here, quite close to us, poor Mr Max Müller. In order to acclimatise Sanscrit studies here, he has been forced to discover in the Vedas the adoration of a moral God—that is to say, the religion of Paley and of Addison.'

'What a regular Frenchman you are,' retorts the Oxford man. 'You glance at a few facts—and bound to a generalisation. Allow me to tell you that we have thinkers—not so far from here, either'.....

Then follows a Socratic dialogue, in which Taine drives his friend to admitting that the one original thinker of England is John Stuart Mill; and that Mill is original, not in any large conception, but in method—by a better organisation of the philosophy of experience. 'Mill moves step by step, somewhat slowly, through a multitude of instances. He excels in defining an idea—in disengaging a principle—in recognising it under a host of different aspects—in refuting, distinguishing, refining.'

The essay, which is mainly an analysis of Mill's *Logic*, ends by comparing the place in philosophical thought of Germany, England, and France. There are two main bents of human thought—the practical and the speculative. The first leads to the consideration of nature as an assemblage of facts: the second—as a system of laws. The first, employed alone, is English, the second, German. If there is a place between them, it is French. 'We French' (says M. Taine) 'have enlarged the English ideas of the eighteenth century; perhaps, in the nineteenth, we shall give precision to the ideas of Germany.' Is not the tranquil, ample self-complacency of that beautifully characteristic of the Gallic mind?

Now; imagine what all this would be to the true Oxonian; to whom Oxford is, before all things, a school of philosophy, a focus of original speculative thought. To be told that there was *no* original thought in England except Mill's positivism—and Mill was never at Oxford! 'Hence these tears': hence 'poor' Taine.

When you have read his *Notes on England*, do tell me what you think of them, and we will compare our Notes on Taine. You have had all the opportunities of judging. French views of foreign society are apt to be fantastic. A Frenchman is quick in observing, and often proportionately hasty in drawing large conclusions. Perhaps De Tocqueville is an exception. I have the third New York edition of his *Democracy in America*—and that is as old as 1839—which looks as if he was approved in the country of which he writes. At least he starts with a clear apprehension of principles, whether his particular applications of them are or are not accurate.

Have I ever told you of an institution called the 'Ad Eundem' Club? It met here yesterday; and I shall seize the opportunity to give you some account of a society so peculiarly constructed. It consists of twenty-eight members—fourteen Oxford and fourteen Cambridge, not necessarily resident, but necessarily at least *past* members of the Universities. These are always so chosen as to secure a political element. In the present twenty-eight this element is represented by four Members of Parliament, and three other men who, though not in the House, are more or less connected with politics: among them Sir Henry Maine, formerly legal member of Council at Calcutta, and now Professor of International Law at Oxford. This variety of elements gives a special interest to our meetings—which take place at Oxford, Cambridge and in London turn about. Yesterday, one of the chief topics of conversation was one which

is sorely perplexing English politicians at present;—the question whether the use of intoxicating liquors ought to be restrained by legislative interference. One party, still a small one, is for restricting the Liquor Traffic by a Permissive Bill: and a member of our club, Mr George Trevelyan (M.P. for the Border Burghs) is one of the leaders of this party; Mr Fawcett—also of our society—maintains on the other hand that a Permissive Bill is something which would almost justify armed resistance on the part of the people. I was curious to hear how Trevelyan would meet Fawcett's favourite argument against the Bill,—viz., that it is unjust to exclude the poor man from the public-house (perhaps his one refuge from miserable lodgings), while the rich man has his comfortable house and his dinner-parties. This inequality may, of course, be illustrated with any amount of rhetoric, and is the grand commonplace of those who oppose the Bill. Trevelyan's answer was that the demand for legislation comes from below, not from above; and that the poor cannot, therefore, be treated as aggrieved by a measure which they themselves invoke. This argument turns upon a question of fact, which few people can be in a position to decide at present. A General Election in which the Permissive Bill was made a shibboleth could alone test effectually the popularity which the restrictive system is said to enjoy with the lower classes. The Maine Law is, of course, a contested precedent: the most different accounts of its operation are given. For my own part, I cannot help doubting

whether anything but the slow, sure remedy of education will master this evil in England. The individual liberty of the subject is, with us, dearly prized and darkly understood; a legislative measure which could be represented, with any plausibility, as threatening it, would have no chance.

The assassination of Lord Mayo has startled, as well as shocked, this country; for there is a tendency, justified less by the special facts than by their general antecedents, to connect the crime with the recent activity of the Mohammedan fanatics called Wahhabees.

Is it not singular that a reinvigoration of Mohammedanism should have taken place at nearly the same period as a reinvigoration of Catholicism? It seems as if the human mind generally (putting advanced thinkers out of the question) had not yet found any conception of religion more satisfactory than a prophetism;—than the belief in a God interpreted to men by some one standing in a relation more or less close to that God. And will mankind, as a whole, ever prefer a different creed? I doubt it. A Theism is too cold for warm temperaments and too abstract for slow brains. It will always have its apostles; but will it ever overspread the earth?

Tuesday, February 27th. I went this morning to the Thanksgiving Service at St Paul's for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. London was densely crowded, and even yesterday evening, when I went

up, the line of procession from Buckingham Palace—by Pall Mall, The Strand, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill—was difficult of passage. Immense crowds of sightseers were reconnoitring the ground, and preparing themselves to enjoy to-night's illuminations by inspecting the strange metallic anatomies destined by and by to be clothed and glorified with shapes of fire. Ticketholders were warned and implored by the *Times*, the Police, and every oracle of earthly wisdom, to be early at St Paul's; and to judge from the remarks which fell from the worthy Master of Downing, with whom I came up in the train, I have reason to believe that the rising sun, or, in its absence, the earliest carpenter, saw the dim form of that exemplary man in the lonely temple. The service began on the Queen's arrival, at a few minutes before one, and lasted just an hour. It is supposed that there were about 12,000 people in the cathedral. It was magnificent when the *Te Deum*, with which the service began, burst forth under the great dome, rolling strong waves of sound through the aisles and transepts, till the whole vast church was flooded with a sea of tumultuous music. The Queen entered leaning on the arm of the Prince of Wales....There is such a thing as a sublimity of numbers. As the Thanksgiving Service was really hearty and sincere, its great scale made it, in a manner, sublime. Is it not curious how a thought or sentiment which for the individual, perhaps, has no kindling power, can derive a sudden grandeur from the consciousness that it is shared with a

multitude of other minds? The truth is, perhaps, that the idea of greatness is unfamiliar to most of us except in relation to number or size; and, half unconsciously, we apply this material standard in the province of morals. A feeling which covers a thousand square yards must, we perceive at once, be a great feeling. And then, of course, there is a certain electricity of concord.

In the crowd to-day one of the figures which I was amused in observing was Mr Disraeli's. He was clad in a garment which, I believe, he greatly affects—a long white coat, designed, possibly, to assist the curious eye in its search for him. He was paying his wife, Lady Beaconsfield, a degree of attention so unusual in public, and so very unusual in church, as to suggest to the cynical observer that it could scarcely always be maintained in the same perfection under the accomplished gentleman's own roof; but I promptly repressed this thought, as altogether unfair to the courteous author of *Coningsby*. Truly in this land of precedent, a statesman profits by being fashionable—fashionable for his novels, or his eccentricity, or his impudence—for something, at any rate, which forms a brilliant contrast to that grim, tremendous earnestness which we all so profoundly admire, which rules, and bores, the British mind. For every opera-glass which was bent on Gladstone to-day in St Paul's, I am sure that a dozen were turned on Dizzy."

"CAMBRIDGE,
March 12th, 1872.

Spring has come—almost rushed upon us—

'with its golden lights,
With silken breezes and with spicy breaths,
With kindly wooings of white flowerets,
With welcome in a thousand violet eyes,'

as Heine says; and all the place is bright and glad under the bright skies. The hunting season is nearly over, and the period of unpractical riding is beginning. Now may young men in new, pale gloves be seen going out on elderly horses, and a few young men, in older gloves, on newer horses: now is the turf by the roadside becoming brilliant all the way to Madingley, to Ely, to Abington, to Haslingfield: and Youth, cantering smoothly over it, is fluently confidential to Age trotting at its side.

Now is that ancient river, the river Cam, alive with boats and with many-coloured jerseys and with crowds on the towing-path. Now are the streets and gardens becoming once more brilliant by day—and the College chapels, with their rolling organ-music, by night—with the toilets of ladies—in short, everything reminds one that the mediating Hours have made up the winter quarrel between the Graces and the Muses.

I heard of a dialogue the other day on the natural beauties of Cambridgeshire: it was to this effect. Aesthetic person:—'Oh, that we had some moun-

tain-scenery here!' Practical and somewhat horsy person:—'It is not everywhere that you can get a "tit up" over grass for ten miles wherever you go.' This coarsely unsympathetic person was not altogether wrong: and he might have added that some of the villages in this neighbourhood are among the prettiest in England—Madingley, for instance, which is a subject such as Birket Foster, or any of our water-colourists of his school, would paint well. In May and June these little nooks, which one comes on quite suddenly, are really lovely. Cambridge has overcome the first austerity of Lent, which is, in fact, singularly uncongenial to the local views of life. Small dinner-parties, and concerts of varying size, have been the order of the last fortnight; offering nothing which the historian can regard as satisfying the dignity of history, yet agreeable at the time. You shall have a few glimpses of this subdued drama—too subdued to bear wholesale repetition without scenery.

The Fitzwilliam has just been giving a rather good concert. It was in the hall of Sidney, which was quite full. The 'feature' (as newspapers say) of the programme was 'Placida, the Christian martyr'—a cantata by a Mr Carter. The story belongs to the reign of Nero. Placida, the daughter of Metellus, a Roman magnate, has been converted to Christianity by her own lady's maid—whom the author, with a fine disregard for Lemprière, has been pleased to call Bertha. The emperor has just been publishing an edict against this new and sordid infidelity.

Placida, arrested while praying with slaves in the catacombs, is adjured by her father to renounce her infamous superstition;—refuses—is condemned to the beasts;—but, on her way to the arena, swoons; and is saved from the final agony by a sudden and painless death. This dramatic cantata was extremely well sung. Mrs Edwin Clark (did you know her?) was Placida; Mrs Dunn, Bertha; Mr Borissow (a Russian, the precentor of the Trinity Choir) sang the part of Metellus; and Nero was represented by a vigorous young bass, who had the advantage of looking tyrannical; and whom it was agreeable to observe joining in the chorus of Christians at the end, as if the most difficult of sovereigns had been converted."

"*March 26th*, 1872.

.....Have you ever considered the ethics of locomotion?.....As we were returning from the boat-race Mr Jasper More told me this historical anecdote. Mr Disraeli, after one of his best speeches, left the House with Mr Montagu Corry. 'I was wondering' (Mr Corry afterwards confessed) 'what a great orator would talk about just after a successful speech'—'Corry,' said Mr Disraeli, 'do you know how to get into a cab? Very few men know. I was at Vienna once when I was a young man, with Prince Gortschakoff and another Englishman, a military man who was there on the same business. A royal carriage was sent to conduct us; when we came to

it, the Englishman walked straight up to it, and got in with his back to the horses. Gortschakoff said to me—"That is the politest thing I have ever seen an Englishman do!"'

He was right. It is inconsiderate, and therefore impolite, to occasion a needless embarrassment. No persons are so tiresome as those who are possessed by an indistinct idea that their first duty to their neighbour is self-abasement—forgetting that their first duty to that unexacting person is simply not to make him uncomfortable.

I shall leave Cambridge in a day or two; indeed I returned here chiefly for the purpose of concluding a course of lectures on Milton's *Areopagitica* and some of his minor poems which I have been giving this term to a class of ladies. One of Milton's Italian sonnets, which we have just been reading, strikes me as good in its way; it was written during his tour in Italy in 1638–39, and is interesting as his best attempt at the language. He was in love with an Italian lady, one of whose charms appears to have been her singing. This is a quite literal translation in the same metre.

'As on a rough hill at brown evening-time
The shepherd maiden native to the air
Waters some drooping plantlet strange and rare,
Which scarce can bloom in the unwonted clime,
Far from the gentler skies which saw it spring;—
So on my eager tongue which Love doth teach
Rises the new flower of an alien speech,
While thee,—thee gracious in thy pride,—I sing,

By my good country-folk not understood,
And for the bright Thames change the Arno bright.
—Love willed; and others' trial of his might
Taught me that Love *can* ever what he *would*.
Oh that my sluggish heart, my stubborn mind,
Were for the heavenly seed a soil as kind!'

Does not the true Puritan speak in that last couplet? Yet Milton surely could love with all his heart.

The Ladies' College from Hitchin is going soon to move to Girton, about two miles from here. A meeting was held at Dr Kennedy's and attended by some of the promoters from London. Miss Davies, the chief of these, is both able and energetic. She and Lady Stanley of Alderley advocated the wisdom of giving a fête at Girton when the first stone of the new building is laid in May. The College would thus acquire a certain *éclat*. The ladies thought it would be easy to procure the desirable princess and the necessary bishop. Others, of whom I must confess myself one, doubted whether the success of the undertaking depended so much on Gunter and Debrett as to make the fête worth the trouble."

"Desmond, Killiney,
April 23rd, 1872.

When I sent you last week a translation from Schiller, I believed that I had guessed the poem alluded to in your letter of March 26th. Hardly had it gone, however, when I became tolerably sure that

this was not the right one, and tolerably sure, too, what is the right one. Shall I tell you how? I was reading your letter over again; and though I thought that my knowledge of it was already pretty accurate—extending to the principal commas and all the full stops—I found that certain inverted commas had escaped my memory. You say of the poem :—'The idea was "that longing for something afar" which is common enough in poetry.' We have two very popular historians in England—Mr Froude the picturesque, and Mr Freeman the exact. Among the many and grievous sins which the Exact is constantly laying to the charge of the Picturesque, one of the chief is the misuse of inverted commas. Read any article on Mr Froude in the *Saturday Review*—they are generally by Mr Freeman—and the chances are you will find this accusation grimly urged. Now I felt instinctively that you would not misuse inverted commas.....The same mental characteristic which lends its graceful rigour to your criticisms of our British institutions would prevent you from confounding quotation with paraphrase. Your inverted commas might, I felt, be trusted. They enclosed the words 'that longing for something afar.' A German word, or German words, equivalent to these must, I inferred, be either the title of the poem, or prominent in it. So I went through Schiller again; and in the Poems of the Third Period I found one called *Sehnsucht*. Do tell me if this guess is right. If it is, the discovery ought to be gratifying to both of us. It presupposes,

on your part, a gift denied to the historian of the sixteenth century; on mine, a correct inductive process founded on your possession of that gift as premiss.

It is singular that in the search for your poem I should have hit upon that which I sent you last week—*Die der schaffende Geist*, etc.; which Schiller calls *Die Grösse der Welt.* That poem and *Sehnsucht* so strikingly illustrate and complete each other. They ought, indeed, to be read together. Together they express a single idea—the sphere and the conditions of rest for an ardent, imaginative nature.

That rest can be found only by following the highest aspirations—the desire, from the valley, for the hills; it demands some faith and some venture—'Du musst glauben, du musst wagen'—'for the gods give no pledge.' On the other hand the search for this rest will be pushed beyond the point at which it is really to be found, unless a certain restraining spiritual tact detects the invisible line. The finite cannot reach the infinite. For all human nature, repose is compromise. No eager mind can satisfy all longings, or expel every disturbing force. The nearest approach to absolute peace possible for it has been made, when, following its own highest impulses, it has reached the point where incompatible bents of aspiration cross.

'Steh! du segelst umsonst—Unendlichkeit vor dir!'
'Steh! du segelst umsonst, Pilger, auch hinter mir!'
Senke nieder,
Adlergedank', dein Gefieder.

I am glad you like Schiller better than Goethe. So have I always done, and perhaps for the same reasons. Goethe's mind was at once more powerful and finer than Schiller's. But over all Goethe's work there is the coldness and vagueness of moral apathy; as his life proved, he was incapable of an unselfish devotion; he had one sovereign aim, which he pursued to the exclusion of every other—the crowning of 'the pyramid' of his own culture. Schiller was narrower, but he had moral earnestness; he was more intense, he was infinitely nobler, and these things are worth more in a poet—might we not say, in a man?—than any genius for analysis."

"KILLINEY,
May 7th, 1872.

So you are fairly charmed with Goethe[1]. When you said—six weeks ago—that you liked Schiller better, I thoroughly agreed; but I knew, too, from my own experience and that of others, that if you had not already passed through the phase of *admiring* Goethe, that phase, at least, was likely to come. Attraction or repulsion—nothing between these is possible under that imperious spell. What the author of *Ecce Homo* says of moral development is quite as true, I think, in regard to the epochs of our intellectual life. Crises in the expansion of our ideas, like crises in the formation of our characters, are

[1] His correspondent had been reading *Dichtung und Wahrheit* and fell under the "daemonic" spell.

more often determined by personal than by logical influences. What kind of book is it, the reading of which opens a distinct era in the life and growth of one's thoughts? Nearly always, a book which bears the impress of a strong, daring, human personality. One reads for the first time Mill's *Logic* or Mill's *Essay on Liberty*: it fixes in the mind a number of new truths, clear, precise, demonstrated as rigidly as a mathematical theorem. The mental gain can be accurately estimated. One is richer by such or such a number of distinct perceptions. But the gain is in knowledge, not in faculty. The perceptions thus acquired have a value strictly limited by their own definiteness. They belong to a province; they have no inherent virtue to illuminate, outside that province, the whole field of external life—still less to light up the dark corners of one's own nature. Again—take a creative artist of the type most completely represented by Shakespeare. In Shakespeare's dramas the whole world is mirrored; one has the delight of recognising as faithful a great range of portraits: the imagination and the sense of beauty are charmed as in a picture-gallery. But no electric impulse is communicated which can carry the mind forward to creative or analytic effort on its own account; the net gain is enjoyment, with perhaps help to reflection—not a permanent deepening of insight or enlargement of power.

The effect is altogether different when one is brought into direct contact with a mind of original force which is not merely interpretative but self-

interpreting; which, in the act of explaining, stamps itself on what it explains, and shows the phenomena with which it deals not simply *by* but *through* its own light. The truths which such a mind can impart differ from those conveyed by minds of the other types as algebraic results differ from arithmetical. The latter are concrete, the former universal: in the one case one learns facts; in the other case one grasps methods applicable to all quantities whatsoever. Is not this a significant commentary on the maxim that 'the proper study of mankind is man'? The largest and most fruitful acquisitions which a human mind can make are to be made by studying not the inferences but the processes of another mind. What is distinctive of Goethe's observing power is that he could look at himself from without, while he looked at the outer world as from its own centre. Hence his remarks on life are in a wonderful measure free from the disturbance of self-delusion; one feels in them the intimate fidelity of unexaggerated personal experience.

. . . . . .

The other great secret of Goethe's fascination is his absolute self-reliance. I have always thought that the most striking proof of that was his feeling about a future life. He believed in the immortality of the soul on the general ground that Nature could not afford the extinction of any vital principle. But he refused to lean on this belief, or to discount it by borrowing from it strength to go through the mortal time. In this he was as much stronger than those

who, like Mill or George Eliot, do their duty while they disbelieve, as a man temperate in the use of wine shows more real self-command than a total abstainer."

"*July 30th*, 1872.

The heat of the weather in America seems to have been even greater than the heat of a presidential election, though it would not have been exactly a happy metaphor to say that it had thrown the latter into the shade....Well, what solace or advice can I give you with your thermometer at 85° or thereabouts? In spite of Shakespeare's remark that it is vain to think of the frosty Caucasus with a view to holding fire in one's hand, I should recommend you to think of cool things. Think of

'Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty'—

Think of

'The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores'—

and think—oh, think of your having sent me just two sheets of that odiously small and ladylike note paper (may the years of Parkins and Gotto be scanty) after six weeks. Rest on your sofa and we will write to you—and if the reflections suggested don't bring you a delicious sense of coolness, I can only say that they ought."

"CAMBRIDGE,
August, 1872.

I was so delighted to get your letter last night. I had just come back from one of those little dinner-parties which often make a pleasant ending to one of our breezy, bright August days, and there—the first thing the light flashed upon—was your letter! There it lay, it did not vanish when it was looked at; it stayed where it was, quiet, palpable, divinely self-possessed; like one of those good gifts of the gods which men used to find in the valleys and woods, or on wild mountain paths, where Pan or Hermes had passed; like a good young man's prosperity in the third volume; like anything happy which comes sudden and seldom into the hard world of fact. And then this bright windfall allowed itself to be touched—even to be read through, not once only; and how glad I was to find that you were well, after all that dreadful heat, and to hear all about your life at Erie, and the delightful Germans, and the ladies with limited conversational resources.....

Have you looked at Victor Hugo's new book, *L'année terrible*,—the Year of the War? It seems to me, as far as I can judge, to contain some very grand and some very tender poetry—so much I can dimly feel.....What I like best in him, is always something which expresses more or less simply a definite human feeling—these lines for instance to a

Trappist Brother, an old friend, in the Monastery of La Meilleraye (it is almost a shame to translate them)—

> My brother—ah, the tempest has been strong!
> The furious wind that lashes us along
> From rock to hidden rock
> Swept, at our parting, the deep waters dark
> With furrowing wing, and hurled upon thy bark
> The billows' thunderous shock—
>
> So that, for terror of that instant death,
> To ease the boat that reeled to that fierce breath,
> Which those waves yawned to merge,
> Each in its turn, joy, freedom, fantasy,
> Home—treasured things—last treasure, poesy—
> Were cast into the surge!
>
> And now at last—lo, desolate, forlorn,
> Where the waves go thou goest, patient, worn,
> By whom no strand is trod:
> Having in thy boat, dissevered by the gale
> From ours, two things—thy compass and thy sail—
> Thy soul—thy God!"

"Cambridge,
December 3rd, 1872.

When I came back to Trinity last night, I found a note—from whom do you suppose?—from Miss Thackeray, dated the 'Bull Hotel' and asking me to dine there with her and some friends the next day. It was such a delightful party—the Freshfields, Miss Ritchie, Mr Ritchie their brother, Mr Hallam Tennyson, the poet's eldest son, who has

just come up to Trinity, and Mr Henry Sidgwick. Mr Tennyson was to have come but had a cold and telegraphed at the last moment. We had fun; among other amusements, we marked some of our common friends for (1) Appearance, (2) Heart, (3) Intellect, (4) Manners, (5) Sense of Humour. The worst of that game is that one can never forget what happened to the inventor of the guillotine..... You cannot think how charming Miss Thackeray is; it is the charm of a perfectly good heart and a great wit enshrined in a lady.....

Have you read her *Memoir of Sir Edwin Landseer*? It is in the *Cornhill*. What strikes me about it, as regards her, is the manner in which it marks one trait of her vivid and innocent brightness —her fairy-like way of viewing life. Read the part about Landseer rouging the beauties for the Fancy Ball. Over this, however, is gradually coming somewhat of her father's seriousness in social teaching."

CHAPTER VII.

CAMBRIDGE LIFE AND WORK.

1872—1874.

In 1872 R. C. Jebb had been appointed a tutor of Trinity. In many ways the position was agreeable to him. He liked the bright friendliness of young men, for some of whom he soon grew to have an affection, and he knew enough of the heedless follies of their age to give them more sympathy than rebuke in their scrapes and troubles. Once, when some men went so far as to stop a mailcart—fortunately empty—remove the driver and take the reins into their own hands—thereby bringing themselves very much within the reach of the law; when an Official came down from London to make inquiries, and terror filled their minds with visions of a possible gaol and certainly irate parents—he succeeded in pacifying the stern instrument of the law; who even consented to stay and dine, and join in a loving cup with the chief criminal, having discovered the latter to be the son of an old friend.

But there were other duties belonging to a tutor's office which no ingenuity could make agreeable to a man whose nature abhorred accounts, and who felt it almost an impertinence to watch over a pupil's

outlay, and check his kitchen expenses. After two years of tutorial work, he resigned the position and felt a great relief when disburdened of duties some of which were so alien to his nature.

Early in 1873 he brought out a book of Translations into Greek and Latin verse which excited the enthusiasm of his friends, and also brought him a letter from Robert Browning whose *Abt Vogler* was one of the poems translated.

"19 Warwick Crescent, W.,
July 30th, 1873.

Dear Sir,

I am very grateful to you for your beautiful Book, very proud of the Greek dress you make my poem wear so prominently on its first page. I thank you indeed for almost giving me the right to admire my own work, which I shall henceforth associate with yours.

Ἔρρωσο.

Robert Browning."

From Mr Frederic Myers.

"*May 10th*, 1873.

My Dear Jebb,

I have just been to the Education Office where I found your splendid book, for which I give you most hearty thanks. I have been reading it aloud to myself ever since, and have only time to scrawl this line to you before the Saturday post goes out. I opened on the *Nativity Ode* and was fascinated. I will back myself to obtain as much pleasure from the words *Non conferentum*

signa cohortium as any one else in England. Then I turned to *Abt Vogler* which was like a solemn spectacle defiling before my eyes—of course I have not yet mastered it, but it is indeed noble.

I congratulate you on the production of a book which I honestly do not believe that any one in the world could match in its own line of scholarship etherealised into an emotion and then crystallised into an enduring joy."

To C. L. S.

"TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
February 11th, 1873.

I told you that Cambridge and Trinity had lost their oldest resident—Adam Sedgwick, our professor of geology, and the founder, almost, of the science in England, who died at the age of eighty-seven. The memory of the famous old man, so much loved and honoured here, has filled our thoughts more than anything else since then: and if I dwell upon it at what may seem great length in writing to one who did not know him personally, it is because thus I shall most truly place you in imagination among us. He was buried in the Chapel of Trinity. No one who saw that sight can forget it.

On Saturday the 3rd, at a quarter to eleven, the officers of the University and the invited strangers met at the Master's Lodge. The Fellows and Undergraduates of Trinity met in the College Hall. At eleven thirty, the procession set out from Sedgwick's rooms. The chief mourners, and the four senior Fellows, walked with the bier. At the door of the Master's Lodge they paused, and the company

which had met there fell in. First after the bier came the Bishops of Norwich and Ely,—the peers who had come, and the Deans of Ely and Westminster. Then the Heads of Houses,—then I (as Public Orator),—then the Professors and Doctors, the Members of Council, the Members for the University in Parliament. The procession moved to the foot of the Hall steps: then turned to the left, and moved across the paved pathway which traverses the Court in a line parallel with the Chapel. As the last of those who had joined it at the Lodge came up, another line, from the Hall, fell in behind them, —viz., the Fellows, Undergraduates and ordinary guests. The procession did not turn to the left from the line parallel to the Chapel, by what would have been the shortest way to the Chapel, so as to pass the Fountain: but held on till the opposite side of the Court was reached, and then turned towards the Great Gateway. The train was so long that the foremost had reached the Gate before the last had left the Hall. As the bier passed the gate, the Choir and the Clergy, headed by the Master, advanced, white-robed and bare-headed, from the Chapel; the low, sweet chanting of the Choir, as they drew nearer, singing 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' for the first time broke the stillness.

Imagine the scene at that moment. There was snow on the ground, throwing into stronger relief the long black line drawn across two whole sides of that vast court: the bier was approaching the door of the Chapel, now preceded by the Choir, who, as

they met it, had turned—the anthem rising fuller and fuller,—and all men thinking that here, at last, was the last step of a journey begun in far-off times, among faces and thoughts which for us were only history—a journey made, through all those years, in the strength of a single-hearted, fearless love of truth, and of goodwill to all men—goodwill never clouded to the very end by the lonely living on in a world become half-strange. How we must all have thought then of the bright words and looks we could remember of his, and felt that, with our faces turned towards his grave, we had our faces beginning to turn away from the tradition of a whole age,—that this was more than a parting from a great man, more than a parting between two generations,—a parting, for us, between an old time and a new.

Stanley preached at St Mary's the next day—Sunday. The University Church was densely crowded,—fuller, even, than the Sunday before. People were sitting on the steps of the chancel. All the University people were in mourning. The Dean of Westminster took as his text—'Ye are the salt of the earth—ye are the light of the world.' He insisted on two things as cardinal in Christianity—purity and light. He used a clever illustration of the possible uses of obstructiveness and error—he said that they were like the motes without which we could not see the sunbeam.....At the end Stanley showed how good old Sedgwick had exemplified his text: and did it well. Yesterday I was talking to the V.C. (Dr Cookson of St Peter's) about Sedgwick,

and found that he thought him greater intellectually than Whewell. More of the temperament, at least, of genius he certainly had.....

To-night I am going to dine with the Committee of my dearly beloved Pitt Club.....Our host this evening is a very nice Eton boy who has just come up to Trinity, Lord Stopford. It is so pleasant now and then to have an opportunity of seeing in this way some of the best undergraduates, not as a 'don,' but as the head of one of their own societies. I am president now of two undergraduate clubs—a distinction which I value most of all for this, that nothing has ever helped me so much in my *administrative* work here as the mutual goodwill kept perpetually fresh by this intercourse."

Among the undergraduates of this time was Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, whose great musical gifts were even then well known. He writes to me that, on applying to Jebb, as Head Lecturer, to be excused from the College examination in 1873, he got leave in the following couplet:

Quid tibi Musa neget? trutinam lacrimosa parabit,
Si fugis examen, tollere Musa suam.

R. C. J.

Some years later Jebb borrowed from Sir Charles Stanford a key of the Fellows' Garden and forgot to return it; when asked for it, he sent with it two verses:

Clave quid ablata silvis excluditur Orpheus?
Ne domitum vates auferat ipse nemus.

R. C. J.

Letters to C. L. S.

"Trinity College, Cambridge,

February 25th, 1873.

Cambridge is generally most exemplary and industrious in amusing itself for the last fortnight or three weeks before Lent. This year it has been rather less so than usual. Since I wrote on the 11th, nothing very miraculous has happened: but what has happened, you shall hear: the diary form will be best this time.

Saturday, February 15th. An evening party at Miss Clough's. Did you know that charming old lady? She has set up a sort of boarding-house for ladies who come to attend the Cambridge Lectures for Women: there are about six of them with her now. She interests me, because she is Arthur Clough's sister, and then because she is herself: he and she must have been much alike. These evening parties are always pleasant: the only drawback is that she asks too many people, and rather overcrowds the rooms at 'Merton Hall,' as their house at the Backs is called. The male sex is generally represented by the same select group of the faithful: no heretic profanes the hearth.....

Sunday, February 16th. Mr William Morris, the poet, dined in hall with his friend Mr Eric Magnusson, the Icelander, who has worked with him at the Sagas.

Mr Morris is a rough, self-centred, passionate, odd, almost wild, man. Mr Magnusson tells me that he and Morris agree in thinking that the supreme joy is to get away from all the restraints of conventional life—to Iceland, say, or to Central Africa. I can never quite believe in a man who *tells* you what a charming child of nature he is, what agony it is to him to have to dress like other people, and to use a knife and fork, and to wind up his watch.

Monday, February 17th. Mr Paley—your friend—read a paper at the Philosophical Society to show that the Odyssey is a Solar Myth—an allegory of the sun's journey from east to west—Ulysses being the setting sun. It was a mass of that half-crazy ingenuity in which comparative mythologists almost rival the expounders of scriptural types. Penelope, for instance, was made—what?—the *Clouds*, whose night-work is taken down every morning by the sun. This kind of puerility is to me intolerable and loathsome. I could not restrain myself—I got up and replied, and had the meeting with me—explained the etymology of the name of Odysseus which all the scientific philologers now accept, 'the Hater'—an old heroic name from the majesty of anger,—a very natural name in a rude time, not, as the old people took it, from the anger of the gods with him—and then dwelt, as far as needed, on the really conclusive argument against the solar notion—the strong and varied and essentially human interest of the Odyssey. An ingenious Irish author has already

proved, in a *jeu d'esprit* which deserves renown, that Max Müller is the sun. The legend takes the common form of a great teacher coming from the East. As I suggested to our friend Paley, Columbus is obviously the sun. It was splendid fun. The Master of Sidney and Miss Phelps were there ; and Miss Phelps and I discussed it further—(Oh seat of learning !)—in a valse at the X.'s.

Tuesday, February 18th. Dance at the X.'s. Mrs X. introduced me to a lady who knew some friends of mine. This lady is supposed to have been destined—other projects failing—for our friend, Dr Y. But where all human aid seemed more than vain, Nature herself—in her own royal person—has come to the aid of that much vexed mortal. The wisdom of the serpent and the coolness of the First Napoleon have added themselves spontaneously to the original thorough goodness and amiability. The adder of the psalmist might be said to have a really good ear for music—to be really carefully attentive when the charmer spoke or sang—compared with Dr Y. It is no go....."

"*April*, 1873.

.....Gerald Balfour and I left Naples at 4 p.m. on Sunday, April 20th. We said goodbye at the station to our two friends, who went to spend four days more at Capri, that island of the blest. Travelling all night through the rugged scene of those

Samnite wars so afflicting to the earlier years of British youth, through a country which, as the shades of night fell, seemed to bristle with unquiet and avenging dates and with gaunt spectres of consuls, who, to judge from their universal incapacity, must have been chosen by the Senate of the time simply in the educational interests of posterity, we came out in the early morning on the fair, quiet shore of the Adriatic,—with lovely Ancona tranquil on its rocky seat in the sunshine beside the waves. I should have so liked to stop there. At Bologna we had about two hours to spare—the train from Rome was late—and most of that time we spent before the great picture in the gallery—Raphael's picture of St Cecilia listening to the music of the angels. She is the centre of a group. Before her on the ground lie the instruments of the earthly music, half-broken, unstrung; they have fallen from her hands and from the hands of the saints around her: all are listening to the music of the heavenly choir enthroned in the clouds above them. Cecilia is made a rich, physically powerful being. This is wise, else she could hardly have given the impression of full happiness without excitement. St Paul is leaning on his sword, with downcast eyes, listening intently; there is a folded paper in his hands—the written revelation which must be silent in the presence of the heavenly harmonies,—silent, too, because fulfilled. St John and St Augustine are listening too—but not quite silently,—in whispered

conversation, because they are there to mark and learn ; they are neither the voice which *has* spoken, nor the voice which is being attuned through the ear to speaking. The Magdalen is made openly unsympathetic: I could have said, coarsely unsympathetic, did one not feel the artist's purpose: this figure is meant to help us in feeling the delicate scale of expression which discriminates the other four—Cecilia—Paul—John—Augustine. It is a great picture,—a picture which moves one like a great poem, or like such music as it symbolises.....

Did I ever write to you about my friend Fred. Myers, the author of a poem called 'St Paul' which had a good deal of success some years ago? He writes to tell me that he is coming here in three weeks or so, with George Eliot. I send you the 'Pindaric Ode' in which he informs me of these facts; it will amuse you."

"*Pindaric Ode.*

The *ideas* are here supplied: the Greek may be filled in by the reader for himself.

Strophe.

Many the feasts,
Many the public and private companies of academic men,
Some, as I have heard, in the Senate-house, and in the chambers of wise men, some
Where the Orator in May
Crowned with red roses stands, and in his right hand high he bears

Foaming from Trinity Hall, spluttering within it with
the dew of soda-water,
The Cup, the silvern heirloom, the academic crown.

Antistrophe.

Therefore in time
I to the Orator call, crying across the sedgy Cam,—
Bidding him take forth ivory tablets and write thereon
unforgotten words,—
Calling him to solemn feast,—
Saying,—after the boat-race on Monday the nineteenth
of May
There is supper in my brother's rooms, and the grace of
women, and I myself
Am there, and others also, whom gladly thou shalt see.

Epode.

Come then! and yet again
Shortly another message shall fly to thee on the herald's
wand;
For men say that there is a woman now,
Man-named, anonymous, known of all, George Eliot,
wiser than the wise,
Her too, methinks, my subtle net shall bear within the
academic wall:
Her too in season thou must see: and season comes
occasionally to the wise and the unwise, and not
even the very rich can reach the brazen heaven,

and a good many more reflections of the same kind."

"Trinity College,
Cambridge,
May 27th, 1873.

It would be most natural to begin by telling you of the ordinary May Term doings, perhaps, but

another subject is uppermost in my thoughts just now,—an event in any life, and a large event in mine. I have met 'George Eliot' (Mrs Lewes) again, and found such great happiness in knowing her better. Friendship is a word varying in largeness of sense with the largeness of the nature; and her friendship means a great deal. She and her husband came to Cambridge for a few days with one of my oldest friends, Mr Frederic Myers. I had known Mrs Lewes before; but acquaintanceship sprang into friendship by one of those impulses which cannot be explained except by some hidden law asserting itself in a moment;.....one of the things which brought our minds closest together was a talk about criticism: I was saying (*à propos* of Pater's essays on the Renaissance) that the 'precious' school seemed to be destroying everything—their finesses and small affectations blinding people's eyes to the great lineaments of the great creative works,—blinding them to the mind which speaks from these faces:—the creators, if they could revive, would never know their own thoughts under this veil of finikin yet thoroughly opaque ingenuities. Her face lit up in a moment, and she said, 'It is such a comfort and a strength to hear you say that'—and then she said why, so eloquently. I asked her how Sophocles had influenced her:—(we had been talking about him, and she had said that she first came to know him through a small book of mine):—and her answer certainly startled me. Probably all people,—or most people who have any inner life at

all—sometimes write down things meant for no eye but their own. Long ago I was putting down in this way some things that had been passing through my mind about Sophocles, and this among the rest,—that George Eliot was the modern dramatist (in the large sense) most like him, and that he had told upon her work probably *in the outlining of the first emotions*. Her answer to my question was—'in the delineation of the great primitive emotions.' *Verbally* this was an accident; but hardly in substance. Of course I did not tell her. But was it not curious?..... Her husband is very delightful:—he is accomplished, and he has a good heart. What I admire in him is his faithfulness in laying everything—knowledge, social power, reputation, all, at his illustrious wife's feet.....We went together to the Choral Festival at King's, and as I was walking with her, I heard some people whisper—'Mr Lewes is here; but is *she* here?' He was close behind, but I doubted whether he had heard it. When we came out, he quoted it to her.....

The Trinity ball was last night. It is not often that a conversation with another *man* is the most vivid impression one carries away from a ball. It was so, however, with me last night. Did I ever mention in my letters Hallam Tennyson, the poet's son? He.....is morally and socially *cultivated*, and has that instinct of what will give the right sort of pleasure, which generally comes only of kindliness acting on a large social experience: in a very young man it has a peculiar charm because it is a sure sign

of unusual selflessness. For instance he gave me some kind messages from his father in a way which showed that he was not ashamed to own that he thought them an honour: the average youth would have thought that this would be bumptious,—and would thereby have made a double mistake,—the mistake of affecting to underrate his own father, and the mistake of seeming to doubt the other person's worth. It amused me to see that he had an almost passionate admiration for Miss Thackeray—'Annie' as he called her. She is coming here, I find, this week, and I have just been asked to a party at Trinity Lodge, which I feel sure means that Alfred Tennyson and Miss Thackeray are going to be staying there; but I cannot go, as the Adamses have a party on the same day for the Bishop of Meath and Mrs Butcher....."

"Trinity College,
Cambridge,
June 10th, 1873.

.....As one passes, with years or months, out of the phase in which mere acquaintanceship pleases by glitter or even by change,—and the 'even' means a stage which no one can quite dissociate from self-contempt—one comes to long so for an inner life of friendship. I had such a life as a boy, when the friends whose minds had come to a glow at the same time with my own were here: then they went away, and the world has spoiled two or three of them, and merged more, and death has taken away some of

them; but now, suddenly, and as if by a gift from God who sees in secret, just in this last year a second spring of friendship seems to have come. I cannot understand it yet—within the last three months, just when I seemed most desolate and felt most certain that I must fight through life alone, a group of noble friends has sprung up about me..... I have felt sometimes as if this meant somehow the nearness of death: I cannot in the least tell why. Sometimes it is the real, if not the conventional, sincerity to brave the conventional absurd. Do you expect to hear of balls and concerts? What is the use of writing about them when you know that they meant nothing for me except as possible incidents which I should probably not use? One writes as one feels moved—at least one ought so to write..... In every type the strong elemental currents surge at times fixed by the influence which rules that life, as the moon rules the tides: and it is then that the life is most itself,—asserts itself most from under the death called habit. Ever since I can remember anything, I had two desires,—for power, and for love. The first, during my youth, absolutely supplanted the second. The question which puzzles me now—not so much for *me*, rather as an abstract question—concerns the first; (the second I think now absolutely insoluble for any individual, it depends on such utterly unfathomable secrets)—am *I*, that is, is the precise compound of strength and weakness for which I stand, ever to have power?.....Is this inward assurance a trustworthy pledge of future

power, or is it merely a self-delusion? By the 'inward assurance' I mean something quite definite, though the phrase sounds rather vaguely majestic. I mean that I sometimes see a face: if I could draw, I could draw the face. We know so little the limit between the so-called real and the so-called unreal, that no one has a clear right to declare any such thing an hallucination. The truth would probably be that, where such an impression is exceptionally clear, there is an *anthropomorphic* imagination—allied to the old Greek imagination—of exceptional vividness. This is probably the explanation in my case. I am aware of a kinship, which can hardly be fancied merely, between my mind and that particular type of the Aryan mind. But then does this vision, however explained, mean future power?.....

I dined a few days ago with Hallam Tennyson to meet a small party of his friends: it was very delightful, but it would take a ream, not a letter, to describe. I wished you had been there."

"Killiney, Co. Dublin,
June 24th, 1873.

My letter of June 10th carried the history of the May term to its natural conclusion. After the 10th, however, about a week of work still remained for the College examiners, of whom this year it was my turn to be chief. The Head Lecturer, as this official is called, has to organise and conduct the examination,—and, as the crown of his genial labours, to

entertain his colleagues at dinner. The next day, if he is alive, he is generally not sorry to retire into what some book of my youth, talking of Cincinnatus, elegantly called 'the ease of a private station.' This time, however, I stayed on for two days, as some friends of my mother's had come (rather late, indeed), to see Cambridge, and it would have been base to have shirked lionising them. Fortunately they cared for pictures.....

Then, on June 18th, I went to the 'apostolic' dinner at Richmond,—the annual meeting of the Cambridge Society which you will associate with 'Realmah.' Mr Fitzjames Stephen was president this year—(perhaps you do not know his name: he is our late Finance Minister at Calcutta,—a lawyer and writer of amazing industry and vigour)..... Sir Arthur Helps was not there this time,—but Tom Taylor, the dramatist, was,—and Spedding, Bacon's biographer,—and Lord Houghton, as amusing as ever, and more decorous than usual. (All my life I have shunned those insidious sentences, which look so easy at starting, with 'as' and 'than.' Pardon a 'first fault.') Now here I am at the seaside with my own people,—that is, my father and mother and a brother who has just taken his degree at Oxford—Winchester prejudices having estranged the unhappy youth from his elder (and wiser) brother's seat of learning. This is a very pretty country, on the borders between the counties of Dublin and Wicklow,—well-wooded, and yet a true sea-place,—a combination not very frequent in our islands.....

My mother has that wonderful gift of sunshine in her nature—the gift of perpetual youth,—only that, unlike Tithonus, the possessor never asks the gods to take it back; perhaps because, unlike his perpetual youth, it is a source of so much happiness to all around that the owner knows there would be a general protest against the gods resuming it..... There is no such rest, when the nerves are overwrought for a time, as the society of a woman to whom it is possible to speak with the certainty of being understood. Men are sensitive to this influence in very various degrees; I feel it in a very high degree. A few days of quiet here with my mother form, for me, the sovereign restorative—reminding me always of that phrase in the Second Part of Faust about the necessarily and distinctively feminine element in all that is spiritually highest—the untranslateable 'ewig weibliche.'.....I don't think Bayard Taylor's 'woman-soul' comes anywhere near it: but who could render it?

One advantage in being just now on this side of St George's Channel is that the Shah is on the other. Never was lion so ruthlessly hunted as the Shah: whom the *Daily Telegraph*, it is needless to say, hailed as 'the successor of Darius'—provoking the inevitable protest of the Historically-minded Man, Mr Freeman. England happened to be mentioned in conversation to his Persian Majesty when he was at Berlin,—and he is said to have exclaimed, with really superb diplomatic tact, if the story is true—'Angleterre! Ah! nuages—nuages!' As if

clouds were the one idea he connected with these islands.....

Do you remember, in Longfellow's 'Hyperion,' the translation

'Many a year is in its grave,' etc.

of Uhland's little poem?.....An interesting (negative) fact about the authorship of this translation has just come to me through the kindness of a stranger. An American gentleman, Mr Hayes, a Professor of Greek in the States, though he does not tell me where, wrote to me a few days ago from London (he happened to have been reading a volume of translations of mine) to tell me that this version is not Longfellow's own, but appeared first in a number of the *British Quarterly* for 1832. The notion that the English lines were Longfellow's own had been fixed in my mind by a thing trifling enough, but just of that kind from which one often draws a half-unconscious inference. In 1863 I met Thackeray in London, and with his usual good-nature to old Carthusians he asked me what I had been doing lately—especially, what I had been translating? I mentioned these lines, and I remember his saying that he thought no original work of Longfellow's was better....."

"Trinity College,
Cambridge,
July 8th, 1873.

.....You have perhaps seen in the newspapers an account of the anti-confessional meeting at Exeter

Hall. Nearly five hundred Anglican clergymen had asked the Bishops to appoint confessors (meaning auricular confession) throughout England. They (the Bishops) had said, in their episcopal tongue, that in fact they could not think of it. Then came the meeting at Exeter Hall. Lord Shaftesbury presided. All the persons present are reported as having used the language of confident Protestantism; that was of course; but, for educated people, the most grotesque incident was that the meeting actually mistook a quotation (in English) from Michelet's book published about 30 years ago in France,—'Priests, Women, and Families'—for a pamphlet by a contemporary English divine, and exclaimed 'Who's his Bishop?'—Auricular Confession is an absurd, and evidently a dangerous superstition; so, for that matter, is all sacerdotalism; and who,—knowing that the spiritual good of Catholicism,—its appeal to the devotional sentiment,—can be shared by aliens in their sorest need,—would voluntarily put his reason under the yoke?"

"*July 20th*, 1873.

.....When you were at Oxford, you heard of, if you did not meet, Mr and Mrs Mark Pattison.....I am staying with them here, but leave to-morrow. Mr Pattison and I are members of a subcommittee of four persons appointed to discuss certain proposals for the organisation of academical study; and he invited me to come here for a conference on that subject. He and his wife are both very interesting

and very striking. His history is a singular, and, I think, a touching one. Possessed of great subtlety and equal honesty of intellect, he made theology his study. He found gradually that there was no rest for him there—nothing, no one spot of the whole morass, on which he could plant a firm foot; he sickened of it, except as a mere discipline; he fell back on erudition; and now he is a variously learned man, saddened by a profound intellectual disappointment which has sharpened and refined faculties always most delicate and keen—most of all, perhaps, on the side of satire. His wife is difficult to describe..... She is very clever: she has tenderness; great courage; and an exquisite sense of humour. In manner, she is inclined to be brusque, though, by that instinct which women of a fine strain never lose under any vagary, she never fails in perfect taste; she is joyous, and affects a certain specially Oxford type of feminine fastness, which it would take too long to define, except by saying that it is based upon the jocose ease of cultivated youths;—she talks of art and books and philosophies,—yet rather about them than of them;—but to any one who can clearly see her whole nature in one view, she is most captivating..... She knows the gloom that rests on her husband, and she has resolved to be the sunshine of his life; she knows, too, that a man of such large and quick perception can be amused only by what is socially original.....Hullah, the musician, is staying here; he is a very charming man, and his wife is nice. This morning he and I went to the Christ Church

service—which was hard and poor—and in the afternoon to Magdalen—which was good musically. The voluntary at the end was the 'Dead March in Saul.' Strange and sudden news had come: yesterday (July 19th) the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce, lately Bishop of Oxford) was riding in London with Lord Granville, when he was thrown from his horse and killed. It is a tragic end to a life which has seen no adversity. All had been success—save, in one instance, the frustration of a father's hopes for a son.

We have just been sitting in the open air in the court, under the starlight, and Mrs Pattison and I have been smoking her particular cigarettes—made for her in Paris by somebody. She is a connoisseur; and explained the rather difficult art of preventing these fragrant but fragile pastilles from untwisting themselves. Then the Rector, Mr Hullah, and I made a tour of starlit Oxford—very beautiful in this dim, soft, transparent light—when one can think of Oxford as indeed 'whispering from her towers the last spells of the middle age.'

To-morrow I go back to her northern, and sterner, sister."

"Trinity College,
Cambridge,
November 25th, 1873.

This letter shall be devoted to telling you our Cambridge news of the last fortnight. We have had so many other things to write of lately, that

your Cambridge journal has been kept for you less minutely than of yore. Call up the places and the people now, and be with us again in imagination.....

On the 15th, the Humphrys had a dinner-party—rather crowded.....I talked to Miss Grill. The possessor of this somewhat disquieting name joins the sentiment of life's most glowing and gushing years to the experience of a period considerably more advanced. Well do I remember taking her to dinner once, and her saying, in the most unprovoked way, while she was dining with apparently good appetite, —'Mr Jebb,—do you think that women ever die of a broken heart?' I was so terrified that I could think of no answer but that 'perhaps other organs may have something to do with it.'.....

Mr Tennyson has been here. He came up on Saturday, the 15th, and stayed till Monday. On Saturday I met him at his son Hallam's rooms, and sat on his right hand at dinner. He talked very pleasantly of the old Trinity days; and in the evening he read aloud to us 'Boadicea'—'The Grandmother' —and the two 'Northern Farmers.'.....Mrs Cameron, the artist-photographer, was here at the same time; and Mr Knowles, the Editor of the *Contemporary Review*.....I like Hallam Tennyson thoroughly; he has a beautiful nature; and, now that I know him well, I wish more than ever to know his mother. Every one says that she is perfection.

Mr Vernon Harcourt is Solicitor General. I went with him the other day to a dinner-party at Grantchester, and when we came back he sat with

me in my rooms talking for a long time. His philosophy is the common philosophy of the man of the world; he is one of the able men who distinctly pride themselves on being *only* men of the world,—rejoicing in the advantage which their judgment gives them over clever men who do not know life, rather than ashamed of the cynicism which prevents them from being on a level with the really noble spirits. Still, Vernon Harcourt has the charm which belongs to really good-natured cleverness. His ambition is not legal but political; and he has taken his present post from political motives chiefly if not solely. The Ministry, he thinks, will not last more than six months. He would not care to be Chancellor; but I think he would like to be Minister of Justice, if such an office ever came into existence,—the Chancellor, *minus* his drudgery, and with more direct political power.....

My friend Frederic Myers has been here. He is interested in spiritualism at present; and for the first time in my life I assisted at a séance during his visit.....The case in regard to 'spiritualism' is a dilemma. Either it is deliberate imposition or it is some agency at present unknown. The 'unconscious muscular or cerebral action' theory may explain moving or tilting of tables, but it will not explain *rapping*. At present I incline to think that it is deliberate imposture. But I have not evidence enough for an induction. One of the spirits brought this 'message' to M.:—'Go to 15, King Street, Chester, and you will see your future wife. She is

Florence Martin, aged 22,—pretty,—the daughter of G. R. Martin, lawyer.' Now, it appeared from the Law List that a Mr G. H. Martin, a solicitor, does live at Chester,—though where, the List says not. Does not all this strongly suggest imposture? The spirit of a dead woman came to me, and said her name was Margaret Banks. We had not known each other, said the spirit; but she had seen me twice,—once in church at Liverpool, in 1865; again at Dover in 1868. Now I was only once in my life in church at Liverpool, viz., in August, 1867; and I asked the spirit if it knew who preached on that occasion. (It was a man famous in Liverpool,—Dr McNeile, Dean of Ripon.) It did not know, and then it explained that it had only come *in at the end of the service*, and met me in the porch; which seemed somewhat evasive. Obviously all this, at all events, was imposture pure and simple. Then it undertook to rap out the initial of a dead person of whom I was thinking. (I was thinking of my sister Fanny, who died in childhood.) It gave, first M; then W; then it gave it up. Now, I shrewdly suspect that M was a shot at Mill, and W a shot at Whewell, the late Master of this College; the two dead persons whom the operator—a stupid man—thought his best chances....."

"*December 26th*, 1873.

Many, many happy Christmases and New Years. Consider this as a supplement to my letter of December 16, not as one of the regular letters whose right

to exist must not be prejudiced by supernumeraries. Well, on December 17, I went to town to spend two days with the Tennysons, and very delightful days they were. I had long looked forward to meeting Mrs Tennyson.

She is tall, slight, with the traces—they must be called so now—of a sweet serene beauty ; she is as stately as consists with a grace which has nothing of rigour ; gentle, of perfect courtesy ; with a sympathetic insight which makes those whom she admits to the friend-circle feel at once at home by assuring them of being understood. Two people, independently of each other, described her to me by saying that she was a *châtelaine* ; and the description is really happy, expressing, as it does, something of the sweet queenliness of a French mistress of the manor of the old régime—helped by some quaint felicity in her dress which would evaporate under male analysis. I had more than one conversation with her, and felt all her quiet power. If I had to say what is *distinctive* of her, I should say,—the gift of making one feel that goodness, intelligence, and good breeding are a trinity of whom, in her, one can worship the unity.

There was a dinner-party on Wednesday,—Miss Thackeray, Mr Robert Browning, Professor Tyndall, and—distinguishable among some merely fashionable people—Mr and Mrs George Howard. Mr Howard is a man of mark. He is about thirty : he is an enthusiast for painting, and has already had a picture or two in the Academy ; and he is heir to

the earldom of Carlisle.—At dinner I sat between Miss Thackeray and Mr Robert Browning, and very pleasant *I*, at least, found it. Afterwards there was an evening party. The only people who greatly interested me were Lecky and Hutton. The latter's rather odd physiognomy has been cleverly described by his lively enemy, Mr Vernon Harcourt, as something between a bull-dog's and a priest's. When I saw it, I recognised the ingenuity of the description: just those two elements are there,—corresponding, moreover, to two leading mental characteristics,—combativeness, and a rather feminine subtlety. Mrs Tennyson told me the next day that Lecky is a wonderfully *erudite* talker; his reading has taken him into all kinds of little-trodden paths; and he has a great memory. He has vowed, it is said, to write no more books:—it is too much trouble!

On the Thursday, Hallam and Lionel Tennyson and I went to the Leslie Stephens' early—and thence, with Miss Thackeray, to the Ritchies. With a Ritchie detachment, we went to see Holman Hunt's picture, 'The Shadow of Death.' You perhaps know the subject—Our Lord, in a carpenter's shop at Nazareth, just before the beginning of his ministry, lifting up his arms, partly in weariness, partly in prayer: they reflect the Shadow of the Cross on the background behind him—startling the Virgin, as she kneels gazing at the gifts of the Eastern Kings, and dreaming of a temporal kingdom for her Son. Through the open front of the carpenter's shed are seen the hills of Nazareth, with

a sky of cloudless brightness above them. One thinks of

> 'the sinless years
> That breathed beneath the Syrian blue.'

There is perhaps more of effort and dramatic elaboration in the work than belongs to the supreme masterpieces. But it is a great painting, and a lofty poem.

That evening, some of our party of the day before met again at a little dinner at the Leslie Stephens'—Miss Thackeray, Mr Robert Browning, Hallam Tennyson, &c. We were talking of English words that had no rhymes, and after instancing 'silver,' 'month,' 'depth,' 'false' (which by the bye *has* an old English rhyme, 'halse,' to embrace), Mr Browning asked for a rhyme to rhinoceros—which he presently supplied himself, as follows:—

> 'Whenever you see a rhinoceros,
> If a tree be in sight,
> Climb quick, for his might
> Is a match for the gods—he would *toss Eros!*'

By the bye, if you read the review of my translations in the *Fortnightly*, you may have noticed that Mr Myers disputes my way of taking the lines in 'Abt Vogler'

> 'For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,' etc.

Mr Browning volunteered to tell me that I had interpreted the whole passage exactly as he had meant it, and that the possibility of Mr M.'s version

had never even occurred to him. Oh that the shades of the departed could sometimes be evoked to decide points of the same kind! The points which test an accurate instinct are generally *above* the logical sphere: they cannot be proved."

"KILLARNEY,
January 19th, 1874.

It is just two years and four months since I was writing to you from this house, in this very room—in September, 1871. How well I remember sitting at the open window here, looking out on the lake and the hills, but seeing only *you*, and trying to call up your life beyond the sea: then, when the letter was written, I would not trust it to the post-bag, but carried it into Killarney—and when it dropped into the box, I felt as if I had parted from the last confidant I had, and was to be absolutely alone for the next fortnight. In those days it was an article of faith with Jeannette[1] and me, you know, that you were coming back in the spring of 1872; we had talked of it and written about it to each other until we thought it as certain as that the nights would grow shorter and the days brighter. If any one had told me then, as I sat here, that in January, 1874, you would still be beyond the sea, how my heart would have sunk! but if he could have added that now I should be writing with this brightness on the future, how it would have bounded! That time

[1] Mrs Potts, a cousin of his wife.

after you left us will never fade out of my memory; it is a part of my life by itself, full of secret experiences unlike any that I have known: in fact it was the beginning, though I hardly knew it clearly then, of a new era in my character.....It was in this same room that I read the first letter I ever had from you after your return to America. I remember well coming back from Kenmare, 20 miles from here, one night in September, just in time for dinner, and finding a letter addressed to me in my father's handwriting. The envelope contained a letter from you. I could not trust myself to read it then. But I thought that the people (there was a dinner-party) would never go—and then how I rushed back to my room, and read your letter—with exactly the feeling one has in riding when one is coming to a doubtful fence—the nerves strained, but steady. When I had read it once, I read it again: and then I could have said it word for word, by heart. You could not tell, of course, but the effect of verbal interpretation which became a habit with me in regard to your letters—my only oracles—was at one time, that is, until there was some hope, a source of intense anxiety. Long after you had forgotten what a phrase or a word might have conveyed, or even that they had been written, I was analysing them. I was perfectly conscious of the self-delusion involved in all this: but your utterances were, after all, the only light: the secret of my life *was* there somewhere: and it was natural to pore over them,—though I was not intellectually unaware of the

resemblance between myself and one of the old-fashioned commentators on the Apocalypse.

Yesterday I took a long walk on a picturesque, lonely road which winds along a hill overlooking the Lakes and all their wooded islands, with the bold ridge of hills beyond, serried with many a 'gap' hardly less picturesque than the famous 'Gap of Dunloe'—in sight, too, of that old, wild mountain-peak which is in more than one sense the *crest* of our old friend the MacGillicuddy of the Reeks. It so happens that this particular walk is associated with two or three moments of my life, and I wished, once more, to make it conscious of this last, happy phase; to be able to think, when I was far away, that it knew this secret, as it had known so many others of a rather solitary life...."

Degree Day in June of this year was more than usually interesting. The honorary Degrees are generally conferred by the Vice-Chancellor, but on this occasion the Chancellor, the late Duke of Devonshire, was in his place in the Senate House. Men of distinction, to the number of sixteen, were to receive Degrees, and it was the duty of the Public Orator to present each to the Chancellor, in a short Latin speech expressing, in the politest words possible, his great merits and special claim to the honour. Even to learn by heart sixteen Latin speeches demands no small effort of memory. That on this occasion the Public Orator acquitted himself creditably is shown by the letters he received.

"TRINITY LODGE,
June 15th, 1874.

DEAR MR PUBLIC ORATOR,

I have heard a desire universally expressed by every one with whom I have conversed this evening, that your addresses on the presentation of the Honorary Doctors should be preserved. In this opinion I entirely concur, and I sincerely hope that you will kindly consent to permit their publication.

I am, dear Mr Public Orator,
Yours faithfully,
DEVONSHIRE."

From PROF. FREEMAN.

"SOMERLEAZE,
June 19th, 1874.

MY DEAR JEBB,

(You must let me begin so, as I do not mean us two to be strangers.) I am delighted to hear that your speeches are to be printed—I must have one to treasure up. Everybody says just the same of your wonderful effort that I do; as regards myself, I can only say that, if I had been called on to dictate my own praises, I should have dictated something which, save in the elegance of the Latin, would have been very like what you said. (N.B. I once could write Latin, but I can't now, save Saturnian rimes now and then.) I hope everybody else was as well pleased. Scott[1] thought his very fine, only he did not understand it.

[1] Sir Gilbert Scott.

We called on the great folks at Trinity Lodge before we left, and they were so mild that I did not remind the Master of his error in forgetting that, besides the Trinity which nourished Thirlwall there is also a Trinity which nourished Stubbs. But come and be my guest in hall next Trinity Monday and you shall carry back a message.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD FREEMAN."

CHAPTER VIII.

MARRIAGE. ELECTION TO GLASGOW CHAIR. INAUGURAL ADDRESS. LETTERS BY REV. DR DENNEY, AND MR R. P. G. WILLIAMSON, M.A. VISIT TO ITALY AND GREECE. ILLNESS.

1874—1878.

In July his correspondent was again in England, and shortly after her arrival they became engaged to be married. A few weeks later, on the 18th of August, 1874, Richard Claverhouse Jebb was married by special licence in St Mary's Church, Ellesmere[1], to Caroline Lane, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Reynolds, D.D., of Philadelphia, and widow of General Adam J. Slemmer, Lieut. Col. 4th U.S. Infantry. Dr Reynolds had been ordained in England and had, on the death of his first wife, gone to America, where he became rector of St John's Church, Evansburg, Pennsylvania. He married in 1832 Eleanor Evans, the youngest daughter of Owens Evans, Esq., a large landowner in Montgomery County, and a man of unusual ability and force of character. "Squire" Evans owned jointly with his cousin Oliver Evans

[1] The marriage took place from the Lyth, Mr George Jebb's house in Shropshire, where Mr and Mrs Arthur Jebb were living.

(the well-known inventor) the first steam-mill built in America—at Pittsburg, Penn. Moved by patriotism he also built a factory in his village of Evansburg for the manufacture of muskets, when the war with Great Britain began in 1812. He married his first cousin Eleanor Lane.

To Mrs Arthur Jebb.

"Killarney,
August 28th, 1874.

Thank you very much for having ordered the cake[1] for Trinity: I have no doubt it will deserve the epithet of the wizard stream on whose banks it has been made:—

'The Dee by Britons long-y-gone
Cleped the Divine, that doth by Chester tend.'

Well—we have been going through a series of festivities—Headley's, Killarney House, 5 o'clock tea at Beaufort, dinner party at Danesfort, luncheon ditto. To-night there is a dance at Southhill and on Monday we are going to the Upper Lake with Dick Herbert.....We go to Desmond—as at present arranged—on Wednesday. C. is bearing the strain upon her social energies wonderfully. Just now she is playing piquet with Uncle Sam....."

Early in October Jebb and his wife, after a few weeks abroad, returned to Cambridge. We had taken a furnished house, Petersfield, for six months,

[1] When a Fellow of Trinity married it was the custom for him to send a cake to the Combination Room.

and for a more permanent home were thought fortunate in being able to secure No. 3, St Peter's Terrace. Houses in good position were by no means easy to find in those days, when there were no married Fellows to need them.

Hardly had we swept and garnished the St Peter's Terrace house, collected our furniture in it, and settled down comfortably, when a startling proposition came from Glasgow. Would Mr Jebb stand for the Greek Chair in Glasgow University which Dr Lushington was about to resign? if he decided to stand, his election was practically certain. The decision was difficult. Work in Glasgow would no doubt be heavy during the session; but then there was the glorious six months' vacation. And the work in Cambridge was by no means light, when he added to it that of examiner for London University, and of leader-writer in the *Times*,—the latter work undertaken on his resigning the Trinity Tutorship. On the other hand, Cambridge had been his home for seventeen years. He loved every stone in Trinity; the Senate House spoke to him as he passed of contests waged and victories won; almost every face he saw was familiar, and friends met him at every turn. No wonder the decision was long in coming. It was not till the 8th of June that he announced his intention to stand for the Scotch Chair. Even then he did not burn his ships. His Alma Mater was very kind: she gave him a year's leave of absence, permitting him to retain his offices; so that if the work and climate in the North

proved too severe, he could come back happily to her arms. What weighed the scale down for Glasgow was that splendid annual six months' freedom from all official duties. It seemed to him the best chance he could ever have of doing good work in scholarship.

The election was on the 14th of July, and on the afternoon of that day came a telegram from Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin):—"After carefully considering testimonials the University Court has unanimously elected you to the Greek Chair."

To Miss Horsley.

"*July 20th*, 1875.

I am very much pleased at the manner of my election; it was not only unanimous but very cordial, quite belying the old story that Scotchmen welcome none but Scotchmen to their University Chairs, and assuring me that I shall be among friends. The session is from November 1st to April 30th: but the work of the last month is comparatively light. Ten days' holiday at Christmas; four days at the end of January, and divers stray holidays; and then the splendid six months.

Now for present plans. To-day I meet C. at Bletchley and take her to Liverpool. To-morrow she sails for Philadelphia where she will be met on landing by her own people. I am tied by London University till August 11th. Then I am going to stay with my Glasgow predecessor Dr Lushington in Kent for two or three days. Then, August 16th, I think I shall come to Killiney. I must have clear

seven weeks to finish my book (Attic Orators). C. will be at Queenstown about September 20th. Early in October we must go to Glasgow to see about getting the house ready. Meanwhile I am going there next week to be inducted."

The fates were kind: the ship made her voyage safely and we were together again in England—though not quite so early as the 20th of September. It was hard to leave my mother on the other side, and we arranged that I should remain with her for another fortnight: we could go to Ireland at Christmas.

The first week in October found us in Glasgow, —with what work before us! The new Professor must get his books on their shelves and write his opening address to be delivered on the 5th of November: the new *Professorin* must bestir herself to make a home with all speed in No. 5, the College, the official residence of the Professor of Greek. We meant to keep our house in Cambridge, as we could not be homeless for six months, and no one at Glasgow remains in the College after the session has ended: so in addition to wall-papers, gas brackets, and fire grates, new furniture had to be collected. We were very happy in the novelty of everything. We liked the big rooms at No. 5, and we liked the view across the valley towards the setting sun. We were very busy, but it was all great fun. We were young and work troubled neither of us. He was often called away from his

study to take a run across the Park to the place of shops. Ideas concerning carpets and wall-papers he had none, but he could listen and sympathise, and he could—and always did—throw his influence on the side of the pretty thing instead of the cheap one. What money we spent and how little we cared in those blithe days! There is something in the big town with the two rivers running through it and its fine air, fresh from the sea—also the look it has of great businesses that reach to the uttermost parts of the earth—that exhilarates. We had our part of it all to ourselves for a happy fortnight until the College people began to come back, by which time the address was finished and the house made habitable. We felt that both were our joint work, so interested had each been in what the other was doing.

And now we were ready for the next step. Soon the College Court became filled with life. Black gowns and red flitted across its spaces; groups of youths collected and scattered, and collected again; everywhere were heard greetings and welcomings. Students crowded into the class-rooms to pay their fees, to enroll their names and get their tickets. This paying of fees direct from hand to hand was so different from the Cambridge way of delicately intimating that your honorarium had been credited to your account in the bank, that as a new experience it became interesting. He could not quite take the fees—his helpful assistant Mr Murdoch undertook to receive them while the Professor wrote out the

class tickets; but he could bring back the tin box under his gown when it was full and deposit it at his wife's feet with the air of making her a present. The present she liked best was her share in the work. She was appointed chief clerk, whose business it was to straighten out the notes in neat parcels, to make the gold into small rouleaux, and to count the silver—comparing the total with the lists. Nobody knows till he tries it how hard it is not to make mistakes in counting coin. It took the experience of several sessions before this particular clerk could present her packages to the bank with the certainty that their tally and hers would agree.

His inaugural address was given on the 5th of November. That Greek still held its own was shown by the applause given to the following passage:—"What was the position of classical studies in 1860, the year roughly speaking when the old supremacy of Classics and Mathematics as the subjects of higher education began to be disputed, and what is the position they hold in 1875? The tone adopted towards these studies at the earlier date is perhaps not inaptly symbolised by a well-known passage in the great lyric poet of Greece. Jason comes back to the kingdom of his fathers, and tells the usurper that he may keep the flocks and herds, but that he must give up the royal seat. Science in the first eager assertion of a just claim, spoke in like accents to the reigning Muse:—keep thy treasures but resign thy throne. Now, however, if after an interval of years which has allowed the public judgment to

ripen, one was asked to describe the actual place of classical studies in the educational opinion of the country, I believe that a more homely illustration would be more exact. It sometimes happens that travellers on the Continent, who have long enjoyed the exemptions of a privileged nationality, find that the demand for passports has been revived. Compliance with the demand is easy and they go on their way in peace. Citizens of the classical commonwealth are now expected to show their passports for the realm of Education. These are required to prove that they have something to teach which is worth knowing.

Let me state in a few words the grounds on which this proof rests. First of all, let us consider the precise meaning of the very natural wish that a modern education should bear *directly* on the things of modern life. It will be useful to remember the distinction between these terms : information—knowledge—science—education. Information is the process of shaping what was shapeless ; it may be used, therefore, of anything which defines a notion previously vague. If I could learn by heart the contents of the Post Office Directory, that would undoubtedly be information. Knowledge is information digested and made a complete, intelligible whole. Science is knowledge extended, not merely to the systematic arrangement of particulars, but to the comprehension or illustration of laws. Education literally means not bringing out, but bringing up. Mental education is a training of the mind, whatever the instrument

may be by which it is trained. Now the memory is developed earlier than our other faculties. Every one admits that before information becomes knowledge in a young mind, that mind must be in some measure educated. The result of overlooking this fact has been vividly illustrated by a great humorist. Paul Dombey at Dr Blimber's was taught English, Latin, history, tables of all kinds, and statistics. But whether twenty Romuluses make a Remus, or *hic*, *haec*, *hoc* was Troy weight, or a verb always agrees with an ancient Briton, or three times four was Taurus—these were open questions with him. How far can the process of training the mind for its whole afterwork be advantageously united with the process of storing the mind for its daily need? One kind of knowledge may be more useful than another for everyday life. On the other hand, one kind of knowledge may be a better educational instrument than another. How is the balance to be struck? Where, above all, is the line to be drawn in the case of those on whom the cares of life fall early? The value of any given kind of knowledge as an educational instrument depends practically on the degree in which it satisfies two conditions: first, that at an early stage it should employ the constructive and imaginative faculties of the learner; secondly, that it should be a subject in which the results of work can be tested with sufficient accuracy and by a method which is fair to all. Now it has been universally admitted that at least one study, by which these conditions are satisfied, is the study

of language. It is enough to quote a single testimony—that of Sir William Hamilton. 'The study of language,' he says, 'if conducted upon rational principles is one of the best exercises of an applied logic.' The study of literature, to which that of language is the key, is the entering into the mind of men eminent in thought and in power of expression. That is why it is called *humanising*. It makes you a more representative human being, because it gives you a share in the best things that have been thought and said by the best ones of our race....."

Students at the Scotch Universities think little about the social conditions that help in the formation of character; they come up to work hard at the studies which are the key to the professions they mean to follow. Very quickly it was realised that Professor Jebb meant to help them in this to the extent of his power. There was no dawdling in the Greek Classes, no pleasant chatting in the vague, but real hard work. The quiet and order in the room were absolute. The Rev. Dr Denney writes:

"There was great interest in the appointment of Dr Lushington's successor, and Professor Jebb came to an eager and keenly expectant audience. Audience is really the proper word, not pupils or class, and there was a moment's hesitation as to whether the new professor would apprehend the situation. But the hesitation was only for a moment. Perhaps Professor Jebb never thoroughly liked or approved of it, but he promptly made the best of it. He probably did more than any one had done before him to transform his audience into a

class. I have no hesitation in saying that he was by far the best teacher I ever knew, and that he made his subject real and inspiring as few are able to do. The first winter he was in Glasgow, besides reading Herodotus and Thucydides at 8 in the morning, he lectured on Sophocles, and further on in the Session on Aristophanes, at 2 in the afternoon: that winter, I remember, he went through the *Antigone* and the *Birds*. He gave a course of lectures also on Greek Literature which were open not only to members of his class and of the University but to the public generally. This course which extended to twelve lectures opened with great *éclat*. Distinguished civic personages were present, as well as University dignitaries who had no special relation to Greek. Their zeal, however, was not equal to the demands which the Professor made upon them, and the audiences soon came to consist practically of the Greek Class. What impressed the imperfectly prepared students who had to do any work for Mr Jebb was the precision and finish of all his work for them. Most of us had no idea of what translation could be—whether from Greek into English or from English into Greek. His renderings of Sophocles, which have since become known to all the world, came on us like a revelation. He not only did the thing, but created an ideal for us by doing it. At that time, I believe, he lectured every winter on Sophocles and Aristophanes, and I never had the opportunity of hearing him read (as he afterwards did) in Plato and Aristotle. His interest, I should say, was in the poetry and history rather than in the speculative thought of Greece. He could not in any sense fraternise with his pupils, the main interests of most of them being too remote from his own, but he was most willing to help those who sought his guidance in his own field. After leaving the University I assisted him for some years in

examination work, and know how sincerely he was interested in the progress of his men. In spite, however, of the sense of distance which was never quite overcome—or perhaps even because of it—he gave many of us an idea from which we can never escape of what a scholar can be. His professorship in Glasgow was a fortunate episode in the history of the University and in the intellectual life of many of its *alumni*; and though we could not grudge his return to Cambridge we felt that it would be hard to find any one who could hope to fill his place."

I have also been so fortunate as to receive from Mr R. P. G. Williamson, another old Glasgow student, some pages which fill out the picture.

"Professor Jebb came to Glasgow with little knowledge of the ways of Scottish students or the methods of teaching in vogue. But he quickly adapted himself to the situation, and proved a most brilliant teacher.

His disciplinary powers were of the highest order: not a sound was heard in his class-room other than the voice of the reader or the subdued applause of the students after one of his fine renderings. He was most punctual himself and expected punctuality from his students. Only once did I witness an attempt on the part of a student to enter the room after the College bell had ceased its inharmonious tolling. The daring youth advanced a few steps, when he was arrested by the professor's look of amazement and indignation. His exit was quicker than his entrance.

Regularity, system, and method were marked features of the professor's conduct of his classes. Every morning at 8 o'clock the Senior Class was opened with the Collect, 'Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings,' followed by the

Lord's prayer. Then came the formula, varying only with the book that was being read and the particular student addressed: 'We begin, this morning, gentlemen, Herodotus, Book IX, page 64, section 23: Mr Smith, bench 12, will you begin, please?' I wish I could give the cadence of these words; it is clear enough in my own ears, and every old student who reads this will recall the well-known tones.

The words were spoken most precisely, slowly, and distinctly, and the request to Mr Smith was given in a gradually ascending pitch but in as gradual a diminuendo of loudness so as not to alarm that gentleman unduly. Mr Smith, it must be remembered, did not expect the honour, for Jebb went through the class in such a way that no one knew when he was to be invited to exhibit his power of translation and his scholarship. After Smith had got through his translation he was asked some questions and then followed one of four judgments by the professor. If he had done first-rate he received the encomium, 'Thank you, Mr Smith; very well' (the last two words in a gentle murmur of appreciation); if he had done pretty well, he was greeted with, 'Thank you, Mr Smith' (the voice still genial); if his performance was moderate, he escaped with the words, 'That will do, Mr Smith' (the voice indicative of slight boredom), and if he had muddled through, the awful sentence came, as if from Olympus, 'Sit down, Mr Smith.' No one who heard these unvarying judgments and the delicate and deliberate shading of the tones of the voice in which they were pronounced will ever forget them.

Professor Jebb's wit was pungent but never harsh or caustic; we all got what we deserved and expected. He did not, 'as others use,' repeat his jokes from year to year. A study of the note books of students of a previous year revealed the stock-in-trade of some pro-

fessors: Jebb's humour was always spontaneous and suitable to the occasion. Perhaps his most famous inspiration of this kind was in connection with a little accident that threatened the fabric of his class-room. The class of Logic and Rhetoric under the kindly Borderer, John Veitch, had its home in a room directly over that of the Greek class. Veitch used often to wind up his lecture with a quotation from a poet—generally Wordsworth. On one occasion, when his selection for quotation was from a book of his own on the Border Ballads, his students were moved to a patriotic fervour of applause; they stamped vehemently across the room and all down the stairs. Professor Jebb, who hated noise, looked up uneasily, then quietly remarked to his own class below: "Gentlemen, I fear that my premises will not support Professor Veitch's conclusions."

A very striking feature of the professor's teaching was his almost merciless repetition of vital rules and principles arising out of the grammatical structure of the text. These rules were invariably given with the same clear, steady, deliberate enunciation and in the same words. Never was surprise or annoyance shown at a student's forgetfulness: with hammer-like precision the rule was recited, as if it was a new and delightful discovery. I used to wonder how a man of such extraordinary ability and attainments could descend to the commonplaces of the language. I see now that he recognised his function as a teacher and did the work at his hand honestly and thoroughly! 'When the subject of the Infinitive is the same as the subject of the principal verb, it is put in the Nominative case' falls as distinctly on my ear to-day as it did five and twenty years ago.

In the Middle Class one lecture was given weekly on Modern Greek. An edition of Xenophon's Anabasis was used with the original Greek on one page and the

modern Greek version on the one opposite. Differences in grammar and idiom were pointed out and the relation between the Ancient and the Modern tongues explained. Such treatment of the subject undoubtedly made the 'dead' language vital. Composition was taught by means of printed extracts from authors like Macaulay, Emerson, Bolingbroke, and Ruskin. Each student was supplied with a copy and was expected to return a finished version within the week. This was returned with corrections and at the same time the professor's own printed version was issued.

The most enjoyable class, however, was the Honours one which was very highly appreciated not only by the best students but by many of those who were but average. No doubt the fact that in this class the professor did all the work accounted to a certain extent for its popularity. There was no oral examination. One could consequently enter this class with a mind 'not over-exquisite to cast the fashion of uncertain evil.' A general air of anticipation pervaded the room as the professor began his prelection. Part of the course consisted of translation with critical and exegetical comments, and part dealt with topics associated with Greek literature and antiquities. It was the translation that drew some of us who did not aspire to be exact scholars, but who felt deeply the privilege we enjoyed of listening to the voice of one who combined the utmost fidelity to the original with a diction that was superb. The published translations of the tragedies of Sophocles afford adequate testimony of his unparalleled power to those who were not fortunate enough to hear him, but they lack the charm which the melody and the cadence of the voice that is now still gave them. The cloister-like quietude of the room was often broken by the homely clatter of feet—the way we young and raw lads had of expressing

our humble and sincere appreciation. The spontaneity and honesty of these tributes seemed to touch the reader, although they were so slight compared with his world-wide reputation. He gave us of his best: a smaller man might have thought us hardly worth the trouble.

Professor Jebb's moral influence over the plastic minds of his students was most powerful. His method, his thoroughness, his patience, his persistence, his justness, his nice sense of honour, his enthusiasm, his devotion have left their mark on many men, far apart in time and in place and in work, but united in a common bond of affectionate regard for the memory of their old master."

After these two most appreciative letters, it is but fair to state the other side. A candid critic in giving his strictly uncomplimentary views of all the academic staff at Glasgow—he bore witness in a series of pamphlets—described the Greek Professor as striking terror into the hearts of many students, the very spick-and-span look of his white cuffs and shining boots, as he descended the steps of his house at 8 a.m. every morning, tending to this effect. His temper was described as short, and there were bursts of it in the class that swept the atmosphere like a storm. But even in this paper the writer showed an underlying feeling of respect for the Professor who worked harder than his students.

Professor Jebb seldom attended the meetings of the Senate, the governing body of the University. The sin that stood first in his calendar was waste of time, and at all meetings there is a proportion

of irrelevancy and diffuseness. His own speaking was so short and to the point that often when he sat down there was a surprised pause, no one being prepared for such an abrupt ending, or quite ready to continue the discussion. He had no sympathy with small economies: "Surely men are not addicted to excess in ink!" he exclaimed impatiently when the amount to be provided for an examination was being discussed. But a really stirring discussion had in him a delighted listener. If he knew that an important subject was coming up in the Senate and that the fight would be without gloves, he always took pains to secure what he called a front seat.

To Miss Horsley.

"*December 5th*, 1875.

I have been so very busy that it has been impossible to write. I send you a copy of my address by this post for the Uncle. It has been very well received in Scotland, even by those who do not believe in Greek and Latin. The Greek class is larger than it has been since Dr Sandford's time.....So far, I decidedly like the students and the work.....The work here is very hard but not at all *anxious*. It wears the body more than the mind, and could not well be done without good health. No doubt it is a sort of slavery during the week, but every Saturday is clear;--and then it is only for six months.

I get up at 7, have tea at 7.30, take a class from 8 to 9, breakfast at 9, take another class from 10 to 11, and a third from 2 to 3. As a rule I have to work three or four more hours a day preparing or looking over papers. Still, all this is plain sailing, no worry or uncertainty about it. I am very well and walked about ten miles to-day without feeling any rheumatism.

Socially nothing can be pleasanter than our position. Everybody has been most kind. C. likes the place and has already made friends."

He seems to have gratified the Junior Class—usually entrusted to the Assistant Greek Professor—by introducing the custom of taking them himself for one hour a week.

"*March 13th*, 1876.

DEAR SIR,

It has been the custom for several years for the Junior Greek Class to hold a social meeting towards the close of each session and to take tea together.

At such gatherings the Assistant Greek Professor has usually presided; but this year, considering the great interest you have taken in us since your appointment as Professor, at a meeting of the members of the class lately held, it was resolved to ask you to do us the honour of occupying the chair at the meeting of the Junior Greek Class, in the Washington Hotel, Sauchiehall Street, on Tuesday evening, April 4th, at 7 o'clock.

To save you the trouble of writing, a deputation will wait upon you to-morrow (Tuesday) in your side room immediately after dismissal of the Middle Greek Class.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours with much respect,

WILLIAM F. SOMERVILLE,
Secretary."

By a curious chance a description of this meeting is found in a letter to Miss Horsley written by a friend whose son was a member of the class.

"ST ANNE'S,
April 7th.

DEAR MISS HORSLEY,

I cannot refrain from sending you the enclosed from a letter from my second boy at Glasgow College, as I am sure it will give you pleasure. There is a reference in it to a stupid mêlée into which a body of the students got with the police, when coming home from the theatre, in regard to which some of the correspondents in the newspapers took part against the 'Gowns.'

'The conversazione of the Junior Greek Class was held last Tuesday over which Professor Jebb presided. He made some capital remarks about public opinion of the University. He said the public judged the students by the rows, etc., but about the real life of the University he thought they knew very little, and he was doing them (the public) no injustice when he said they cared very little. He then went on saying it was our duty to do the utmost for spreading knowledge.....When Troy fell the intelli-

gence was carried by beacon from hill-top to hill-top—we must remember to make our studies respected—to stand out from men who had not our privileges.....He made himself very friendly during the evening. He had to go before we finished, and when he was going out he received a perfect ovation. The fellows stood up on their chairs and literally yelled. They sang 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' He bowed his acknowledgments and went out....."

The amount of professional and literary work Jebb accomplished at this period of his life was amazing. With all the heavy class work, he still made time this winter to write occasional articles for the *Times*, to correct the proofs of his *Attic Orators* and to begin notes for an *Introduction to Homer*. In February, 1876, *The Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isaeus* was published. The first reviews were favourable, but these were soon followed by three others, two of them of considerable length, in which the line of criticism was distinctly hostile. They practically charged the author with excessive adaptations without acknowledgment from Dr Blass's work on the same subject. That opinions as well as tastes do honestly differ is beyond dispute. These three reviewers could see no merit in Jebb except perhaps diligence and a certain elegance. To them he was a man without originality or exceptional ability. To this day, when they think of him at all, it is doubtless with very genuine surprise at the place he managed to win in the general esteem. The charges of plagiarism and unacknowledged obligations made him very unhappy; and

when he was hurt, meek submission was not the first idea that occurred to him. He could when necessary put a thing aside, but he never forgot that when time served it was there to be attended to. In April he was kept busy with examinations and all the work involved in the closing of the Session. Then, on his return to Cambridge, the question had to be finally settled—whether to stay on at Glasgow or to return to his former positions in his own College and University. The advantages were so evenly balanced that it was not without great hesitation the decision so important to himself was made. This point settled, he turned to the accusations of his reviewers. In the course he took he had the support of one or two judgments of weight. Dr Lightfoot wrote: "As a rule I should say keep silence; but this charge has, as you say, a moral aspect, and therefore is a fit subject for reply." Mr John Morley wrote to Mr Sidney Colvin: "It seems to me this is exactly a case—and such cases are of the rarest—when a reply is proper and useful."

Encouraged by these opinions, Jebb permitted himself to break silence. He wrote a pamphlet[1] answering, page by page, the statements made against him; and he added a letter from Dr Blass which wholly acquitted him of using Dr Blass's book without acknowledgment:—"I have not found a single instance in which Professor Jebb has

[1] In answer to the signed review: he took no notice of those that were anonymous.

adopted a conjecture of mine without expressly mentioning me[1]."

Most visitors to Cambridge notice the fine statue of Lord Macaulay, by Woolner, which stands in the ante-chapel at Trinity. It has for companions the statues of Newton, Bacon, Isaac Barrow, and Dr Whewell. The inscription on the pedestal of the statue was composed by Jebb in answer to the following letter from the Master.

"Trinity Lodge,
May 9th, 1876.

My Dear Orator,

While we have you here we should like to extract from you something by way of epitaph on Macaulay. The base of Dr Whewell's statue is, you will see, covered with epithets more or less appropriate; for these I am mainly responsible: but the perusal of Trevelyan's "Memoir and Letters" indisposes me to attempt doing the same by Macaulay, whose very various accomplishments would render it difficult to keep his epitaph within reasonable limits.

Yours very truly,

W. H. Thompson."

"*October* 17, 1876.

My Dear Professor,

A thousand thanks for the copies of your inscription. All who have seen it and have given an

[1] The matter practically ended here, though there followed a "Reply" from his reviewer and a "Rejoinder to the Reply" from Prof. Jebb.

opinion, think that your choice of topics is most happy and that your Latinity, as might have been expected, is worthy of the best Latinists.....One remark I hear is, that we should like his connexion with, and attachment to, the College rather more sharply accentuated. He really loved the College, and naturally those of the Fellows who knew this and him greatly valued the attachment of such a man.....I have not yet heard Munro's opinion which I expect to have great difficulty in extracting.

Yours very truly,

W. H. THOMPSON."

The inscription in its final form runs:

Thomae Babington Baroni Macaulay
historico doctrina fide vividis ingenii luminibus
praeclaro
qui primus annales ita scripsit
ut vera fictis libentius legerentur
oratori rebus copioso sententiis presso
animi motibus elato
qui cum otii studiis unice gauderet
numquam reipublicae defuit
sive India litteris et legibus emendanda
sive domi contra licentiam tuenda libertas
vocaret
poetae nihil humile spiranti
viro cui omnium admiratio minoris fuit quam
suorum amor
huius collegii olim socio
quod summa dum vixit pietate coluit
amici maerentes S . S . F . C.

On his last visit to Cambridge, Mr Gladstone, no mean judge of this kind of writing, pronounced the inscription to be "consummate."

We went abroad on June 16th for a delightful three weeks' holiday in Central Italy. One of us had never been in Italy, and to see it in summer was to the other a fresh revelation of its beauty. Our head quarters were at Perugia, whence we made leisurely visits to Assisi and other places in the neighbourhood. But the crowning pleasure of our trip was a four days' tour among the hills. We three—his friend Mr G. W. Balfour was with us—started off gaily, early one morning, with brightly harnessed horses, jingling with bells and inspired by a most animated vetturino, to drive fifty miles to Arezzo. We stopped at Cortona for the noon's rest, and were invited into the kitchen by our Italian host to choose our own luncheon. Then on again in the delicious air and across the beautiful country to Arezzo, where we arrived early enough to see some of its treasures by daylight. The next day, in the same perfect weather, we were driven to Città di Castello, crossing the Tiber at Borgo San Sepolcro. The historic river on this occasion was merely a shallow, almost stagnant stream in the middle of a very visible bed of mud. The third day's journey brought us to Gubbio—a fine site under bold hills. We were so fortunate as to be admitted, on sending in our cards, to the Palace of the Marchese Brancaleoni, who was the owner of a fine Titian. The Marchese himself

was more interesting than any of his possessions. He was a little man, very old, very tired, very blasé but with manners of remarkable distinction—the finest I ever saw. It must have been rather dreary to live up there among the mountains alone with his three daughters, waiting for the end. He had once been ambassador to England and had married a sister (or a daughter) of John Cam Hobhouse, Byron's lifelong friend. He showed us a glass case full of mementoes of the poet which she had held as treasures, and told us their histories. Indeed he was very kind to us, and we felt real regret at leaving him, and were pleased at his asking us to send him our photographs.

Coming down the mountain from Gubbio to Perugia we were caught in a drenching thunderstorm, and then the Tiber showed its might. Great floods of rushing water filled its bed from bank to bank and torrents fell down to join it from the mountain side. It was a grand scene of nature opened to our sight.

August was spent in Cambridge and September in Ireland, where notes were made for a Primer of Greek Literature, a little book which was to cost him more trouble than all his other books put together—at least so he said when struggling to compress so large a subject into such small limits.

In October our ships were burnt, the Fellowship and the Public Oratorship resigned; and we went to Glasgow, now to inhabit there for many

winters. We were no longer strangers in a society that grew increasingly enjoyable as its limits widened. Many of our Sundays were passed in country houses, amid beautiful scenery new to us, and with agreeable companions. The Scotch professor soon learns to value the labourer's day of rest, and though his few holidays and Saturdays were taken up with composing addresses and making notes for speeches, which were asked from him on every side, Sunday was always kept free from work.

The College society was in itself a great resource in the dark winter days. Shut in by the same gates, able to get to each others' houses almost dry-shod in all weathers, occupied with the same interests,—the little group of families met almost daily, and lifelong friends were made in those fourteen years. The two who were his most frequent companions in his walks and short trips into the country, Professor Veitch and Professor Nichol, valued friends both, died not long after we left Glasgow. The short holidays were generally devoted to Killiney, though sometimes only one of us could brave the journey, which was rather terrible in rough weather. It meant a night's crossing by steamer from Greenock to Belfast, followed by a long railway journey from Belfast to Dublin.

An alternative but longer route was by Chester and Holyhead to Kingstown. The only time Jebb went by it, the surprised porter at Glasgow failed to grasp his intention and misdirected his luggage. A

cry of distress was sent to his wife from Chester on a sheet of paper adorned at the top with a sketch of a lonely portmanteau leaning up against a barrow on an empty platform.

(No date.)

To HIS WIFE.

"This is too much. That footstool of fate, that toy of tyranny, that sport of spiteful destiny, my PORTMANTEAU, after being labelled and put into the van at Glasgow was not in it when the train got to Chester at 12.15 last night. My luck is the greatest phenomenon of our time. I instantly routed out of his sleep the lost luggage office man, who telegraphed at once to Preston, Glasgow, and Crewe. We are now going to try London. I mean to stay here till it comes, and go on by the Irish Mail to-night if the portmanteau turns up."

A letter followed the next day with a picture of a fat and happy portmanteau now lying square on its own base.

The classes were still larger this session notwithstanding the presence of a Scotch University Commission in Edinburgh and possible impending changes. The organization of work in them was no slight task.

Professor Jebb followed a method of his own invention as exact as book-keeping, by which he knew the number of each bench, the seat of every student, the number of times each had been examined

and how often he was absent. These books are a marvel of neatness and detail. Without thorough method it would have been impossible to keep the class in order, and to make the students benefit by his teaching.

This winter he was summoned to give evidence before the University Commission on the requirements of Greek teaching in Glasgow University, and on other points. Much had been done by the Act of 1856, more by the action of the Universities themselves, but the time had again come when, especially under the head of finance, government aid was greatly needed. In all the Scotch Universities attention was being given to the formation of workable schemes to be put before the Commission, and the professors' time was much taken up with meetings and discussions.

That happy moment, the end of the session, came at last, and in May we were again in Cambridge. We seem to have had an unusual succession of visitors according to this note in the diary:—"*June 17th.* Our first day alone since May 5th; read my writing aloud to C. in the evening."

There was plenty awaiting him to do. The Primer was crying aloud to be written; an article on Demosthenes was to be finished for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; there were translations in Latin and Greek prose and verse to prepare for a volume which he had undertaken conjointly with Dr Jackson and Mr W. E. Currey, for use in schools;—and only ten weeks in which to do it all if he was to make his first

visit to America this autumn. He had looked forward eagerly to this visit. Every evening, after the day's work was read aloud, he would get out maps and guidebooks and discuss lines of travel; and we would talk of all the points of interest he wished especially to see, measuring out the time to be given to each. But alas, there were many interruptions—when do they fail?—and the literary work could not be finished in the time appointed. Deep was his disappointment at having to decide that this year he could not go. While his wife went to see her mother, he must betake himself to some place abroad where he could be quiet and finish the work that hung on hand so persistently. It was the Primer that was the delinquent—such a tiny book to be so troublesome. In the end he carried it with him to Ischl, whither he went in company with Mr Oscar Browning, both intending to work steadily in that invigorating atmosphere.

To HIS WIFE.

"ISCHL,

September 20th, 1877.

.....Last week I first saw the arrival of the steamer *Ohio* as having taken place on September 8th. Soon now I shall have a letter.....The Lord Provost of Glasgow wrote to me at Cambridge—how did he get our address?—asking us to dine to meet General and Mrs Ulysses Grant on their visit to Glasgow last week. He sent his kind regards to Mrs Jebb,

and I said Mrs Jebb was not here or she would join etc. You see I did not want to say the Atlantic flowed between my wife and me—to the Lord Provost. Yesterday I had a letter from Trevelyan which I will quote :—'To-day for the first time I had a copy of the inscription on Macaulay's statue in Trinity; and I cannot help writing to tell you how entirely satisfactory I think it, and how much I admire the substance.'

Here I am working hard at that terrible Primer. It is greatly improved and I hope will be out by October 20th at latest. On the 30th of this month we talk of going down the Danube to Vienna."

The voyage back from America was the worst his wife had ever known. Storms raged incessantly, rising almost to a hurricane in mid-ocean. The saloon skylights were smashed by the heavy seas, the fires in the cook's galley were extinguished and for two days no food could be cooked. A sailor had to be bribed—at the risk of his life he said—to go to the ice-house for ice with which to make lemonade. The worst of such a voyage is that not only is it very uncomfortable—it is also very long. It was not till the session had well begun that Professor Jebb could write in his diary: "*November 7th*, 9.30 p.m. Drove to Buchanan Street Station. There met C. and brought her home."

Early in November we had the stirring experience of an election. A new Lord Rector was to be chosen to succeed Lord Beaconsfield, whose term had ex-

pired. Strict impartiality between the two parties was secured by the election of Mr Gladstone amid much enthusiasm and by large majorities in all the four nations,—bodies into which the students are divided according to the place of their birth.

On November 17th, he gave the opening address to the Philomathic Debating Society in Edinburgh in fulfilment of a promise made six months before.

After this we settled down to the usual occupations of the winter, of which a week of his diary gives a very fair sample.

"*January 22nd*, 1878. Classes. S. H. Butcher left for London. Wrote to Master of Christ's, proposing *Sophocles* to Syndics of Press. Went with Caird to dine with Nichol to meet Swinburne. He read his Sapphics and recited his parodies on Coventry Patmore and Wordsworth.

January 24th. Classes 8—12. No Private Class to-day, Ramsay having dispensed with his. Queen Street 4.15 to Edinburgh to stay with the Sellars. Principal Shairp—Professor of Poetry at Oxford—came to dinner. Blackie, just about to go to Egypt, in evening.

Monday, 28th. Holiday. Went to luncheon with Mrs Graham Murray. Her son (Cambridge) came in. Dinner party: Lord Deas, Lord Clark, Dean of Faculty, etc.

Tuesday, 29th. Holiday for Candlemas. Edinburgh to Glasgow with C. Letter from Master

of Christ's about *Sophocles*, accepting offer of edition for Pitt Press. Answered. Dined at Aikenhead House.

January 30th. Lightfoot comes. Classes 8, 10, 2. Principal and Mrs Caird, Dr and Mrs M'Call Anderson, Veitches to dinner to meet Lightfoot.

January 31st. Classes 8, 10, 2. Took Lightfoot to see Cathedral and old College. Dr Donald McLeod, Dr and Mrs Lee to meet him at dinner.

February 1st. Lightfoot left at 1.45. Composed and sent inscription for Medical Medal to Dr McKendrick. Dined with Sir William and Lady Thomson.

February 18th. First day when candles were not needed at 8 a.m. when I came into the study."

This witness to the coming of brighter days was marked invariably in the diary with a red pencil.

In May Jebb made his first visit to Greece, a short one as he had to be in London on June 19th for the dinner of the Apostles at Richmond, which was to be held this year under his presidency.

To HIS MOTHER.

"MARSEILLES,
May 4th, 1878.

.....I am so far on my way to Greece, and I start in about five hours by the steamer for Syra. We shall take about four days to get there. Thence one day's sailing will take me to Athens."

Athens was reached on the 11th of May, and

after a fortnight there he visited Marathon, Thebes, Corinth, Sparta, Olympia, and Patras, sailing for Corfu on the 9th of June. Three days—all he could spare for the Eternal City—were spent in Rome on the way back. Here he must have caught the infection of illness, for scarcely had he reached London on the morning of the 18th when he was seized, while breakfasting at his club, with a shivering fit. It was always difficult for him to change a plan or break an engagement; and his strong will made him put aside physical discomfort, sometimes till the breaking point was reached. He went out to Richmond at once, ordered a room at the hotel and stayed in bed, shivering under heavy blankets, until it was time to dress, the next night, for the dinner. Unable to touch food, he presided at the long dinner, made the speech expected of the President, and even walked in the gardens with one or two friends till midnight. The next afternoon he was just able to get home. "Ill—go to bed" was the last entry in his diary for many weeks. From the 20th of June to the 7th of August he lay wasting with the fever, not suffering, sleeping most of the time, but very dangerously ill. There was no delirium, but at one time great anxiety was caused by repeated haemorrhages. It was not until the beginning of August that his doctors would permit themselves to say, in their phrase, that he was out of the wood. On the 13th, though his fingers could hardly hold the pen, he wrote to his aunt, Miss Horsley.

"3, St Peter's Terrace.

I just write a line to tell you a little bit of news that will interest you. To my great surprise, I received this morning a letter from the Greek Chargé d'Affaires in London, informing me that the King of Greece had conferred on me the Gold Cross of the Saviour, and sending me the Insignia therewith. The cross is very pretty—you shall see it when we meet. Well, I am getting on pretty well, but have had pain in the ribs the last two nights. Dr Paget calls it neuralgia. Whatever it is, it has made narcotics necessary. This keeps me back, but the doctors say I must get away next Tuesday if I can—and I am not unwilling."

The best sea air for him was at Killiney. We did get away on the 20th, but the journey was an anxious one to his wife. He disliked to be watched too carefully, yet was so very weak that once his knees bent and he almost fell, while crossing the railway. After this, porters were employed to follow him wherever he went. At one place the porter believed he was appointed to watch a lunatic. When his unconscious charge came back to the carriage, the porter whispered to his wife, in an aside, "He's there, ma'am, *quite* quiet like."

Once at Desmond recovery went on steadily. In the diary of September 1st he writes in a hand that no longer trembles, "Decidedly better. C. and father went to Church. Wrote to Joseph Mayor proposing paper for *Contemporary*. Made notes on Statutes of German School."

CHAPTER IX.

ENGLISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS. HELLENIC SOCIETY. VISIT TO PARIS. CHALLENGE BY DR BLACKIE. VISIT TO VENICE.

1878—1880.

The great need of extended facilities for the study of classical archaeology at its source had been long felt by classical students. No steps had been taken for their provision, however, until Jebb went to Athens in 1878, primarily to study the schools of archaeology established there by other countries. He came home convinced that England lagged far behind France and Germany in appreciation of the study of ancient life and art in its bearing on classical scholarship. In other departments of archaeology the English were by no means negligent. English historians highly valued its discoveries within their own borders and largely availed themselves of its results; and museums of local antiquities are to be found in almost every town. Bible students appreciated the assistance given to their studies by explorations in Palestine and found money and men without stint for the excavations carried on in Bible countries. But in regard to the study of ancient

Greek and Roman life as revealed in contemporary monuments there had been a singular apathy. Jebb was determined to do his utmost to remove this reproach, but the day he got back to England from Greece the illness declared itself which laid him aside for three months. This could not damp his enthusiasm, but it materially shortened the time at his disposal before work began in Glasgow. The only steps he could take, he took. On September 19th he wrote a letter from his sofa at Desmond to the *Times*, in which he drew attention to the admirable work done by France and Germany on Greek soil; to the perseverance which had enabled them to bring temple after temple from its grave at Olympia, and to make important discoveries at Delos. "If English schools and Universities," he continued, "encourage students to read the life of the Greek and Roman world in its monuments as well as in its books, there will be no lack either of inclination or of trained capacity for original work in Greece and Italy, and Englishmen will take their due place in a province of scientific research which has long been left chiefly to the scholar on the Continent."

He followed up this letter in the *Times* by a more detailed article in the next number of the *Contemporary Review*, in which he pointed out that classical archaeology, if it was to advance, must be made a paying subject at the Universities. As long as philology and philosophy obtained all the honour and all the rewards, archaeology must go to the wall. Let the University authorities give it recogni-

tion and recompense, and no branch of scholastic study would attract more earnest students or evoke greater enthusiasm. He then proceeded to develop the scheme, already sketched in the *Times* letter, for founding an English School of Archaeology at Athens and Rome. His aim to arouse public interest in archaeological research was successful, but the time was unfavourable for an appeal either to government or to private munificence for aid. Government, if it had the will, had not the money to spare for the institution of such schools, and the depressed condition of trade and commerce closed other sources.

The purse of charity had to be opened very wide that winter of 1878–79. We went back to Glasgow to find almost a reign of terror. The City of Glasgow Bank had just failed and hardly any business man could be certain that at some point he might not be involved. If not himself a shareholder, he might be a trustee for someone who was; or people who owed him money might be ruined and unable to pay their debts. Even the weather was more than usually gloomy. Snow and fog were its chief features and the sun was never seen;—it was almost as if a god had withdrawn his countenance from men.

> "Thou direst Winter in a wintry clime
> Since wives and maidens wept for stalwart men
> Dashed on the fatal dream of Darien!"

So Professor Nichol wrote in a sonnet published in one of the newspapers.

The classes were larger than ever—possibly because there was less occupation to be found in business. "I do not think I ever found the work so heavy as this year—the natural result of my weakness," he wrote to his mother. The only writing he attempted was on the subject most in his thoughts—an article on Greece for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and *Progress in Greece* for *Macmillan's Magazine*.

When spring came, at least the winter was over. People began to take heart and prepare for better times. Jebb had the agreeable experience of receiving an honorary degree from Edinburgh University—the first of many such honours.

The students must have felt the struggle he made against weakness, in doing his work for them that session. It pleased him greatly when a deputation asked him to receive from his classes an address expressing their admiration and appreciation of his labours. The function was held in the Greek Class Room. Principal Caird took the chair; there were speeches and replies; and through the whole proceedings a glow of genuine feeling was manifest.

Meanwhile his scheme for a British School at Athens had to be put aside.—Not given up; he never without positive pain gave up anything once taken in hand. Tenacity and intensity were two of the elements that went to the making of force of character in him. But another scheme was in the field, almost as likely as the School itself to conduce

to the object he had at heart, and much simpler to set going, since the first expenses could be met by yearly subscriptions from its members. Also later, if successful, it might be of assistance to the School which he meant should come some day.

The first suggestion of a Hellenic Society came from Mr George A. Macmillan, in whom enthusiasm for Greek studies had been kindled by a late visit to Greece. In consultation with Mr John Gennadius, Greek Chargé d'Affaires, the idea occurred to him to start a society in Great Britain on the lines of the recently formed French *Association pour l'encouragement des Études grecques*. It was arranged that scholars and persons interested in Greece should at once be communicated with.

Professor Jebb sent a prompt response.

"Glasgow,
March 19th, 1879.

Dear Macmillan,

I cordially approve of the idea of your Hellenic Society, and shall be very happy to be enrolled a member. There is but a single point in your clear and interesting sketch of the project on which I feel some doubt, and that is as to the desirability of being subsidized by the Greek Government. However that is a matter of detail. There can be no doubt, I should think, that the Society would be valuable in giving more unity to

the endeavours and purposes of scattered workers, and it would thus be doing in some measure what the French School at Athens, as well as the other Society you mention, does in France.

I shall be very glad to hear more when there is anything to tell.

Very truly yours,

R. C. Jebb."

The welcome given to Mr Macmillan's proposal was widespread, and put the success of the venture beyond doubt. At the inaugural meeting held in London on June 16th, when the chair was taken by Mr C. F. Newton (afterwards Sir Charles Newton), Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, the number of members already amounted to 120. Fifty more were then elected and a committee appointed to admit other members; and also to prepare a scheme of work to be undertaken. The Society was very soon well started. At a meeting on January 22nd, 1880, Bishop Lightfoot was made President, Professor Jebb one of the Vice-Presidents, and a general Council appointed.

The next step was to arrange for the issue of a *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, which from the beginning had been contemplated as part of the scheme. Mr George Macmillan, who was Honorary Secretary, wrote on this subject to Professor Jebb, and received the following answer.

"*March 26th*, 1880.

Dear Macmillan,

I have been so much occupied for the last few days that I could not write sooner in answer to your letter regarding the editorship of the Hellenic Society *Journal.*

As to the general question—how the difficulties connected with the editing had best be met—I should certainly suppose that it was very desirable, if not necessary, to have a permanent working editor who (assisted perhaps by a secretary or clerk) should attend to the correspondence, and in general manage the practical concerns of the Journal. This permanent working editor need not, however, be editor in chief, in the sense that he should decide on the insertion or rejection of articles or on points of criticism. In this function he might be assisted by a small editorial council, representing the principal branches of the subject.

Suppose on the other hand that there were no such working editor, but that a few members of the Society made themselves responsible for the editing. Then, unless one or more of them had a great deal of leisure, it would be difficult to establish the Journal as a regular periodical. The experience of the *Journal of Philology* is a case in point. There the editors are of the latter kind—receivers of articles, empowered to criticise or reject. There is no one whose business it is to see that a number is made up by a given date,—to write contributions,—and

generally to keep the thing alive. And the consequent uncertainty and irregularity in the appearance of the Journal has very seriously injured its circulation.

The first question for us is—could we offer any sort of honorarium to a permanent working editor? Or, if not, could we find a scholar whose zeal and whose leisure were adequate to undertaking what must plainly be called the drudgery of the editing? For my own part—and probably many or most of us are in a somewhat similar case—I could not undertake to do more than to advise on articles relating to subjects with which I was conversant. I have so much other work on hand, that if I added to it the duties of editorship in any effective sense, either the former or the latter must suffer—probably both. So far however as such advising goes, I would most willingly help as far as I could, always on the condition that it did not involve a large correspondence. The idea which was broached at a committee meeting last summer and supported by many members, might with advantage, perhaps, be kept in view—that the Society might find at least one field of activity in the photographing of important Greek manuscripts. Do you think it practicable to issue the first number by June or even July? You have better opportunities of judging, but I should have doubted. If the photographing idea could be brought into shape, and some manuscript done this year, it would be a guarantee of activity and would at the same time give a space for further consolidation

of the Society and for the organising of an editorial machinery.

Yours very truly,

R. C. Jebb."

To go back to 1879. When the session was over Jebb went again to Ireland. Indeed it had now become a rule for him to visit Killiney on the way to England or Scotland every spring and autumn. His mother's health was failing, and for the next few years until her death, every plan gave way if he thought she wished to see him. "I will come and see you *soon*. You shall hear as soon as I can fix the time." "You shall see me, please God, before the end of October; we will talk about many things then." "I can fix nothing at present about coming over to you again, but I shall certainly see you sometime before the Glasgow session begins; and you know that at any time I will come when you want me." Such are the endings of almost every letter to her from this time on. As she grew weaker, his constant tender thought of her if possible increased.

The move from Glasgow to Cambridge this summer meant but a change, not a slackening, of strenuous work. The intervening ten days at Killiney were occupied with writing an article on Greek Literature long promised to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Once in England, the affairs of the new Renaissance which he had so much at heart absorbed him. There were constant visits to town for com-

mittee meetings of the Hellenic Society and the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. A letter from Professor Newton explaining that Oxford would be happy to consider any scheme he cared to submit, setting forth the outlines of a project for sending students to Greece, impelled him to give attention at once to this point before the University authorities separated for the long vacation. Altogether it was a season much filled for him with scholastic "public affairs," rewarded however by valuable results. The late Provost of Oriel said,

> "It is a significant fact that, while the national Universities, in order to effect a slightly more beneficial application of their great revenues, had to pass through a crisis which employed some of their best energies for years, a really important step in the progress of the higher studies is the work of a voluntary association set on foot by a small number of persons."

The only private literary work which one of that small number could do this summer was a long essay on the Speeches of Thucydides for Mr Evelyn Abbott's *Hellenica*, and a review of Mr Froude's *Cæsar* for the *Edinburgh*. September was free of interruptions and could be devoted to the making of a volume of *Selections from the Attic Orators* which was to be published as a school-book by Messrs Macmillan.

It was high time to cry halt, if the "patient dromedary," as he called himself, was not to be too jaded for the Glasgow session. Early in October we folded our tents—that is to say packed our boxes

and let our house—and silently stole away to Paris. The collating of a manuscript there merely gave zest to the enjoyment of his holiday.

To HIS MOTHER.

"PARIS,

October 7th, 1879.

We arrived here on Saturday evening at 6.30 at the apartment we had ordered. We are in a little street off the Rue de Rivoli, in a small French hotel, well known to English people, but very quiet and altogether French in its ways. We have a small sitting-room and two bedrooms, one on each side of it, shut in by a door of our own, like a little house. I go to the National Library every morning to study a MS. I am collating. A room is reserved for students, and there I sit from 11.30 till about 3;—then we take a drive in the Bois and come back to dinner at 6.30. Last night we saw Sarah Bernhardt at the Français and we go again to-morrow to see the same play."

Occasionally he would desert the Bibliothèque and devote the whole day to what it pleased him to call Madame's *Fête*. He would get the best horses to be had at the *remise*—was it not Madame's *fête*, and could she protest?—for a long drive to St Cloud or St Germain. We would see everything of interest according to the guidebook, carefully studied and noted beforehand—Madame must not be seen walking about with a red book in her hand—and we would have the most delightful little dinner

imaginable; he would even order cigars for Madame, and considerately smoke them himself. Then, when tired of sitting under the trees, we would drive back to Paris in the clear twilight. On all such occasions his delight was as fresh as a boy's. It would be impossible to imagine a more amusing companion. It always pleased his fancy to make a play of any little treat; his eyes would brighten with a sidelong glance peculiar to them when he said, "This will be a 'ploy.'"

In 1879–80 Jebb came back to Glasgow at peace with all the world he thought—or would have thought if he had given the matter consideration—when, on opening the *Scotsman* one morning, a challenge met his astonished eyes. "Upon my word, this beats cockfighting!" he exclaimed, as he set to work to write his answer, addressed not to the challenger but to the Editor.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTSMAN.

"THE COLLEGE, GLASGOW,
January 23rd, 1880.

Sir,—I have read with some astonishment a long letter addressed to Professor Jebb, Glasgow University, beginning 'My dear Sir' and signed by Professor Blackie, which appeared in the *Scotsman* to-day.

Your readers will be surprised to hear that I had never seen a word of this letter, or heard a syllable of Professor Blackie's intention to write it, until I saw it this morning in public print.

Referring to a paper of mine on 'Modern Greek' in its relation to the study of 'Classical Greek,' which has lately appeared in the *Panhellenic Annual*, Professor Blackie says that I there defend 'a most absurd and unreasonable practice' by reasons 'which have neither scientific value nor practical significance'; that I labour under 'a great confusion of ideas'; and that English scholars generally 'make a miserable boggle at the ghost of a difficulty.' Finally, he challenges me to single combat before some 'learned body,' with a view to ending 'the empire of unreason.'

It is a high compliment, far higher than I deserve, to suppose that the demolition of my views would end 'the empire of unreason'—a very flourishing empire, as Professor Blackie's letter clearly shows. But I must altogether decline to be drawn, without my own consent, into a public controversy with Professor Blackie, either in the columns of a newspaper, or before a 'learned body.' I shall however be most happy to defend my opinions against Professor Blackie, so soon as he shall have proved his right to be the champion of definite opinions opposed to mine. At present I am not acquainted with anything in Professor Blackie's published writings or utterances which entitle him to claim this representative character in regard to a definite method of teaching. He has repeatedly said, in language of remarkable strength, that the methods of English Universities and schools are erroneous. But he has never yet given us any distinct notion of that true

method which Professor Blackie, and he alone, possesses. The nearest approach to such an exposition was made last year. Professor Blackie wrote a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* vehemently denouncing all existing methods of teaching Greek, and promising to explain in a second letter how the thing ought to be done. We were all on the tiptoe of expectation. Now at last, we thought, a ray will surely penetrate our darkness.

Alas for human hopes; the second letter never appeared! And so to this day we do not know how Professor Blackie teaches Greek, either ancient or modern: we only hear rumours. But we can perceive in our own purblind way, that this occult method has one great merit: it is compatible with large leisure.

A word, and I have done. Professor Blackie's letter suggests that I have been 'following his lead' in endeavouring to connect the study of classical Greek with that of modern Greek in the University of Glasgow. I beg to state that I have not been following Professor Blackie's 'lead' for a simple reason. Professor Blackie has spoken much of modern Greek, but I was not aware that he had ever attempted to teach it.

I am, etc.,

R. C. Jebb."

Professor Blackie addressed his answer also to the Editor, saying that it was not his intention to

trouble him with a detailed discussion of the perverse English system of reading Greek with Roman accents. "It will be time enough to do that when my esteemed and accomplished brother Hellenist in the West, or any other scholar eager for a classical tilt, shall stand publicly forward as the declared apologist of an abuse." At the same time he wrote privately to Professor Jebb, apparently rather pleased than otherwise at having put his challenge on record, to say that he meant no offence. With the acceptance of this apology the matter ended. Dr Blackie was an accomplished and amiable man, blessed with a fortunate want of sensitiveness.

During the winter of 1880 Professor Jebb gave two lectures before the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, the object of which was to interest students in Greece, and to induce them to visit the ancient sites of Hellenic civilization. The lectures were afterwards published in book form under the title of *Modern Greece*. At the end of the session he gave a course of lectures at Oxford, by request, using the opportunity to collate some manuscripts at the Bodleian Library. Not until June 23rd, was he free to begin systematic work on the large edition of Sophocles, his most important contribution to pure scholarship.

On July 4th, he was elected a member of the Dilettanti Society.

"This is a small private society of gentlemen"—to quote a paragraph from its *History*—"which for more than a century and a half has exercised an active influence in

matters connected with public taste and the fine arts in this country; and whose enterprise in the special field of classical excavation and research has earned the grateful recognition of scholars and the cultivated public throughout Europe. There may be persons, outside the limited circle of its members, who will feel some surprise on learning that such a society exists; that it was founded in the early years of the reign of George II; and has maintained its existence with an unbroken record up to the present day. The intentions of its founders (of whom the notorious Sir Francis Dashwood was the chief) were purely social and convivial, which is what makes its persistence so remarkable."

On August 14th, he heard for the first time of another dining society.

From The Honourable Spencer Walpole.

"London,

August 13th, 1880.

I don't know whether you ever heard of the *Literary Society*. You will see it contains a goodly list of literary, scientific, and distinguished Members; and your humble servant is and has been for many years the President of it.....I have reason to know it would be very agreeable to the Society if you would let me have the pleasure of proposing you to fill up the vacancy that has recently occurred in the Honorary list. Honorary members are selected from those who do not live in London.....

Yours ever very sincerely,

S. H. Walpole."

He was elected an Honorary Member in December.

Yet another letter of slightly earlier date about clubs; from Mr Leslie Stephen.

"*July 1st*, 1880.

.....I was at the Athenaeum Committee to-day to which I have just been appointed. A book of yours happened to be mentioned and suggested the remark to some of the members that you ought to be elected..... What was the value of Pheidippides' athletic performance considered in the light of modern attainments in that line? (You see what points attract a certain class of readers.) I should think that some curious facts might be brought out about ancient athleticism by such comparison if possible: but I suppose it is all written somewhere out of my knowledge.

Yours ever,

L. STEPHEN."

He was unanimously elected a member of the Athenaeum by the Committee at their first meeting in 1881. The other two members elected were General Sir Frederick Roberts and Sir C. Wyville Thomson. "Fame may be built on the Greeks,—wrested from the Afghans,—or dredged from the deep sea:—but somehow attained it must be by the *novena quotannis corpora clarorum*," wrote Mr F. W. H. Myers in congratulating him.

In October a manuscript of Sophocles was again the determining factor in our visit abroad. We started for Venice on the 5th, taking the new route via Vlissingen in Holland—thence through Cologne to Mayence, where we stayed the night. Of all the many journeys we took together, the next stages

from Mayence on to Verona had place in our memories as the most beautiful. All down the valley of the Inn as far as Innsbruck, and over the Brenner Pass into Italy, the magnificent autumn colours held us spellbound. We had to agree not to tell each other to look at anything, so constant at first was the turning from side to side—where all was equally enchanting. Just to lie back on our cushions and gaze at the sunlit scene glorified our common car into a heavenly chariot,

> "Where even a God might gaze, and stand apart,
> And feel a wondering rapture at the heart."

Travelling in such leisurely fashion, and stopping when the spirit moved us, we reached Venice on the 9th. What an arrival that was! To walk out of the station and find oneself face to face with that sea and sky, to step straight into a gondola and float gently down past palace and dome until we came to our hotel beyond the Ducal Palace:—surely we had wandered into fairyland!

As in Paris he spent an hour or two every morning in the Library, at the Ducal Palace, and in the afternoons we went about in a gondola threading the canals to churches and points of interest. We were never in a hurry, having a fortnight to play with. In the evenings we would go out again, often on the Lagune to get the wide view by moonlight. We came back from Italy by a different route, where again the autumn colours were splendid—notably between Modena and Culoz. It was a delightful

experience to look back upon in the dark winter days at Glasgow.

The first volume of the *Hellenic Journal* was published soon after our return. The press gave it a cordial welcome, and the thoughtful reviews elicited by its able articles were a good augury of permanent success. There was much need of such a Journal. Dr D. B. Monro told a story of a pamphlet published years before by an eminent scholar in which the author said: "It is hardly credible that in a country professing such a profound respect for what is called a classical education, those who take an interest in ancient literature, or even live by it, should be absolutely destitute of any medium of communication devoted to their special studies[1]." This pamphlet fell into the hands of a German Professor and excited his utmost astonishment. "Denken Sie nur, meine Herren," he said in a voice of emotion, "im Vaterland des Bentley's!"

[1] The dearth was not quite so extreme. The Philological Society, which began life in 1868 under the auspices of Professor Cowell and R. C. Jebb, had a *Journal of Philology*; and there was also from 1873 the Dublin *Hermathena*.

CHAPTER X.

SPRINGFIELD. BENTLEY. ATTACK ON GLASGOW UNIVERSITY. THE TROAD. SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

1881—1883.

One morning in February, on opening the newspaper he saw the announcement that Dr Swainson was made Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, a fact specially interesting to us, inasmuch as Dr Swainson lived in a house much more suited for a summer residence than our own in St Peter's Terrace. With the remark: "Did grass grow under the feet of the man of toil? it did not": he turned to his writing-table and wrote straightway a telegram, reply paid, asking for the refusal of the house. We trembled until the reply came back in the affirmative. The house was called Springfield, not from any special relation it held to the pleasant season, but because three springs existed in its grounds. One of these had been led through the cellar and made into a little well by the thoughtfulness of the late occupier. "So useful to cool your champagne," he told us.

We took possession in July, and soon Springfield became as dear to him as Desmond and Danesfort had been. Some rooms were added later, the

chief of which—the largest in the house—became his study. It grew to be, as some rooms do, almost a part of ourselves. He used often to say, "I love my study"; and that its bright look to him when he entered it in the morning was like a living welcome. I am glad to think he had the happiness of it for so many as seventeen years. It was by a fortunate chance that we built it soon after we bought the lease.

On the 1st of July his beloved Aunt Tiny (Miss Eglantyne Horsley) died. He felt deeply this first break in the dear circle that had hedged him about with love from the day of his birth. His aunt, Miss Horsley, wrote, "I know you will come over if you can to pay a last mark of respect to the dear one who loved you so very very dearly."

He went to Ireland at once, not only for the funeral but to comfort her.

To HIS WIFE.

"*July 5th*, 1881.

I have just come back from the funeral.....My dearest mother broke down for a while but is now composed and cheerful. We all feel that there can be nothing of gloom in our memory of the pure and beautiful life that has ceased on earth; and that the time ordered for its close was the best, when the cloud had passed from the mind, leaving it in clear possession of the simple faith that it had cherished so truly through those long years, so that, weak and suffering as she was, she could still meet the great

change in the spirit of a little child. If ever a human soul was prepared to enter a higher existence it was hers. Those who knew her will have her memory with them as a purifying and ennobling influence to their lives' end."

Hardly had he returned to Cambridge after the funeral when a severe attack of rheumatism accompanied by mental depression and great physical lassitude prostrated him. He could not plan, he could not write. Even the diary went without its short daily line; from the 9th of July till the 27th of August its pages were blank. On the 24th of August we went to Killiney hoping sea air might be beneficial to him—his third visit since April. On the 27th the diary was opened to record:—"My fortieth birthday, spent with Father and Mother and C." Another attack of rheumatism laid him up for a week, and then, at last, came the turn towards health. Energy revived and he could take up work.

The task on hand was a book on Bentley for the *English Men of Letters* series which Mr John Morley was editing. He greatly enjoyed writing this book, though the lesson it taught him was never again to have part or lot in a series of any kind. It is a sort of Procrustean bed. No matter how much an author has to tell, his narrative must be cut off if it grows beyond a certain length. Now, his writing was never diffuse, and to compress what was already compressed to the limit of artistic proportion, was in his judgment, to spoil.

All the same, his *Bentley* is a delightful book. The great scholar was a man of masterful will—a born tyrant. His determination to have his own way, if not by fair means then by foul, was quite unweakened by any consideration for the rights of others. Moreover it was accompanied by great skill in using the weaknesses of others to help him in the attainment of his own ends. The mere study of such a character was interesting to a man who loved force and originality, even though it provoked, as it often did, an indignation which was only tempered by a sense of the ludicrous. Bentley's story is of fascinating interest. If ever a man marched through life militant and triumphant, he did, winning all along the line, in his controversies with other scholars, in his struggle for supremacy with the Fellows of his College, in his encounters with the law of the land.

The fight with the Fellows of Trinity College, which began almost with his appointment to the Mastership, lasted through nearly the whole of his tenure. The pages of the *Bentley*—compressed as they are—yet contain a most vivid picture of University life at that time, and of the tyranny which Masters of Colleges used to delight in. It seems inconceivable, now, that, when Bentley was sentenced to be deprived of the Mastership, he could evade and finally overcome so plain a judgment, simply by the terror his powerful personality inspired in the only man who could legally execute the sentence. The statute on which the judgment rested, prescribes that the Master, if convicted by the Visitor, shall be

deprived by the agency of the Vice-Master. Rather than embroil himself in endless litigation, the existing Vice-Master resigned his post. The appointment of his successor rested with Bentley, who put in Dr Walker, one of his friends. The new Vice-Master simply did nothing. "In vain every resource which ingenuity could suggest was employed to force Dr Walker into executing the sentence. Three different motions were made in the Court of King's Bench; first, for a writ to compel Dr Walker to act; next, for a writ to compel the Bishop of Ely to compel Dr Walker to act; then, for a writ to compel the Bishop to do his own duty as General Visitor. All in vain. The Court rejected the last of these applications. It was a habit with Bentley to set the candidates for scholarships to write on some theme connected with his own fortunes.....Once, at a pinch in his wars, he gave them from Homer;—'Despoil others but keep hands off Hector.' This time the text he set the young composers was from Terence: 'This is your plea now,—look you, there are ups and downs in all things.'" It thrills one's blood to see what an indomitable courage filled the breast of that veteran fighter and what resource! "The strife begun in 1710 was only ended in 1738, when many had died and all had aged. Bentley at 78 remained master of the field—and of the College."

Looking back on the war Professor Jebb asks,—"Who is to blame? Dr Parr thought the College wrong. De Quincey approves his opinion but goes

further. 'Even granting that Bentley was wrong,' De Quincey says, 'we ought to vote him right, for by this means the current of one's sympathy with an illustrious man is cleared of ugly obstructions.' It is good to be in sympathy with an illustrious man, but it is better to be just." Professor Jebb decides against Bentley on both the legal and moral issue. "Legally, after prolonged investigations by lawyers, he was found guilty. Morally, the first question is:—was Bentley obliged to break the statute in order to keep some higher law? He certainly was not. A further moral question concerns the nature of his conduct towards the Fellows.....There had been faults on both parts, but it was Bentley's intolerable behaviour which first forced the Fellows into an active defence of the common interests."

The *Bentley*, though finished in October 1881, was not published until April 1882. When printed it was found to exceed by fifty pages the designated number allowed for the series, and the author had to find what time he could for pruning its excess during the winter.

November 1881 was remarkable for its great gales which continued throughout the early winter. For the Universities it was also a month of storm in another sense. The great prosperity of Glasgow University, the ever climbing number of its students, became intolerable to the schoolmasters. The Rector of the High School, Edinburgh, gave a lecture

arraigning the Universities for their greediness, and singled out Glasgow for attack by saying that boys went thither direct from the Fifth Standard of the schools. Professor Jack of Glasgow replied in the *Glasgow Herald* and was answered in the *Scotsman*, the editors of both papers taking part strongly against the University. Professor Ramsay next addressed a letter, afterwards published, to the Rector of the High School, followed by a reply and another rejoinder from Professor Ramsay. Principal Tulloch of St Andrews publicly attacked the management of the large Glasgow classes, which he described as "mobs of boys." Professor Ramsay entered into a correspondence with him, in the course of which the Principal lost his temper and denied that he had said "boys"; thought, as well as he could remember, the word used was "lads"; and when asked to define lads, found the dictionary definition wide. Well, it is an old story now, but it made that winter a very lively one. They were doughty champions all, and the letters and speeches were full of pith and moment, expressed with great frankness,—exceeding good reading.

Professor Jebb took no part in the controversy until his name was brought in by Principal Tulloch. It was not natural for him to keep silence when his friends were attacked and, perhaps, he was not displeased at being forced into print. He wrote a letter to the Editor of the *Glasgow Herald* dealing with the whole subject, of which some extracts are given here.

"The College, Glasgow,
January 9th, 1882.

Sir,

I have taken no part in the controversy on University reform. I find however.....attention has been drawn to certain words of mine.....Since these words have been publicly quoted, it appears desirable that the views they indicate should be clearly stated.

Principal Tulloch says to Professor Ramsay:—'I have no doubt that both you and Professor Jebb honestly believe in the advantages of large classes. I am sorry that I cannot accept either of you, for good reasons, as fair authorities on the subject.' Principal Tulloch means that our pecuniary interests are involved. It is sufficient to observe that no scheme of University Reform has yet been propounded which does not contemplate a contingent necessity for compensation. No scheme of reform could justly do otherwise. So far as the present occupants of the Chairs are concerned, a numerical diminution of the classes could scarcely involve any great difference in the Professors' emoluments, while it would probably render their position more agreeable in some other respects. One way in which it would certainly conduce to their comfort would be by protecting them against unworthy insinuations."

After saying that a fallacy pervaded the arguments of the attacking party he continued: "No reasonable person will suppose that I defend the Scottish Universities as if they differed from other human insti-

tutions in being perfect. I am equally far from holding that they are even as good as they might be; and I believe that few persons can be more anxious than I am to see them made better. I am endeavouring to explain what, in theory and practice, they are, in order that we may stand on firm ground in considering how they may be improved. They have been shaped by the history and character of the Scottish nation. Whatever may be done with them now or at a later time, that history and that character must still be, not dead records, but living agencies, moulding the present, in each successive phase, as they have moulded the past. Legislation and expenditure could no more give Scotland a German University than they could give Great Britain a German Army. Do what you like with the army, it will remain British: do what you like with the Universities, they will remain in heart and spirit Scottish. It is generally allowed, I believe, that the Universities have done, and are doing, useful work for the country. The present controversy set out from the contention that the work which they are doing is not the work of Universities but the work of schools, that consequently the whole intellectual growth of Scotland has been stunted; and that hence Scotland has ceased to be a mother of intellectual heroes. I am tempted to ask —do the Universities really stand lower at this day, relatively to the higher education elsewhere, than they stood in the young days of Brewster and Carlyle? Is not the occurrence of great genius always

beyond human calculation? Are there not living Scotchmen, trained in Scotland, whose names will seem very eminent when they are gone? And is there not in our time an influence specially adverse to the *apparent* greatness of our contemporaries—especially in the sphere of science and letters—I mean the enormous volume of journalism, daily or periodic, which by incessant dissipation of public interest, dwarfs the single reputation—except those of a few politicians? But I pass these questions by. The unqualified identification of the Scottish Universities with schools contains an element of exaggeration.

On the other hand there is an element of truth in the complaint that the Scottish Universities are mere schools. It resides in the fact that though we can go as high as we please, we have to *begin* too low down. This is the result of two general causes. One is the natural desire of a highly intellectual people for the best education within their reach. The other is the insufficiency of the country's material resources for the adequate gratification of this natural desire.....

I have conclusive evidence from facts within my own knowledge that by far the greater proportion of the Scottish people could not enter the Universities at all, if the standard of University teaching was suddenly so raised as to presuppose training of the kind which is furnished at a good secondary school. Scotland has not resources of secondary education available for the nation at large. If,

meanwhile, the Universities were artificially forced up to a theoretical academic standard, the system of Scottish education would be violently dislocated. A chasm would be opened between the lower and the higher instruction. For the great mass of the people there would be no bridge across that gulf. We require academic development; we must not be hurried by clamour into what might arrest or destroy it, academic revolution.

Meantime let us by all means have University reform; let that reform be animated by noble aspirations; but let us also remember that it must be founded on existing facts."

The Editor of the *Herald* began his reply, which appeared the next morning, with a story: "There is a well-known scene in a play where a valiant Scot, ranging over a battlefield in quest of the leader whose fall would determine the day, is driven to exclaim—'Another King! They grow like Hydra's heads!' He had already settled with two or three who bore the tokens of leadership, but meeting with another in the same guise he found he had still all his work before him..... Professor Jebb now takes up the ground of the fallen heroes, but it would be unfair to credit him with any consciousness of leadership. He was dragged to the front by a companion and placed where he finds he must bear the brunt of the battle."

He was not a man to mind that, or indeed to feel anything but pleasure in such a position, but having said his say, he kept to his resolution not to

engage in a controversial correspondence. Many responses were made to his letter, but he wrote no more.

The controversy gradually died down and the University was left in peace to continue its own deliberations. Three long meetings of the Arts Faculty resulted in agreement on the basis of a scheme for Entrance Examinations, which were to come into operation the next year. This scheme was to be tentative and subject to future modifications—having regard to the imperfect state of secondary education. In November, 1883, Entrance Examinations were finally established. These were preparatory to the much larger University reforms carried out under the Universities Commission of 1889.

After such a winter the change to sunny Italy was delightful. We went to Florence in order that he might collate a manuscript of Sophocles in the *Biblioteca Laurenziana*. We took a young American niece with us, and found many friends either established in Florence or visiting there, whom it was pleasant to meet. The last traces of the rheumatic attack vanished and Jebb was able to join in all our various excursions and sight-seeing expeditions. He was glad to meet several foreign scholars, and was successful in making arrangements for the photographing of the manuscript of Sophocles which the Hellenic Society wished to publish.

On June 2nd we turned our faces homewards. The St Gothard route had been opened with much

ceremony only the day before; by taking it we not only had the delight of its marvellous scenery, but in addition the zest which a slight sense of danger gives to the other attractions of travel.

After a summer of steady work on Sophocles, Professor Jebb joined Professor and Mrs Goodwin of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a visit to the Troad, impelled by a wish to see for himself the remains of the seven cities, more or less, which Dr Schliemann had uncovered at Hissarlik, and one of which the explorer proclaimed to be the Troy of Homer. Professor Jebb had small faith in his accuracy and none at all in his theories. His own knowledge of classical literature made him certain that in many points Dr Schliemann was hopelessly wrong. When I asked him if it was not rash to assert so strongly a view that might be disproved by further discoveries, he said, "You may trust me for that: Homer's evidence about what Homer meant can't be disproved."

To HIS WIFE.

"CONSTANTINOPLE,
September, 1882.

We arrived yesterday morning at seven, and I found your letters at the *Poste Restante*—to my great satisfaction. We did a very hard day's sight-seeing and I had not a moment to write. This morning I am writing this before we start at 9 a.m. on another day's exploring. Yesterday being Friday, we drove to the gates of the Sultan's palace and saw

him ride forth to attend a mosque close by. He is a careworn, used-up looking man of about thirty-eight, with a black beard—rather handsome than otherwise. His horse was quite as well worth seeing —a splendid animal. Then we went to the dancing dervishes—a mildly interesting sight. The Sultan and the Turks generally are intensely disgusted with the English victory in Egypt. The Turks were almost to a man with Arabi. The Sultan is bitterly hated in Constantinople, partly for his foreign policy, partly for his system of espionage and his sentences of banishment. He never dares to leave his palace, within a park of fifty acres, except on Fridays, when he goes a few yards to the Mosque. Five thousand men guard him constantly.

We rowed across the Bosphorus yesterday to the 'Sweet Waters of Asia,' a stream with a large open field near it where the people take coffee and disport themselves. We stay till Wednesday—then to Troy. So far everything has gone prosperously and very pleasantly. I foresee that when we go to the Troad the number of our party, one being a lady too, may make the expedition in the wilder parts rather difficult. With the two boys we shall be more like a nomad tribe than anything else. However, both Goodwin and his wife are resolute travellers and bent on seeing everything."

The opinions Professor Jebb formed after seeing the excavations were embodied in several articles published in the *Fortnightly*, the *Nineteenth Century*,

and elsewhere. A good deal of feeling was excited among those who agreed with Dr Schliemann in his theories, and a rather prolonged controversy was the result. The verdict of time, I am told, has not been in favour of Dr Schliemann's conclusions.

Meanwhile, an event had happened in Scotland which was a deep satisfaction to the Professor of Greek in Glasgow. His very dear friend, Mr S. H. Butcher (now M.P. for Cambridge University), had been persuaded to stand for the Greek Chair at Edinburgh, had been elected and come into residence. It was a great thing to Professor Jebb to have for his neighbour a scholar who stood on his own level, and who was moreover bound to him by the closest ties of sympathy and affectionate friendship. Many times did I hear him say that winter, "Thank heaven, Butcher is in Edinburgh."

When the Glasgow session of 1883 ended we went to London. Jebb thought the time had come to make another effort for the belated School at Athens. He had in 1882 brought the subject up at a Council Meeting of the Hellenic Society, but that Society was not then disposed to take action. A suggestion indeed was made that the French School should be asked to admit one or two English scholars among its students. Jebb was opposed to this.

To Mr George Macmillan.

"*December* 12, 1882.

With regard to the proposal for having English students admitted to the French School (or other

foreign school), there could be no practical objection to it, as a temporary arrangement, except, I think, on these two grounds: (1) It would be scarcely a worthy manner for England's first appearance at Athens, and would bring into strong relief the comparative deadness of archaeological interest in this country, the wealth of which is even exaggerated by foreigners. (2) In so far as money was required for the English students so admitted, it would rather tend to draw on the sources of funds to which we must look in the event of our attempting to establish an English School. Men who had given a small contribution towards the provisional scheme would be less likely to give a large one afterwards: they would have had enough of the subject.

It is a different question how far this scheme of archaeological μέτοικοι in a foreign school would be likely to work satisfactorily. Assuming, however, that it would work smoothly, I should be disposed to say: Make up your minds first whether you are going to try for an English School now. If you are, then drop the μέτοικοι scheme. If, on the other hand, you come to the conclusion that the English School must be put off indefinitely, or at least for several years, then go in for the other plan as a *pis-aller*.

My own belief is that by a really vigorous effort we could get an English School started in (say) two or three years from now. I should prefer, then, to refrain from the other plan till such an effort had been made, and had failed.

It is most desirable, obviously, that the two plans should not come before the Council as rivals, dividing the support of those whose influence would be most valuable. If the relation of the two plans to each other is seen at all in such a light as I have indicated, this will not be the case. I shall be greatly interested in the result of the discussions, if you will kindly send me a line."

This year he meant to take steps independently of the Hellenic Society. He found an ally in the newly appointed editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr Escott, who took up the scheme warmly and agreed to make the *Review* a means of communication between him and the public. In May he published in its columns *A Plea for a British School at Athens*. The article began with an anecdote from history. "When Joshua Barnes was bringing out his edition of Homer, he extorted the consent of Mrs Barnes to the investment of her fortune in that work by representing the Iliad as the composition of King Solomon. Similarly the British taxpayer can be induced to tolerate the application of public money to researches, such as the exploration of Sinai or Palestine, which can in any way be associated with the Bible; but there he draws the line. It is just ten years since the Society of Antiquaries made an application to the Exchequer asking that the *tumuli* on the plain of Troy should be examined at the public cost. Lord Sherbrooke replied that excavations undertaken for the purpose of illustrating the Iliad were not a proper object for the expenditure

of public money; asking pertinently:—'Is not the literary enthusiasm of wealthy England equal to the enterprise of exploring scenes which are ever recurring to the imagination of everyone who has received a classical education?' and sincerely regretting 'that the spirit of Herodes Atticus has not descended to modern times.'

An interesting train of thought is suggested by Lord Sherbrooke's regret.....What we seem to lack is scarcely the spirit of Herodes Atticus—the spirit of a generosity which flows in all the obvious and popularly recognised channels—but rather a more original and inventive instinct of munificence. In the wide fields of science, learning, and art how many great services—not the less great because the multitude does not apprehend their full importance—have their accomplishment indefinitely postponed, simply for the want of a sum which one rich man could easily provide from his annual income. The desire of personal eminence having grown with the diffusion of wealth, it certainly appears singular that no aspirants are found for distinction of a kind which would be really distinguished, and as nearly exempt from sneers as any distinction can reasonably expect to be. A man who gave £20,000 to found a British School of Classical Studies at Athens would have secured a place of unique honour in the regard of all for whom the study of the past has anywhere a charm or a meaning, and would have perpetuated his name, both at home and in Greece, by a living monument of the most splendid and enduring kind."

This article in the *Fortnightly* met with an immediate response from many whose approval was of the highest value. The Prince of Wales was interested in the School, and expressed his willingness to preside at a meeting to be held at Marlborough House to discuss measures for its establishment. Professor Jebb was granted an interview with His Royal Highness, when the resolutions he had drawn up were approved, together with the names of those selected to propose and second them. The meeting, held on the 25th of June, was singularly successful, and the scheme was started with a list of subscriptions amounting to over £4000. But a sum more like £20,000 was needed, and Professor Jebb and Mr Escott were appointed Honorary Secretaries, on whom devolved the task of appealing for individual subscriptions.

To HIS MOTHER.

"*July 25th*, 1883

This is a little good-morning from your son. I have been very busy for the last two days, writing a paper for the Hellenic Society's *Journal*, and attending to divers matters about the British School at Athens. This morning's post brought me good news. A despatch from the Greek Government has been received at the Foreign Office in London saying that they will *give* us the best site at their disposal for our school. Now I must go to town for another meeting concerning it. You will think that I do

nothing else; but all this fuss is only at starting the project, and I have to do most of the work."

To HIS MOTHER.

"*July 26th*, 1883.

I got back to Cambridge by the last train yesterday, and felt well satisfied with my day in London. This morning I had a note from the Duke of Devonshire, promising a handsome subscription to the School. He is the Chancellor of Cambridge University and on that account I am particularly glad that he has subscribed. I do not much like begging even for such an object as this, but as Honorary Secretary I can do it more easily.

I am looking forward so, my darling, to being with you next week. When I come over, I hope to see Tyrrell about the School."

Not many more letters were to be written to his mother. She had long been in failing health, but her death was no less a bitter blow to her children. She died on October 25, 1883, at the age of seventy-two. Her whole family were with her at the last.

CHAPTER XI.

VISIT TO AMERICA. PROFESSOR FAWCETT. DEATH OF MR ROBERT JEBB. ROYAL ACADEMY. ODE TO BOLOGNA. RESIGNATION OF GREEK CHAIR IN GLASGOW.

1883—1889.

Oedipus Tyrannus, the first volume of his large edition of Sophocles, was published in December, 1883, and at once took its place as a book indispensable to any serious student of Greek literature. Its rapid sale was a sign that the Schools and Universities gave it their approval.

Dr H. A. J. Munro wrote of the book :—

"There is a most lively interest taken in it here both by young and old. Whatever your enemies may say or do, they will not make anything of yours 'fall dead.' I look on this book as the most important contribution to Greek scholarship that has appeared in England for many years."

Dr Jowett, Master of Balliol, wrote :—

"You have the advantage over X in perfect clearness and grammatical accuracy ; these are qualities that are everywhere appreciated. You may regard yourself as almost at the beginning of a scholar's life, having great works in prospect, and unbounded influence over your

pupils. You may do more for Greek Scholarship than anyone has done since Porson.....I hear the tutors complaining that it will be no use lecturing on *Oedipus Tyrannus* any more."

Certainly Professor Jebb was very happy in his friends. From all sides came affectionate and encouraging letters, "worth," as he said, "any number of panegyrics or invectives in newspapers."

It was a great thing to get this piece of serious work off his hands before the labours of the next Glasgow session began; though he had the interests of classics too much at heart ever wholly to lay aside the pen, even when wearied and jaded by heavy routine work. This autumn his spare moments were occupied in making a translation of *Ajax* for the performance in Greek—the first of a long and successful series—which was to take place in Cambridge.

To Mrs Arthur Jebb.

"*February 3rd*, 1884.

The only interesting fact I have to tell you this week is that we have decided to go to America in June next, and to stay there about seven weeks. I have been asked to give an address to the *Phi Beta Kappa* Society at Harvard. It is a pity to miss so good an opportunity of visiting America while one is still in the prime of life. Then C. wanted very much to go. I was unwilling to lose a summer's work, but on the whole it seemed best to accept the proposal; and now that it is settled, I am glad of it.

I have a secret to tell you, but it is a *real* secret for the present. C.'s eldest niece, Maud du Puy, is engaged to be married to Professor George Darwin, the very distinguished son of Charles Darwin..... They are to live at Cambridge, which will be very pleasant for C."

In the spring of 1884 he was elected corresponding member of the German Institute of Archaeology, which honour, coming so soon after the publication of his article on Homeric Troy in the *Fortnightly*, gave him particular pleasure. When the Glasgow session was ended, we hastened back to Cambridge in order that he might be present at the opening of the new museum of Archaeology there—the existence of which was mainly owing to the efforts of his friend, Mr Sidney Colvin. Then on June 2nd we started for America. How happy he was at the prospect of such a splendid holiday! To get off was always a struggle; such a grand clearing up of papers, such hurried answering of belated correspondence, and correcting of last proofs; but everything was thrown off his mind, once the door of the railway carriage closed on us. Every device known to man was employed to secure the carriage to ourselves. I can still see the air of whimsical triumph with which he would settle back in his seat when successful and out of danger, with the train really moving. Of course stacks of newspapers were bought, but he read them very little. Too many things kept crowding into his mind to

say, now that at last the tension of hard work was removed. Never quite the things other people would say—always the outcome of a quaint originality and delightful to his hearer.

The voyage to America in perfect June weather was a pleasure trip in itself. Mr George Darwin was with us, going over to be married to our niece. Professor Jebb loved the sea, was an excellent sailor, and enjoyed the little events that make up life on board ship—the sighting of a whale, the play of the porpoises, the ship's daily run. It was much to get farther away with every mile from work and worry; and when a man is overworked and run down he has a great power of doing nothing without being bored. His essay for Harvard was already printed and neatly packed away in his box in the hold—not to be looked at again until he stood at the desk in the Senate-room at Harvard. This was his first engagement on our arrival in America; so after a mere glimpse of his wife's family in Philadelphia we went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to fulfil it. Commencement week at Harvard could not fail to be full of interest, if only for the opportunity it gave to meet so many distinguished men, living there, or gathered there for the occasion. His speech—the subject was *Some Ancient Organs of Public Opinion*—was very well received and kindly noticed in the newspapers; he was given the Harvard Honorary LL.D. degree the next day and, after those functions were over, could resign himself to the pleasures of social intercourse. We saw the greatest architect

of his time, Mr Richardson, in his own studio; we heard the great preacher, Mr Phillips Brooks, in his own pulpit; we met many authors whose works were already familiar to us. When the week was over, we went with Professor and Mrs Goodwin to Newport, Rhode Island, where for a few days we were the guests of Miss Mason, one of its most charming hostesses. Then other friends carried him off to I know not what meetings and yachting trips, visits to Bar Harbour, to the White Mountains, to the Adirondacks, while I went to my mother in Erie, Pennsylvania. He joined me there on the 21st of July to be present at the event which brought all the members of my family together, the marriage of George Darwin to my niece, on July 22nd.

He was full of his late experiences, how he had seen the sunrise on Mt Washington, had driven on a "buckboard" here and there, to Otter Cliff, Schooner Head, Porcupine Islands, Puffing Hole—the names were a great joy to him—had seen from a mountain top the contour of the island of Mt Desert with a wide view of the mainland; had above all made many friends among his delightful travelling companions. Nobody is ever shy with Americans; and, when he was not shy, his real affectionateness of disposition, his absence of self-assertion, his quick response to little kindnesses, the readiness with which he met friendliness by friendliness—perhaps also the fact that he never blundered socially or made awkward remarks, his own sensitiveness making his instinct very sure concerning the sen-

sitiveness of others—made strangers quickly feel at home with him, many of them like him, and not a few love him.

After some stay in Erie, he went with my brother to Niagara, and later started on a longer tour through the Lakes with my nephew William Spencer. His diary is crammed with notes in finest handwriting which show how much he was interested in experiences so new to him. There is even a glossary at the end of American words and phrases.

But *tout passe.* On September 6th we were again on board *The Britannic* with our thoughts now all turning towards home.

To HIS FATHER.

"R. M. S. BRITANNIC,
170 Miles off Queenstown.

Here we are again close to Queenstown where we shall arrive about 4 a.m. to-morrow. I ought to have written to you long ago, but was in such a hurry of engagements in America to the last day, that I did not. We meant to sail on August 28th, but C. wished to wait another week, and I agreed. C. and I are both flourishing and have had a thoroughly enjoyable time—she calls it 'a good time.' I travelled about six thousand miles in America and made the tour of the Great Lakes, starting from Erie. I have been in twenty States in the Union and bring many pleasant memories back. Even at the very last we had a delightful

week with friends on Shelter Island which I shall not soon forget. I never enjoyed a holiday more."

The holiday had been quite long enough; and Jebb was eager to be at work again. An article on Pindar for the *Encyclopaedia* was promised for October; the Hellenic Society Council and the British School at Athens were awaiting his return to hold their first autumn meetings; letters had been accumulating for three months which it would take time to answer; and, nearest of all to his thoughts, the old father in Ireland must see his son. He spent the anniversary of his mother's death at Desmond, writing a life of Bentley for the *Dictionary of National Biography* while there.

Hardly had the session begun in Glasgow when news came that Professor Fawcett was dead. It was a great shock. He had been elected Lord Rector of the University and was to have given his rectorial address in December—he and Mrs Fawcett were to have been our guests for the occasion. Jebb, who had known him well since undergraduate days, and greatly admired his remarkable personality, found it almost impossible to realise that all that force and energy were no more.

On December 9th Jebb was unanimously chosen to be President of the Glasgow Dialectic Society, in succession to Dr Lushington. This election was gratifying to him as another sign that the work he was doing for them was appreciated by the students. "I have done my best," he wrote in the early days

of his Glasgow teaching. I think these words are the key to the value of much that he did in life. When he put down the pen after writing the last lines of his commentary on the *Oedipus Coloneus*, he said to me:—"Well, good or bad, it is the best that I can do." He was compelled, alas, often to say, on finishing some speech or essay, "I could have made it better, if I had had more time"; but he did his best whenever it was possible. He always said that he thought slowly. However this may be—and perhaps the soberness and correctness of his judgment arose from this deliberation—once the judgment was reached he acted with force and decision. And how often time has verified that judgment. To recall only one case in College affairs, a step was to be taken which not only involved large financial responsibilities, but, once taken, could not be retraced. He spoke very strongly at the meeting of the Fellows, but the majority were against him. At a later meeting this majority, considering how small it was, decided not to proceed with the scheme. One of its members came to him while he was sitting sorrowful at home—for he loved Trinity and he believed this step would be a great injury to her—and told him that it was his speech and appeal that decided them not to proceed. The scheme has never been revived, and I think the soberer judgment of the College has come round to his view.

How anxious he was to do his best, and how conscientious even when small points were con-

cerned, this letter on a point in scholarship illustrates. That it was written somewhat later does not affect its significance in this respect.

To Mr Adam, *Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel College.*

"2 Whitehall Court,
London, S.W.,
May 3rd, 1902.

Dear Mr Adam,

I have given my best thoughts to the ὁ διὰ πάντων problem, and I am now satisfied that the solution which I first suggested is untenable. Therefore I should not like it to appear, and I must, with regret, ask you to delete it. As you know, I did not, when I first sent it, contemplate its being printed. It is one of those cases in which some quiet and sustained reflection is necessary (for me, at any rate); and the circumstances precluded me from that.

I regret the delay and trouble to you; and I venture to make a proposal to which I trust you will not object. It is that you will allow me to defray the cost of setting up in type, and removing, my abortive suggestion. I should not feel quite happy on any other condition.

I enclose my δεύτεραι φροντίδες. By these I am prepared to abide,—as a contribution to the discussion.

In case you wish to print these they are at your service. But I can very easily understand that you do not wish to incur further delay.

May I just add that the point in your own explanation which does not quite satisfy me is your analysis of ὁ διὰ πάντων ἀγών? (I live, of course, in a glass house; but one should say what one feels.) 'τὸ διὰ πασῶν is the interval between the lowest note of the octave and the highest: "the *greatest* interval in the scale of one octave." So ὁ διὰ πάντων ἀγών is "[the last and] *greatest* ἀγών."' Might it not be said that, on this view, the sense should be rather, 'the ἀγών which includes all the competitors,' as τὸ διὰ πασῶν is the range which includes all the notes of the octave?

I have been very much interested in this small but curious question.

Yours very sincerely,

R. C. Jebb."

In March, 1885, another of the tall cedars fell. Dr H. A. J. Munro died in Rome, aged sixty-six, after a short illness. Jebb could hardly realise Trinity without that great-hearted man, whose sympathy and encouragement had never failed him through all their years of friendship, from his first coming up as an undergraduate.

Just before the end of the session a letter came from Sir Frederic Leighton asking Jebb to respond for Literature at the coming Royal Academy dinner. Any new experience pleased him and this was the first time his presence had been requested at that function. The speech he made was very short—

he said (to me, not to them) that it was not for the likes of him to take up the time of an assembly who had been listening for hours to princes and cabinet ministers,—but was spoken of in the newspapers as a model of its kind.

To HIS SISTER.

"*May 3rd*, 1885.

I was at the Royal Academy dinner last night. To a rustic like myself, it was a very interesting glimpse of the great world, for it was really a complete view in miniature of male London Society. Colvin and the waiters and I were almost the only people who had not ribbons or collars or stars of some sort. The pleasantest part of the affair was walking about the galleries after dinner and seeing the pictures with ample space—and with permission to smoke—which however I forbore to use. Lord Granville made the occasion especially remarkable by giving us to understand there was going to be peace.

P.S. I was rather bothered with rheumatism in the neck, which is the direct result of poring over books: a curious punishment of study."

We went as usual at the end of May to stay for a week-end with Dr Jowett at Balliol. A fellow-guest was that remarkable man and Christian, Dr Phillips Brooks of Massachusetts (afterwards Bishop). We persuaded him to stay a day or two with us when he

came to Cambridge (he was to preach there the next Sunday) and to go with us to the boat races on Saturday. He was a giant, and his presence in the boat was to our rowers as if we had shipped a whale, but inspired by his noble head and the remarkable outlook of his fine eyes, they carried us safely through. No undergraduate could have been more interested in the race, or more amused by the "scrimmage" on the return, than was that great light of the American Church.

Two more friends dear to Jebb were called to join the majority this summer, Mr E. W. Blore of Trinity who died on June 26th, and Mr Bradshaw of King's. And then came a greater loss to us. His father died in August at the age of seventy-seven. The world began to feel empty. His friend Professor Tyrrell wrote :—

"I deeply feel for you, for I can well understand what a loss you have sustained in him. To me personally it is a sad thought that I shall never again feel the charm of that kindly welcome which he always extended to me as a friend of yours. In him has passed away a representative type of Irish gentleman which I am sorry to say is becoming rarer and rarer."

It was well for his son that another home had grown into his affections, for he felt the breaking-up at Desmond keenly. Work was the best corrective to sad thoughts. After finishing an article on Rhetoric for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, he turned to the *Oedipus Coloneus*, which was finished and in the

printers' hands in October 1885, though it was not published till some months later.

Dr Verrall in an interesting review wrote :—

"Upon the appearance of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* we spoke of this edition as definitive in the only applicable sense, as making a distinct advance and bringing materials which all future students would be careful to adopt. After reading the *Oedipus Coloneus* we are inclined to say that this praise was put too low. A classic like Sophocles will be read by each generation from their own point of view and illustrated by their own lights; but though there cannot be a final interpretation of such a work, there can be, for a particular language, a permanent basis of interpretation; and such we think Professor Jebb will be found to have furnished to the English students and expositors of Sophocles."

A second edition of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* was next taken in hand; and in January 1887 he brought out a little book called *Introduction to Homer*, which he wrote feeling the need of such a book in his junior class. The price was I think half what was usual for a school-book of the kind. The first edition of 1500 copies was exhausted in a month, and many editions have since been issued.

The letters to his sister are almost always in the playful vein adopted in their young days, when life was play. She had been staying with us, had given him some letters to post, and wondered much at receiving no answers.

To HIS SISTER.

"SPRINGFIELD,

June 18*th*, 1887.

There was once a thoughtful, careworn man, who went to see his sister and her maid off by the train. They were going to a junction on the L.N.W.R. Just as the train was starting, his sister gave him two letters to post. He *did* post them. But did he do it *immediately*?.....Or did some time elapse? One of them was to Lady M. Feilding, the other to Emily Gilmore. *They have, ages ago, been posted.* But I ask once more—were they posted immediately? That man, on a certain day, at a certain hour, was observed in a state bordering on distraction. He had been looking in his coat pocket.....

Such a thing (in spite of what his wife may say) had never happened to him before.....or hardly ever. But the fact was that he had looked in at the Pitt Press, and his mind had been strongly preoccupied.....What happened to this man, and what was the nature of the relations which subsequently subsisted between him and his sister, shall be told in our next number....."

In July 1887 the British School at Athens, now with a roof over its head and money enough for bread and butter, and even a little jam in the shape of a library, held its first annual meeting, with Lord Carnarvon in the chair. It was a great satisfaction to Jebb that this institution was at last fairly started.

In his later years Jebb was to be much occupied with the two subjects of politics and education; and in January 1888 he made a start in both directions—on the 9th, when he attended a big political meeting in Glasgow and proposed a vote of thanks to Sir Henry James who was the chief speaker of the evening; and on the 17th, when he addressed the West of Scotland Teachers' Guild.

The unsettled state of Ireland made him anxious. All his letters to his brother at this time are filled with suggestions looking towards her pacification, and with fears of the possible outcome of English short-sightedness. He spoke often at Liberal Unionist meetings during the winter.

To Professor Jebb.

"*January 24th*, 1888.

My Dear Sir,

We are having a political meeting in East Kilbride on Friday evening the 3rd of February. Hozier, the Member for South Lanarkshire, is to be present and speak, and I am requested by the promoters to ask you to honour us with your company.

I need not say how very much obliged we should be if you will come and speak. A speech from you would, I know, having heard your eloquent words at the Imperial Union Club dinner, do us a great deal of good.

Yours very truly,

Walter C. Clark."

His friends in Ireland sent him many cases of outrages, some of which he used in his speeches and which were afterwards widely quoted.

From the late DUKE OF ARGYLL.

"INVERARY,

February 4th, 1888.

I have to speak at Cambridge next month and I am anxious to have any fresh cases to give of the perfect harmlessness of the Land League as asserted by Lord Spencer. He says that crime did once 'dog the steps' of the League—but it doesn't now. Anything more outrageous in the way of assertion I have not seen. Some cases you mentioned in your speech last year I made good use of,—can you supply me with any more? Of course I shall suppress names. Of course the cases are legion.

Yours very truly,

ARGYLL."

In February he was appointed one of the delegates from Glasgow University to the University of Bologna which was about to celebrate its 800th anniversary in June. In his daily walks he composed an Ode in Greek in honour of the occasion, and was rather surprised to realise later the impression made by this Ode both in Italy and among scholars in England. The composition of it was a pure pleasure, taking him into regions where his mind delighted to dwell, and giving him a relief from the daily round at his mill.

To the REV. H. H. JEBB.

"*June 16th*, 1888.

Just a line to say that I am all right. The Bologna Festival was very brilliant, though the arrangements were by no means perfect in detail.

You will be glad to hear that I was among the foreigners who received the *laurea d'onore* or honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Only a few of the foreign delegates were honoured. The University of Bologna had intended to give honorary degrees to all, but this was vetoed by the Government, for what reason nobody knows. Moreover, the Bolognese University authorities were not even allowed to select the few on whom they were permitted to confer the degree."

The University of Dublin honoured him with the degree of Doctor of Laws on the 28th of June, and on November 23rd, he was elected an Honorary Fellow of his own College, Trinity, under the statute which empowers the College to elect any person especially distinguished for literary or scientific merit. This was an honour he valued above all others and enjoyed for the shortest time: before the new calendar was printed he had become a Professorial Fellow.

For our life at Glasgow was now drawing to an end. In April the Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, the famous Dr Kennedy, died, full of years and honours. This time there was no doubt in Jebb's mind as to the course he should take; none the less the wrench would be great in leaving Glasgow. We had lived there fourteen winters, had been warmly welcomed by its people, had shared its interests and been given a part in its duties. The position at Cambridge was far more favourable to literary work, but he was doing good service in

Glasgow which it was hard to abandon. The pecuniary sacrifice would be great; but money never entered into his considerations. Indeed to take care of it was one of his difficulties all through life. He hardly ever took coins out of his pocket without some of them rolling away into space where search—at least his perfunctory search—could not find them. He never knew how much he had with him, or counted his change at railway stations, or suspected anyone of taking advantage of his carelessness. He seemed to have a dislike to looking at what he called "symbols," and would gaze abstractedly anywhere except at what he was giving, when paying porters or cabmen. On almost our first railway journey together, an honest porter ran after him at the Dublin station: "I am sure, Sir, you did not mean to give me this," he said, showing a sovereign. It filled him with a sort of disgust when less high-minded people—his wife to wit—assumed the existence of dishonesty, and begged him to keep his keys in his pocket, and not to put his purse in the most conspicuous place on his dressing-table when travelling. It is hard for experience to overcome nature. Once at Athens, when starting on an expedition, he left his portmanteau to be packed by the hotel servant, with directions to send it after him. In the portmanteau was a copy of his *Attic Orators*, intended as a present to a Greek friend whose name he had written on the fly-leaf. This the patriotic porter duly delivered, but it was the only part of the

contents of the portmanteau Professor Jebb ever heard of again.

Glasgow was reluctant to let him go.

From PRINCIPAL CAIRD.

"*May 1st*, 1889.

MY DEAR JEBB,

Will you forgive me for saying one word more before you go? It may not count for much, but I am persuaded I say what many others feel, when I tell you that I for one shall be very much grieved if the result of your deliberations be that you are to leave us. I know that you are doing noble work for us and for the higher education in Scotland, and (forgive me for saying so) that you are precisely the sort of man who can do it. I am sure you won't think me capable of coarse flattery, but I feel so deeply interested in this matter that I shall not refrain from saying that with your rare combination of solid and comprehensive learning with brilliant literary faculty and the true artist's enthusiasm for his subject, you can do more for this University and for the advancement of classical learning in Scotland than any other man I know. Be assured that, if you make up your mind to stay with us, you have before you a career which is worthy of your ambition. On the other hand, though I think your withdrawal would be quite intelligible, yet may I not take the liberty of suggesting that, other things being equal, it is always better to go on with a work one has undertaken, whatever the apparent obstacles, than to draw back?

Yours ever,

J. CAIRD."

The wide recognition of the value of his work in Scotland, though very gratifying, could not alter

his decision. It was impossible to carry on literary work together with his lectures, and he could not do much of the former, with practically only four months out of twelve at his disposal;—for he must come to Glasgow fresh from a holiday in the autumn, and he must have a month's rest when the long six months' task was done. If a change was to be made, it was well that it should come while he was still in the prime of life.

Returning to Cambridge on the 15th of May, after a fortnight at Brighton, he found his new study a great delight. "I never before had such a perfect room to work in," he wrote to his brother. "Altogether the summer is beginning very pleasantly for us. To-day I have to go to offer myself for the Greek Professorship by appearing before the Council of the Senate. They will appoint a time for a discourse to be read before them; and the election will be made at the end of the month."

CHAPTER XII.

ELECTED REGIUS PROFESSOR OF GREEK AT CAMBRIDGE. REDE LECTURE. ELECTION TO PARLIAMENT. FIRST SPEECH.

1889—1894.

He was elected to the Greek chair at Cambridge on the 27th of May, and shortly afterwards to a Professorial Fellowship at Trinity College. The transfer of duties became complete when his resignation of the Glasgow chair was accepted in June. But then came the pain of parting with old friends and old interests, which was harder even than he had foreboded. Who would be his successor? The next fortnight was devoted to answering letters from possible candidates, and to giving what help and information he could to one and another of the electors who consulted him. His pen was very busy about this time, for the many letters of congratulations must also be acknowledged promptly. He was particularly pleased with one received from his old friend Dr Sidgwick. I give his answer here.

May 28, 1889.

SPRINGFIELD,
CAMBRIDGE.

My dear Sidgwick,

Many thanks for your congratulations. I can assure you that I fully appreciate the honour of having been elected to this post, which has always seemed to me the highest to which a Greek scholar could aspire in this country. And Cambridge

is certainly the place of all others which both my wife and I could have chosen for our permanent home.

Ever yours,

R. C. Jebb.

In May he also became President of the Hellenic Society in succession to the Bishop of Durham, whose lamented death had made the position vacant.

To the Rev. H. H. Jebb.

"Cambridge,
June 16th, 1889.

I have been for some days in that lethargic state to which hay-fever reduces its sufferers, but am making an effort to settle down to steady work again. The very considerable number of letters of congratulation really kept me rather busy for several days. I can see that I have chosen wisely though at large cost. This is the right place for the second half of life. Among the Glasgow letters that pleased me most was one from the Roman Catholic Archbishop. Indeed we both feel how many true friends we have in Glasgow."

To the Rev. H. H. Jebb.

"Brighton,
October 5th, 1889.

We came on here after a very pleasant visit to the Tennysons. The poet, who was eighty in August last, is wonderfully well: I had two walks with him, and he seems to be as regular as ever in taking exercise. He told me of his visit to Portugal about 1859 with Palgrave. He recollects the elder Hallam as having a broad brow and large luminous

eyes—a contentious man. Sydney Smith said of him—'There is Hallam, with his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction.' Tennyson is going to bring out a volume of poems next year. It will interest you to know that one of them, *Demeter*, is dedicated to me in three stanzas alluding to my Pindaric Ode written for Bologna last year."

When October came, we both confessed it a great relief not to have to make the usual move to Scotland. Jebb quickly fell into the old ways of work at Cambridge, the morning lectures, the habit of Syndicate meetings, of scholarship examinations, of frequent discussions about University affairs. Then at the Christmas vacation—six weeks instead of two—what a delightful change to be able to go to Rome and Naples, to cheat the English winter of its darkest month!

In 1890 he was invited by the Vice-Chancellor to give the Rede lecture for this year. The one lecture required by the Trust is usually given at the time when Cambridge is most full of visitors.

Although the notice was somewhat short, no one —certainly not Jebb—could decline an invitation so courteously and charmingly made.

"Trinity College,

May 9th, 1890.

My Dear Jebb,

Can you possibly rescue an old friend from a serious trouble and give the University a great delight? Can you accept the Rede Lectureship for next month, say

about June 12th?.....Of course if I had originally thought of offering it this year to a man of your eminence, I should have applied to you before applying to anyone, but I looked, not unnaturally, *outside* Cambridge. You shall hear the whole story.....Mr Lecky's answer only reached me this afternoon. Will you—can you—take his place? You must have plenty of well-digested matter which, when put into such form as you can put it, would delight as well as instruct a University audience. I venture to hope—though with what Burke calls 'trembling solicitude'—that you may not find it wholly impossible in the course of a month to produce a work such as your own high conception of work would approve.

Always affectionately yours,

H. Montagu Butler."

The result was an essay on Erasmus which answered adequately the purpose for which it was written, to judge by the letters it elicited. The Vice-Chancellor, who never failed in kindness and appreciation, wrote :—

"Trinity Lodge,

June 11th, 1890.

My Dear Jebb,

I cannot help sending a few written lines to express my warm sense of the value of your lecture, and my delight that your generous compliance with my request at that wretchedly short notice should have issued in a manner so triumphant to yourself. 'I think the very best lecture I ever heard,' said Jowett to Liddon, and Liddon was equally delighted. Apart from the admirable form and style he was so much struck with the thorough-

ness and fairness of your work. I believe he explained to you that years ago he himself made a special study of Erasmus.

Believe me,

Affectionately always,

H. MONTAGU BUTLER."

At the end of the year a request came to him from the President of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, to give the "Percy Turnbull" course of lectures on Poetry at that University. Mr and Mrs Lawrence Turnbull had endowed a lectureship in poetry in memory of their son Percy who died in 1887. Eight lectures were expected, but they could be given in a fortnight or three weeks, thus falling easily into the period of the Cambridge Easter vacation. Jebb was much attached to America and it was a great pleasure to him to meet old friends and make new ones across the Atlantic, so the invitation was willingly accepted. The events of 1891 put the engagement in jeopardy but fortunately did not compel him to break it.

In April 1891 he received an Honorary degree from Glasgow University, and in June Oxford conferred upon him her Honorary D.C.L. in company with a group of very distinguished men; an honour highly valued. It seemed now as if no new distinction remained for him; that he might for the rest of his life devote himself to work; write books; give addresses on education and scholastic subjects; take his share in University business and peacefully grow old. But fortune had still other offerings in store.

We were sitting quietly at breakfast one morning at the Lyth—his sister's home in Shropshire—when the post brought him in a letter, a veritable bolt from the blue. He looked thoughtful but said nothing till breakfast was over, when he asked his wife to come out on the terrace. It was one of the many little rules he made for himself that she must always be told first anything that concerned him. "I want to consult you" was a phrase very familiar to her ears; frequently changed to "I want to consult my government," when it was a question of subscriptions or funds to be provided for any purpose.

It was now a question of a new departure which would greatly interfere with literary work.

From THE MASTER OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

"THE LODGE,

September 5th, 1891.

DEAR PROFESSOR JEBB,

The subject of this note is one on which I wish that I could have spoken to you, as I could have entered on it more fully in conversation than I can in writing. But time is of importance and I therefore venture to trouble you with a letter.

It seems probable that the vacancy in the representation of the University, caused by the death of Mr Raikes, will be filled up as soon as term begins, if not sooner; and it is highly desirable that we should be prepared with a candidate when the Writ is issued. It is customary for a meeting of residents to be held for considering the claims of persons eligible for the seat, with a view of selecting one

whose name shall be submitted to the constituency. At such a meeting it is of course competent for anyone present to mention the name of any possible candidate.

Now, I have long felt that it may be desirable for us to have as representative of this University men whose claims are not political but academical, not men who already represent (or might represent) constituencies of another kind, who are unacquainted with the life and needs of the University, and whose election by us might be used as an argument for disfranchising the Universities. May I say that among possible candidates of this kind you have seemed to me likely to be acceptable to our constituency if you consent to be brought forward. The suggestion has been favourably entertained by several influential residents to whom it was made in a private conversation. It seems that steps must be taken at once to find a candidate for the present vacancy, and I should be very glad if you would allow me to mention your name at a meeting which will probably be held for the purpose early next week.....

I will only add that I shall be deeply grateful if you can comply with my request.

Yours very sincerely,

E. H. Perowne."

At first it was difficult to entertain an idea so novel. Parliament would absorb a great deal of time, and it would necessarily turn his thoughts away from literary work and into new channels. But, gradually, as he discussed the proposal, the vista opened out began to appeal to his imagination. His fingers went up to his moustache as they always did when his brain worked quickly, he walked more rapidly and became silent. His wife had no wish to

influence him either way, so up and down he paced for half an hour, till he made up his mind. "Upon my word, C.," he exclaimed, "I think I'll accept. After all, it's not a life sentence. I can come out when I like."

The nomination was made on the 6th of October, and on the 10th Jebb was returned unopposed. "An Amurath an Amurath succeeds," said the *Times*, in allusion to the fact that Sir George Stokes was the other representative of the University. "One of the most distinguished Cambridge mathematicians is followed by the most finished classical scholar that Cambridge or perhaps Great Britain possesses."

A vote on another subject took place in the Senate House this same month with a result very much to his mind. The proposal that a Syndicate should be appointed to inquire whether Greek should be retained in the Previous Examination was defeated by 525 non-placets to 185 placets. The victory was so crushing that the scientific men began to consider an alternative scheme—whether men who did not wish to qualify for the B.A. degree might not be given simply a degree in science. The success of such a scheme, it was decided, depended largely on the tests of a general education which might be demanded under it from students of science. The matter is still under consideration in this year 1907.

Professor Jebb took the oath as Member when Parliament met on the 9th of February 1892. He was introduced at the bar of the House by Sir Richard Webster (now Lord Alverstone) and the

late Sir George Stokes, both old friends. He could not feel strange in his new surroundings when at every turn he met some face familiar to him from undergraduate days, and received so many friendly welcomes. The session bade fair to be a quiet one. The Government had now been in power for six years; it would hardly introduce any great measure with a dissolution so near. He was able to get away a week or two before the Easter recess and take ship for America, where he had agreed to give a course of lectures at the Johns Hopkins University. Short as it was, this second visit across the sea competed with the first in interest. Already he knew the President of the University and several of the Professors, whom it was a great pleasure to meet again. Society in Baltimore was very kind to him; the climate, at its best in Maryland and Virginia in that lovely month of April, was in itself a joy. Large and enthusiastic audiences attended his lectures on poetry. He came back almost convinced that, of all the places he knew, Baltimore was the pleasantest to live in. I think the glamour of the golden spring was still about him.

When Parliament met after the Easter recess, he was able to make his maiden speech on a subject of which every detail was familiar to him—the Scottish University Ordinances Bill. In reporting the debate the *Scotsman* said, "The fate of the case presented in both Houses on Tuesday for alteration or change in the Scottish University Ordinances, was decided much according to the merits of the

method of presentation. In the lower House the whole subsequent debate rolled round the lines of Professor Jebb's speech."

So that was well over. He had been vaguely nervous about his first speech, but as the subject was one on which it was quite natural for him to address the House, the nervous feeling quickly vanished. He told his wife that soon he almost forgot he was speaking to other than his customary academic audience.

Meanwhile the dissolution of Parliament had been announced for the 28th. Jebb took no steps towards his re-election; he said, "in a University constituency you must wait till you are asked." The invitation came on June 22nd, and etiquette now permitted him to issue his address.

The election was on the 4th of July when he and Sir John Gorst were duly returned to represent the University in Parliament, Sir John in succession to Sir George Stokes who had retired on account of his advanced age. Jebb was asked, about this time, to become a member of the Scottish University Commission, to fill the place vacated by Lord Sandford, an honour he was compelled to decline.

The next few weeks were devoted to steady work on the *Electra* of Sophocles, which was reluctantly put aside when the new Parliament met on August 8th. The Liberals were now in power and Mr Gladstone Prime Minister.

To HIS WIFE.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS,
August 9th, 1892.

At 1.20 I was in the House and was duly sworn in.....The proposer and seconder of the Address made their speeches; Mr Asquith, the mover of the amendment, was very good; Mr Burt, the miners' member, gave the impression of honesty; but the speech of the day, or evening, was John Redmond's the Parnellite leader, who made it perfectly clear that he will give the Gladstonians no quarter if they fail to satisfy the demands which he clearly defined. This afternoon I secured a place exactly opposite Mr Gladstone, knowing that he was going to speak early. At 3.30 he rose and spoke for an hour and a half. It was a very able speech in his peculiar way, and of course left us as wise as we were before, except that he applied the words 'full and effectual' to the measure of Home Rule which he means to grant if he can. Then Balfour spoke for about an hour with admirable force."

On March 15th, 1893, the University Extension Society held its meeting in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House and Professor Jebb gave the annual address. The Journal of the Society says that the occasion marked an epoch in the history of university extension. "Not that anything was then said or done which inaugurated a new departure either in matter or in form, but that the principle that inspired the work was emphasised in an eminently striking manner. A body of students which taxed

the capacities of the spacious Hall listened with the keenest interest and appreciation while the foremost scholar in England urged the paramount importance of an essentially unremunerative branch of learning. There was probably not one person present who could indulge the slightest expectation of bettering his or her worldly position by the fullest adoption of Professor Jebb's earnest commendation of the study which has made his name famous throughout Europe. .....It is most gratifying to know that there undoubtedly exists among extension students a genuine recognition of this nobler element in educational enterprise." This lecture on *Greek Literature and Modern Life* attracted much notice, and was the occasion of a good deal of discussion in the *Spectator* and other journals.

In March Jebb had been asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury to attend and speak at a meeting of Churchmen organised for the purpose of expressing the Church opinion on a Bill, then before the House, which was avowedly the first step towards Disestablishment. In his answer he made some suggestions concerning the arrangements of the meeting, and proposed that there should be a preconcerted line of speaking and division of subjects. The Archbishop thought this a good idea, if it could be carried out, and sent Jebb a list of the speakers, asking for further suggestions.

A mighty gathering met in the Albert Hall on the 16th of May, surpassing even the hopes of its organisers and filling its vast space to the roof. The

two Archbishops were there, most of the Bishops, and a great crowd of distinguished laymen. The list of speakers was long, and the division of subjects proved to be a wise step, as thus every point was dwelt upon. The *Times* said that "people who can find no trace of argument in the speeches would find it rather difficult to reply to only two of them, say to Lord Selbourne's and Professor Jebb's." Jebb took for his subject the *Characteristic Qualities and Recuperative Power of the National Church.*

The next week, on May 24th, he was called upon to speak at a meeting in Cambridge against the Home Rule Bill, again before a large and enthusiastic audience. Then at the end of July he delivered the inaugural address at a meeting of local lecturers in connection with the University Extension Scheme. Upwards of six hundred students had collected at Cambridge for a month's study. His subject was *The Work of the Universities for the Nation*[1].

Small time was there for his own literary work this year. It was only by the most strenuous effort that another volume of his edition of Sophocles was finished. And yet he had never done so much work in his life, hard as he had worked hitherto, as in these years of public duties and demands. Claims of every kind were made upon him, and he always gave his best—if possible—which meant some thought, some time devoted to each occasion.

It was our habit to take a house in town for three months after Easter, and then for him to pair

[1] Published in *Essays and Addresses*, 1907.

when possible during the remainder of the session, keeping himself free to vote on any important measure. He could also, by arrangement with the Whips, stay down unpaired. Cambridge is so near London that it was easy for him, when summoned by telegraph, to be at the House in time to vote the same evening.

In August, he seems to have undertaken to look at a house we had heard might be let the next year. He was very shy about it, as he always was in making any practical arrangements.

To HIS WIFE.

"UNITED SERVICE CLUB,
PALL MALL, S.W.,
Aug. 10*th*, 1893.

From the heading of this paper you might naturally infer that my military qualities had at last been recognised and that the War Office had made me an honorary Colonel, and this Club an honorary member. This is not the fact, however: it is only that the Athenaeum is having its autumn cleaning, and they have taken us in here. The first person I saw was S., who, with his usual tact, remarked in a stentorian voice, 'Out of our element here!'—in a room full of warriors and sailors, tempered by a few parsons from over the way.

Well: I have been to see the Canon's house. I should never get on as a swell mobsman, or clerical burglar. A young woman showed me the place;

and the door being open, I asked for Mrs *Hardy*. *She* was Mrs *Hardy*. Then I explained my business; and I shall not easily forget the profound suspicion that appeared on her expressive features. I felt, myself, that it was thoroughly deserved. Luckily the Canon was at home, and I asked to see him. Just then he came out. Gentlemanlike old man; small features and small voice; very pleasant and courteous. The house is simply charming, and might be in the country. It looks out on a beautiful garden, but it is hidden away at the end of the cloister; the approach is dark and sepulchral. The Canon thinks that they could let it for May and June, if we wished. He is free to choose his months of residence, and where his living is, is his real home, he said. Altogether, the thing is well worth considering. I explained to him that it was not for the likes of me to settle anything. Then we strolled into the Abbey, and I saw the window which they are going to make a memorial window to Lowell."

In October, 1893, the academic and even a wider world suffered a great loss in the death of Dr Jowett, the Master of Balliol. To quote the President of Magdalen, Mr Herbert Warren, "He was in all things a man full of public spirit, high-souled, thinking himself worthy of great ends, and proving worthy of them; a singular and potent individuality in his day and generation." No one, not even the humblest who came into his presence, could fail to realise his remarkable personality. Every

conversation it was my good fortune to have with him is fresh in my memory. One day I happened to say it was difficult to know what made for influence in a University society. It was not wealth, for the people whose society was most sought had very small incomes and entertained most simply; it was not rank, for no questions were asked who anybody was; it was not even intellect; when X. for instance, who had written a very remarkable book, took me in to dinner, I did not feel elated. "What influences in a University society is what influences all the world over," was his answer,—"force of character." Cant and pretension were abhorrent to him. Another time when I quoted, as he thought pretentiously, that "character is destiny," he answered, "Ah! that is too deep for me." I laughed, for his snubs never hurt, and said, "I mean, being what I am, I *must* do what I do." He laughed then too, and began a most interesting talk about the effect of environment and education on character.

Two years before his death he had a very serious illness and was told that he was dying. "I lay there," he said to me afterwards, "waiting for the end in perfect content. I felt no wish to have it otherwise. What surprised me was that when, most unexpectedly, a turn for the better came and I got up and about again, I was distinctly glad, glad as I had hardly ever been before." He told an intimate friend that the two years of life that came after were the happiest years of his life.

His friendship was a great possession. Professor Jebb cherished its memory as among the best things it had been given him to know.

In November, Jebb was again elected a Member of the Governing Body of Charterhouse, the former appointment having lapsed when residence at Glasgow made it difficult for him to attend the meetings. He was pleased to have the connection with his old school restored, and deferred a trip abroad in order that he might be present at the dinner on "Founder's Day," December 12th.

In February, 1894, he was asked if he would allow his name to be among those to be submitted to the Queen as members of a proposed Royal Commission on Secondary Education. It was high time that something should be done to bring order out of what was described, in Mr Goschen's historic words, as "a chaos of areas, a chaos of rates, and a chaos of authorities," and this Commission was the first step taken.

When the list of Commissioners was published with Mr Bryce as chairman, the selection of the Government met with general approval. The first meeting was held on March 16th, and meetings were regularly held twice a week (except in vacation), from April 10th until the end of the year. The diary records the 59th meeting on December 12th. The Headmaster of Eton, Mr Lyttelton, has most kindly sent me some recollections of the part taken by Professor Jebb in the work of the Commission.

He writes:

"Once while the Commission was discussing the various articles contributed by different members, an incident occurred which showed Jebb's unerring perception in language. One of the members, who displayed something approaching to pugnacity in defending his own phrases, had written of the teachers of England as a 'highly trained and intelligent set of men.' Someone took exception to the expression as being patronising; but as the author of it showed no sort of indication of surrender, we were in rather a difficulty, when Jebb whispered to his neighbour, 'The adjectives would be very appropriate if applied to elephants.' This saying was at once reported and settled the question. The sentence was modified without a word of protest from the author.

Whatever Jebb undertook to do was perfectly done. This faculty was exemplified in the report of the Bryce Commission on Secondary Education in 1893. He was entrusted with the task of writing Part I. of the Report volume, and, whereas the contributions of others were subjected to prolonged criticism and much alteration, Jebb's work was so accurate in substance and artistic in form that it was accepted at once, no one having more than trifling suggestions to offer. Probably no written work of his shows, more distinctly than this Report, the severe self-restraint and absence of display which I think would have characterised all his literary output, even if his instinct had not been confirmed by his Greek training.

He once consulted my opinion on some questions of English composition, in connexion I think with the address sent by Cambridge to the Queen in 1897. Our brief conversation was to me an education in art, and a revelation of his superb aesthetic taste in language."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WELSH CHURCH DISESTABLISHMENT BILL. SPEECH. ILLNESS.

1894—1896.

In April, 1894, Mr Asquith introduced a Bill "to terminate the establishment of the Church of England in Wales and Monmouthshire, and to make provision in respect of the temporalities thereof." The debate in the House upon this Bill was long and earnest. The speech Jebb made in defence of the establishment is so characteristic of his style of speaking;—it also explains the situation so clearly, that perhaps my readers will forgive me if I include it here.

"In asking the indulgence of the House for a few minutes only, my aim is less to criticise details than to consider certain large aspects of the question which this Bill brings before us. Vital as the measure is to the highest interests of Wales,—far-reaching as must be its ulterior consequences, should it pass into law, for the Principality,—it is not of less import, and its consequences will not be less extensive or less serious, for England as a whole. It is not merely the first step towards the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England, but actually the first

instalment of such a measure. Every member of the Church of England is therefore entitled to participate in this discussion, even although (as is my own case) he is ignorant of the Welsh language, and has no such knowledge of Wales as may be acquired by residence. The principle affirmed as justifying the introduction of the Bill has been stated with the utmost frankness and clearness by the Home Secretary. It is simply that at the last general election Wales sent to this House a large majority of members in favour of such a Bill. But Wales has not yet a separate Parliament; and it is the duty of every member of this Imperial Assembly to consider this and every question from the point of view of what is best for the whole kingdom. The figures 31 to 3 are not claimed as representing the proportionate number of electors in Wales who voted for or against disestablishment. So long as a religious census is refused, we lack the primary and most essential document for the investigation of this aspect of the matter. No doubt the Church question was a prominent question—I should be ready to assume that it was the most prominent—at many elections in Wales; but did no other issues, such as Home Rule for Ireland, contribute to the result? And as to the Church issue itself, on what grounds was it placed at the elections? Was there no appeal to political motives, to selfish cupidity, or to sectarian animosity? And now a local verdict, clouded with all these ambiguities, is made the plea for commencing the destruction of a national institution.

Let us remember the nature of that national institution. In the discussion of this Bill, more has been heard of endowment than of establishment; the Church has been considered, though not exclusively, yet chiefly, as a number of ecclesiastical corporations, sole or aggregate, which severally hold property. Establishment, so far as it has been touched upon in these debates, has been regarded

mainly under the aspect of privilege. When the Home Secretary introduced the Suspensory Bill last year, he spoke of the privileges appertaining to the status of establishment—a phrase correct in itself, but corresponding with an inaccurate conception in the popular mind. The 'establishment' of the Church is often spoken of as if it meant that once upon a time the State had singled out this religious denomination from among other denominations,—had set it up,—and had attributed to it, by means of certain privileges, a higher spiritual rank than that which was accorded to the others. The House is aware, however, that the State never did anything of the kind. The word 'establish' does not mean only 'to set up'; it means also 'to settle,' 'to confirm in rights,' 'to ratify.' In this sense it occurs in the Statute of Provisors, where Parliament is described as having 'ordered and established' such or such a thing; in the Acts of Uniformity of the sixteenth century, with reference to the Liturgy of the Church and to the Book of Common Prayer; and in the Act of Union between England and Scotland, with reference to the 'Protestant religion' in England and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland respectively. Those relations between the Church of England and the State, which collectively are described as 'establishment,' derive their origin from a time when the Church had as yet no spiritual competitor. The Church possessed great power, which was liable to be affected by foreign influence; and the State thought it prudent, as a matter of public policy, to take from the Church certain securities against possible excesses of uncontrolled ecclesiastical authority. It was then enacted that the ecclesiastical Law and Courts should become part of the public law of the realm. By coming within the framework of the State, the Church gained a new sanction for its law, but it also gave up something. The primary characteristic of this alliance between Church and State

was not the bestowal of privileges upon the Church by the State, but rather the imposition by the State upon the Church of certain limitations. We have heard a good deal about religious equality; but I would venture to remind the House that there is a thing still more important than that—a condition precedent to it—and that is religious liberty. It may fairly be claimed for the Anglican Church, and will not be denied even by those who are least friendly to her, if only they are unprejudiced, that, regulated as she has been by her relations with the State, and strengthened thereby in a temper of moderation, she has been throughout the centuries the greatest bulwark against spiritual tyranny, and has afforded the best safeguard of religious freedom. If we seek a contrast, need we look further than to some of the provisions in Mr Gee's now celebrated scheme, or to the spirit which animated a speech to which we have listened this afternoon?

I ask leave now to say a few words on the existing situation in Wales. I shall not attempt on the present occasion to go into the details of statistics, but shall refer only to some general features of the case. The most important fact concerning the Established Church in Wales is the well-known one that in the course of this century she has experienced a great revival of activity, and that her progress in this respect continues. This is, indeed, admitted on all hands. I am content to quote one out of many Nonconformist testimonies. On November 20, 1883, a Conference on disestablishment was held at Carnarvon, when a Dissenting minister read a paper, afterwards published by the Liberation Society. He fully and fairly recognised the renewal of energy in the Church. He then said: 'I know that this revived activity in the Church is taken by some as an argument why we should leave the Church alone, and allow it to go on doing good; but I'—he added with great frankness—'but I take the argument

to be quite the reverse.' Would it be possible to find better confirmation of a remark made on Thursday last from this side of the House, that the present moment had been chosen for the attack, because it was seen that the Church was so rapidly gaining ground? In view of this progressive activity, why should it be beyond hope that the Church in Wales should gradually win back some at least of those who are now estranged from her, and establish with the rest a satisfactory *modus vivendi*? So natural is such a hope, that supporters of this or a similar measure have more than once felt constrained to notice it in this House;—it was referred to by Mr Watkin Williams in 1870, and last year by the Hon. Gentleman who then sat for Montgomeryshire [Lord Rendel];—but in each case the answer given was the same: it was summed up in the words 'Too late.' 'Too late' is a sorrowful answer, when the question is one of reconciliation between different Christian denominations; and I decline to accept those words as a final reply to such a question, without, at all events, further examination. My first reason for refusing to abandon the hope to which I have referred arises from the history of Nonconformity in Wales. I shall not adduce any recondite facts, but merely such elementary facts as are well-known, or can be learned from books accessible to all. What was the origin of Welsh Nonconformity? The Right Hon. Baronet, the Member for East Denbighshire (Sir George Osborne Morgan), once said in this House that the cause of Welsh Dissent could be summed up in two words, 'English Bishops': and, rightly understood, that statement is quite true, though it requires to be supplemented. Under the Tudors and Stuarts, when forty-four Welshmen in succession occupied sees in Wales, the Welsh people were well affected towards the Church. The change dated from the Revolution. Then began the policy of filling the Welsh sees with Englishmen, who not only were

ignorant of the Welsh language, but seldom had much sympathy with Welsh traditions. That was the cause which first estranged the Welsh people from the Church. But there was also another cause—the extreme poverty of the Church in Wales during the eighteenth century. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1890, states that in the year 1720 there were in the diocese of St David's no fewer than 233 livings of less value than £50 a year, and 154 of these were worth less than £30 a year. This penury necessarily crippled the work of the Church, and bred discontent. Along with these things came that torpor and apathy which unhappily was not peculiar at that period to the Church in Wales, but affected, more or less, the entire Church of England. It was under these circumstances that the old Welsh Methodism took its rise. That movement was begun by Welsh Churchmen; it arose within the Church; it remained within the Church; and it was always entirely friendly to the Church. In proof of that, it is enough to recall one or two of the names which to this day are household words in Wales. Daniel Rowlands lived and died a Churchman; so did Griffith Jones, the father, as he has been called, of national education in Wales, and the originator of the itinerant ministry; so did Howell Harris, the great lay preacher, who is buried, if I remember right, near the altar of the Church of Talgarth—by his own desire, because it was at the rails of that altar, he said, that he had first experienced a sense of his own shortcomings. Meanwhile, what was the position of Welsh Dissent? During the eighteenth century, Welsh Dissent, as distinguished from Welsh Methodism, was confined to small numbers of three denominations—Baptists, Independents and Presbyterians. Early in the present century (in 1811) came the great separation of Nonconformists from the Church in Wales; but that separation was not associated on the part of the Nonconformists with any such tone or

attitude towards the Church as we unfortunately now see in some Hon. Gentlemen opposite. Thomas Charles of Bala, who left the Church, retained, to his death in 1814, a strong affection for it. In 1834 the Methodists held a meeting at Bala, which was attended by some 500 preachers and elders from various parts of Wales. At this meeting a recommendation was proposed by a Methodist from Anglesea, and seconded by another from Pembrokeshire, which contained these words :—

'That we deeply lament the nature of that agitation, now so prevalent in this kingdom, and which avowedly has for its object the severing of the National Church from the State, and other changes in ecclesiastical affairs. We therefore are of opinion that it pertains not unto us to interfere in such matters ; and we strenuously enjoin upon every member of our connexion to meddle not with them that are given to change.'

I will add only one other illustration, which brings us to a still later date—the testimony of a witness who ought to carry weight with Hon. Gentlemen opposite, for he was in politics a strong Liberal ; in his early life he had suffered for his sympathy with Dissenters, in the matter of tests at the Universities ; he was one of the most eminent men who ever occupied the See of St David's; he had acquired, I believe, some knowledge of the Welsh language, and he certainly felt a deep interest in the Welsh people—I mean, of course, the scholar and historian, Connop Thirlwall. In June, 1869, he gave his vote in another place for the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, and prefaced that vote by a speech in which he incidentally touched on the alleged analogy between the case of Ireland and the case of Wales. He observed that in Wales Nonconformists were not divided, on any essential matter, from Churchmen, in a greater degree than some Churchmen were divided from others. I quote this remark for one purpose only: it shows that

Thirlwall, a man of singular candour, was wholly unconscious, in 1869, of any general hostility or bitterness towards the Church on the part of Nonconformists in Wales. The phrase, 'alien Church,' as applied to the Church in Wales, is, in truth, of very recent coinage. I can give the House a convincing proof of that. When Mr Watkin Williams, in 1870, introduced his Motion for disestablishment in Wales, he used these words:—

'The Church Establishment in Wales is an ancient and venerable institution. It is not, like the Church in Ireland, an alien Church, thrust upon the people by a conqueror and an oppressor. It is not, I think I am right in saying, regarded by the people with any feelings of hostility. Indeed, in many cases, it is regarded with feelings of veneration and affection.'

When the Right Hon. Baronet, the Member for East Denbighshire (Sir G. Osborne Morgan), employed the phrase 'alien Church' the other evening, he did not confine it to the historical sense of 'alien,' as denoting a Church of foreign origin, but also spoke of the Church as fundamentally foreign to the character and temper of the Welsh people: it was too 'cold' and 'formal' for them. In other words, he used the term 'alien' so as to include the sense of 'uncongenial.' Those words, I confess, rang strangely in my ears. I could not help wondering whether the Right Hon. Gentleman remembered how, in the last century, great congregations flocked together in Wales, from the mouth of the Conway to the mouth of the Wye—and to hear whom? To hear the founders and leaders of the old Welsh Methodism—clergymen of the Church of England, who used the Anglican Liturgy. It is recorded that the impressive voice of Daniel Rowlands was never heard with greater effect than when he recited the Litany of the Church: and by how many gravesides in Wales have not Welsh hearts been touched and Welsh sorrow soothed

by that most tender and pathetic of all religious formularies, the ritual which this 'cold and formal' Church has appointed for the burial of the dead? Then can hon. members opposite forget one signal benefit with which this 'alien Church' must be perpetually associated in the minds of Welshmen? They are justly proud of their native language; they regard it as a principal symbol of their nationality. The first complete version of the Scriptures in Welsh was brought out in 1588 by a clergyman of the Church of England, William Morgan, afterwards Bishop of St Asaph, who revised Salesbury's Welsh version of the New Testament, and prefixed to it his own translation of the Old. This work was produced under the auspices of the then Archbishop of Canterbury. And when, a generation later (in 1620), a revised edition of Morgan's Bible—that which is still, I believe, in general use—appeared, by whose aid was it brought out? By that of Parry, Morgan's successor in the See of St Asaph, and Dr John Davies, Rector of Mallwyd in Merionethshire. A Welsh scholar has described this version as 'the book which fixed the Welsh language, and is to all practical purposes the dictionary of the Welsh people.' Thus, at a moment when this language, rightly dear to Welshmen, was drooping and ready to perish, it was enshrined in its noblest literary monument by the action of that ancient Mother, that so-called 'alien Church,' against which, of recent days, it has too often been uplifted in reproach and calumny. Now I would say a word on a topic already touched on by my Right Hon. Friend the Leader of the Opposition (Mr A. J. Balfour). The Home Secretary, in his lucid explanation of the arrangements proposed with regard to the four Cathedrals in Wales, stated that, in the opinion of the Government, they 'ought to be treated as national monuments.' I must own that the phrase astonished me. The Cathedrals have never been used, and were never intended, for any other

purpose than the worship of the Church of England. If the Church in Wales is not a national but an alien Church, how can these monuments, the Cathedrals, be 'national'? Or if the meaning is that, when transferred to the new triumvirate, they will become national, why then 'monuments'?

I have now given one reason for the hope and the belief that a better understanding between Nonconformists and Churchmen in Wales is not so impossible as is assumed by Hon. Gentlemen opposite,—that reason, namely, which is suggested by the history of Welsh Nonconformity. My other reason is based upon the temper and tradition of the Anglican Church. The Church of England has had its shortcomings and failings, but at almost every period of its history it has known how to conciliate and attract; it has been an influence tending to soften the sharper conflicts of interests, to harmonise differences, to mitigate the causes of social strife, and to bring people of various classes and divergent opinions into relations of mutual goodwill, or at least of mutual forbearance. Look at the older and greater of the Nonconformist bodies in England at this day; their tendency is not in the direction of a wider separation in feeling from the Church; it is rather the reverse. Why should the same influence be doomed to perpetual sterility in Wales, and in Wales alone? If I were a Welshman, there is nothing that I should be more sorry to say, or to hear said, of my country, than that it was the only part of the United Kingdom where the conduct of the people was inaccessible to an agency of conciliation, and where their ears were for ever sealed against a message of peace.

Suppose this Bill becomes an Act, and the Church in Wales is disestablished and disendowed; in Wales the consequences will fall most heavily on the poor. I have not uttered a syllable in disparagement of Nonconformist ministration; but it is recognised, I believe, by many earnest Nonconformists that the Church in Wales, through

its parochial system, has been enabled to do a work which it was not in their own power to do. If this Bill passes into law, the possibilities of such parochial work will be greatly circumscribed; and the poor will be the chief sufferers. Again, the partial diversion to educational purposes of funds taken from the Church will not compensate the poorest classes in Wales for the extinction or disablement of the Church Voluntary Schools; in the diocese of Llandaff alone there are now 30,000 children at those schools. Then turn from Wales to England at large, and consider what the effect will be, if the principle of this Bill should be embodied in law. Every diocese not already disestablished and disendowed will thenceforth exist at the mercy of local agitation. It will only be necessary to show, or to allege, that in Cornwall or Yorkshire a local majority exists against the Established Church, and the diocese concerned must go. The Right Hon. Baronet, the Member for East Denbighshire, said in 1870:—

'I do not like this long agony of piecemeal disestablishment. It is like putting a man to death by tearing him limb from limb.'

Yes, it is like that—but with a difference. In ancient and in modern times we hear of men being slowly hacked to pieces; but that was not after a mere condemnation of a leg or an arm; it was after some sort of trial held, and some sort of judgment passed, on the person who was to be dismembered. I thank the House for the patience with which it has heard me—especially I thank those Hon. Gentlemen representing Wales from whom I differ so completely on this question; no word has fallen from me, I trust, which could embitter this great controversy: but I contend that, before this Bill pass into law, we who oppose it are entitled to ask that the Government should take the collective sense of the country upon the fate of the Church as a whole."

The Bill did not pass. Three important measures which the Government were bound to press stood in front of it. Its supporters were compelled to wait in expectation of better fortune next time.

On May 12th, Professor Jebb presided at an influential meeting in Cambridge and spoke again on the same subject; also on the 18th at a meeting of the *University Church Defence Society* of which he was President. On the 29th in response to an invitation from the Archbishop of Canterbury he joined a small committee formed by Dr Benson to consider and advise upon the steps to be taken to meet this Welsh Disestablishment Bill. "Although it may come to nothing," said the Archbishop, "we are not in the same position as before its formulation, and I think we ought to see our way to affecting opinion in the other direction by using it as a text."

The Church was much stirred by the attack on her position, and all over the country this summer meetings were held, at many of which Jebb was asked to speak. The points he most dwelt on in his speeches were these—that the benefits of the Established Church were not confined to her own members; that she was not endowed by the State but by the liberality of her own children; and that she was the especial heritage of the poorer classes.

The next time he had occasion to speak in the House was on the Cambridge Corporation Bill, on May 4th. It was a measure which settled many controversies between the town and the University; and his constituents were very anxious that it should

pass as it stood. The Bill had come before a Committee of the House as unopposed, but considerable opposition arose when the order for the Third Reading was discussed. However at the division the House declared for the Third Reading and the Bill finally became law. The Mayor of Cambridge thanked Professor Jebb for the help he had given in piloting the Bill through its last stages.

It grieved him that the output of his literary work was so slight, but when it is realized that he lectured steadily through the October and Lent Terms and fulfilled all the other duties of Regius Professor of Greek, in addition to parliamentary and public engagements, the wonder is that so much was done. In the beginning of the year 1894 he wrote an Essay on Lord Tennyson for Mr T. Humphry Ward's *English Poets* and the Introduction for his *Electra*, as well as an appendix and full index. After Parliament began and the many Committees —Church, Education, and Classical—started their regular meetings, what time was spared from these was given to composing speeches and addresses in answer to requests from constituents. Not till the end of July could he put pen to paper in the work he loved. I can almost hear the sigh of satisfaction with which he wrote in his diary on Saturday, July 28th: "Ajax, crit. notes 1–20. Ajax Com. 1—5"; and feel the pang of another entry on August 14th: "During this week suspended my work on Ajax, in order to write on the *Educational Power of Journalism* for the Institute of Journalists." The Institute

met in Cambridge this summer, and the article was an address to be given to them in the Hall of Trinity on their first evening.

The Christmas vacation was devoted to reading reports of the Assistant Commissioners and making notes for his own report, Part I. of the Report of the Secondary Education Commission.

On December 6th the diary records a great loss for us and the many who knew and loved Arthur Trevor Jebb. "Got up at 7.30 to work at lecture. At 9.30 C. sent for me. Telegram to say that Arthur was dead." His sister's husband had died of pneumonia at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. Mr Stanley Leighton, M.P., in speaking at a meeting in Ellesmere prefaced his remarks by a reference to this loss.

"A voice that I had hoped to hear to-night is silent now for ever, and we have lost a councillor and friend, who brought to the occupations of our country life, to business, and to amusement, an intellectual flavour, and an interesting individuality, which we shall sorely miss. His criticism was as kindly as it was keen. Arthur Jebb and I were educated at the same Oxford College of Balliol, and in early manhood were influenced by the same stimulating mental and moral forces. We did not always think alike but we always knew how to respect each other.

'A fugitive and gracious light he sought,
Shy to illumine; and we seek it too.
This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold.'

When we leave our home for the last time, may our record be blameless as his. A legacy to us his life-work has bequeathed, to discuss with candour difficult problems, and to use courtesy to our fellows in controversy."

At the first meeting of the Hellenic Society in 1895, its President paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the late Sir Charles Newton, who had been one of the Society's principal founders, and whose death had occurred since the last meeting. After sketching the chief events of Newton's life, Jebb dwelt upon what he had done for archaeology: "His many honours, academic or public, were prized by him in proportion as he took them to be recognitions, not merely of eminence generally but of success in the precise aims he had set before himself. The chief source of satisfaction to him in his later years was to think that classical archaeology had gained so much ground in England and that he had helped it forward; but this feeling was deeply tinged with melancholy; he thought of himself as the leader through the wilderness who was not to enter the promised land. There are minds perhaps in which a lifelong conversation with the past so confirms the habit of retrospect that the difficulties of earlier years always loom large even after later successes; so at least it seemed to be with him. But to others it will appear that however distant the point gained in his lifetime may have been from his ideal, still the cause to which he rendered such abundant service was already gained before he died."

Professor Jebb was elected a member of the Council of the Society of Antiquaries on February 14th.

In February the Scotch University Commission Ordinances were again the subject of debate. Jebb spoke on the 28th, and was told that his speech had won several votes for his side. A friend in Edinburgh wrote:

"From three different sources I heard to-day of your speech as the feature of the debate. One of my correspondents writes—'Jebb made a lovely speech, putting his points with the most beautiful delicacy and precision.' We owe you a world of thanks, and not now for the first time."

The vote went against the Government by a good majority.

When the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill came up for the second reading in March, Jebb again made one of his characteristic speeches. One point he dwelt on was the exact meaning of a word frequently used in the debate.

"Having followed these debates with great care, he thought that the word 'nation' had been used in two different senses, and that for the purpose of the present argument it was of the highest importance to distinguish between them. 'Nation' in the primary sense referred to the origin of a people; it was equivalent to 'race.' No well-informed person would deny that Wales contained the elements of a separate nationality, and that the marks of a separate nationality belonged to the majority of persons who now inhabit Wales. Those marks were—descent from that ancient Celtic race who were the earliest inhabitants of this island, the history and the geographical conditions

of Wales having contributed to preserve a continuous strain of British blood; a distinct character, and, to some extent, a distinct physical type; a language which, though not spoken by all who call themselves Welsh, was regarded by all with a just pride and affection; a considerable body of distinctive customs and traditions. The great Puritan poet of the Commonwealth had described the Welsh as 'An old and haughty people, proud in arms'; though when he said 'proud in arms,' Milton probably did not contemplate such a warfare as was now being waged. But 'nation' had also a political sense, relative to unity of government and allegiance; as, for example, when the High Court of Parliament was called 'the great Council of the nation.' It was in this sense that the Church was national, because it held a special relation to the State, not because its members were all, by descent, of one stock. But the argument from nationality, as used in these debates, had implied that the Welsh were a separate nation, not only in the racial sense, but in the political sense also—that was to say, that they had a right to deal with an institution common to England and Wales as if its fate could be determined by Wales alone[1]."

Life was very full for him at this time. Work was incessant, but none of it was slave's work. He was keenly interested in its every aspect. That illness should suddenly prostrate him when all his energies were in such full exercise was a hard fortune. On June 6th the diary records: "British School at Athens meeting. To-day caught the chill with which my long illness began."

He went to Farringford on the 7th notwithstanding, hoping benefit would come from the sea

[1] Hansard's *Parliamentary Reports*.

air, but was forced to take to his bed on arriving. He never forgot the devoted care Lady Tennyson gave him.

To THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN.

"ASHLEY GARDENS,
June 14th, 1895.

Please excuse my writing in pencil. I am confined to bed with rheumatism.....On Monday I was just able to travel up to London from Farringford, being *forced* to go to Cambridge on Tuesday for a meeting of examiners. On Tuesday evening, when I got back here, I was worse and have been in bed (except for an hour or two daily) since then. My doctor at first gave me hopes of being able to go to Oxford to-morrow; but my progress is slow; and this evening it was clear that the thing was impossible. There seems to be a fate against my bringing my wife to Magdalen. She is as much dissatisfied as I am, but there is no help for it. Illness could have come at no more unfortunate time, for besides the visit to Oxford, there are engagements on Monday at the House of Commons and elsewhere, which I may very likely have to break. I was looking forward to having a good talk with you about many things.

I am to be sent to Switzerland or some place of the kind in July, I believe. It is hard to realize that there are moments when the only sound economy of time is to be idle for a while. I am afraid I have reached such a moment...."

On Tuesday, the 18th, he insisted on going down to the House to move an amendment on the Welsh Bill with a view to preserving the four cathedrals to the Welsh Church. He made a speech recommending the amendment to the consideration of Mr Asquith, and had the great satisfaction, after a long debate, of its being accepted. Many letters of thanks and congratulation came to him on the success of this amendment.

Diary, Wednesday, June 19th. "Went to Commission, but was suffering so much from acute rheumatism that I had to leave at noon." He fretted very much at not being able to get to the House the next day, which proved to be the last day of the Welsh Bill in Committee.

A crisis was approaching for the Liberal Government. They were defeated on the 21st by a majority of seven on an amendment moved by Mr Brodrick. On Monday the resignation of Lord Rosebery's Ministry was formally announced by Sir William Harcourt, and on Wednesday Lord Salisbury accepted office. The dissolution came directly after.

Jebb was well enough to be present at a large meeting of the British School at Athens on July 9th. The meeting assembled in St James's Palace in response to an invitation from the Prince of Wales (now King Edward), who graciously took the chair. Of course money was urgently wanted—it is wanted still—but the speeches showed that in the course of its nine years of existence the School, though

contending with difficulties, had pursued the aims, and had in no small measure fulfilled the hopes, which were set before it at its inception. "Unfortunately, for want of funds, it could do little in the way of exploration," said Mr Egerton, the British Minister at Athens, "and in this respect it was not flattering to our national pride to mark the contrast with the activity of other schools."

On the 13th of July, Jebb, having been duly invited according to University etiquette to permit himself to be nominated, was for the third time elected, together with Sir John Gorst, to represent the University in Parliament.

Meanwhile the rheumatic attack which had been checked, not cured, returned with severity. After sending off Part I. of the Secondary Education Report now finally revised, he went to Aix-les-Bains for the remainder of the summer. This illness left him very much changed in appearance—not in the face, for that seemed to grow finer with every year of life—but in figure he was never straight again. The attack permanently stiffened one shoulder and produced a slight contraction on that side, which made walking for any considerable distance uncomfortable. In the course of his walks, which had hitherto been one of his chief pleasures, he had composed many of his Greek and Latin translations, as well as the Greek Ode for Bologna, and most of the inscriptions that were so frequently demanded of him. Mr William Clark remembers Professor

Jebb telling him that he had translated almost the whole of *Abt Vogler* in one long solitary walk, without a book. "I don't think I could believe this," adds the Headmaster of Eton, to whom the recollection was told, "of any other man that ever lived."

Some other method of exercise had to be found. Riding, one of the pleasures of his Glasgow days, was tried and proved as little suitable as walking. Then he was advised to get a tricycle, and here to our delight was found the perfect means. He could cycle for long distances with ease and enjoyment. He grew very fond of the exercise and would often join our cycling parties when we went far afield to see some church or point of interest. His health greatly benefited by so much fresh air in cheerful company. An account was carefully kept in his diary of each day's run and the month's total. At the end of the year the numbers were compared with those of the year before, and he was slightly unhappy unless the latest year was the winner in the competition.

The baths at Aix were of benefit to him; and a quiet September at home, of which the mornings were devoted to *Ajax* and the evenings to cycling, completed the cure. When term began he was able to do his University work and fulfil all engagements with no sense of strain. He had accepted the Presidency of the Teachers' Guild for 1896, and his first duty in the New Year was to give an address at the annual conference in January. In search of

a subject he consulted an old friend, Dr Storr, who wrote:

"I do not think you could improve upon the old but ever new theme of the 'Humanities.' You need have no fear of the scientists. All who are teachers and not fanatics will acknowledge with Huxley that literature must form the common basis and—to the end—a main ingredient of character. What I hope you will see your way to do is to treat the subject in relation to the Guild, i.e., to talk of the Humanities in connexion with democracy. We are a democratic body, embracing all sorts and conditions of men and women; I should like you to bring out how literature and not science is the connecting link between the different grades."

On March 16th Jebb spoke at the Mansion House on behalf of the East London Church Fund, at the request of Dr G. F. Browne, then Bishop of Stepney. Oddly enough, this little speech is mentioned in a letter from an old Scotch student, now a Scotch minister. After asking an inscription for a service of church plate, the writer continues:

"I don't know whether I have been guilty of presumption in this matter. I passed through the Greek Class of 1882–83, and I cannot help feeling that I stand related to you in a different way from those who never did so.

You probably have no idea how closely everything connected with your name is followed with keenest interest in many manses in Scotland. The only speeches in Parliament that are read greedily, with the complaint that there are not more of them, are those by you. Just lately a stray copy of the *Church Times* came into the house where I am staying, and the first thing read in it was a short speech by

you at the Bishop of Stepney's meeting. Mr Froude speaks somewhere of Carlyle's influence over him as being more than everything else: whatever he wrote he penned with Carlyle's judgment before him. I may say the same of your influence over my own mind. My experience is not singular in this; I have heard it expressed very strongly by many others who have been as fortunate as myself in coming through the Greek class in the years they did.

I remain,

Yours most respectfully,

JOHN C. WALKER."

CHAPTER XIV.

CONFERENCE ON SECONDARY EDUCATION. VISIT TO THE RIVIERA. VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS' GRANT BILL. SIR JOHN GORST'S EDUCATION BILL. BURIAL GROUNDS COMMITTEE.

1896—1898.

THE new Parliament met on February 13th, 1896, with Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister. On the 31st of March, Sir John Gorst, Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, introduced an Education Bill in a lucid and able speech. It found many friends among the organizations devoted to education. The National Union of Teachers gave it almost unqualified approval, and indulged in prophecies of the good that would follow its adoption.

The fate of the Bill is an old story now. It failed then as other Education Bills have failed since. To attempt to explain its provisions here would be needless, but something must be said of it as part of the parliamentary life of Richard Jebb. Keenly interested in its success, he spoke on both the first and second readings, the second speech being held

by some to be the finest he had yet delivered in the House. It was described as a "masterly vindication of the principle and scheme of the Bill—all the more weighty and effective because conjoint with a considerable amount of trenchant and independent criticism of questions of detail." Mr Haldane, who rose when Jebb sat down, said,

"The House had listened to two speeches from the benches behind the Government, both of them by remarkable men[1], both of them characterised by unusual felicity of diction and both in defence of the Bill, though in different ways. The speech to which they had just listened was that of an honourable member who represented a University constituency—the very hotbed of the old Toryism—but it was one which might have been made by an Old Liberal."

Diary, June 22nd. "Mr Balfour announced in the House that the Bill was withdrawn. He moved 'that Mr Lowther do now leave the chair.' Debate closed at 9.45 p.m. The Education Bill was dead."

During the Whitsuntide holidays, Jebb was again laid aside by an attack of iritis. This affection, attributed by the doctors to the rheumatic habit, had in his case a cause much more simple—namely the effect on the eyes of cycling in high winds and rough weather. When he protected the eyes, the attacks ceased altogether and we were relieved from a great anxiety. His eyes were really unusually strong and serviceable. It was a diversion in his illness to receive a letter which had nothing to do with either work or worry.

[1] Sir Edward Clarke made the other speech.

From Sir M. E. Grant Duff.

"*June* 10*th*, 1896.

Dear Jebb,

You will have received, I suppose, ere this reaches you, the announcement of your election as member of *The Club* in the quaint old form suggested by Gibbon, and which is always despatched by the chairman of the night... I was sorry to hear last night from Acton that you were suffering from your eyes. I am selfish enough to hope that your trouble will not prevent you and Mrs Jebb from being at Magdalen with the Warrens on the 13th. I am going there with my daughter, and have been told that we may expect to meet you.

Yours very sincerely,

M. E. Grant Duff."

This Society has a distinguished history. It was founded as a dining club by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr Johnson in 1764. The names of its original members are familiar to us as household words, and at the present day it perhaps stands first among societies of its kind in London. It possesses two portraits of its founders: one of Sir Joshua presented by his niece, the Marchioness of Thomond; and one of Dr Johnson, a copy of the Peel portrait in the National Gallery. The total number of members down to 1896 was only two hundred and two.

In August he permitted himself a short holiday, and we went to stay for a week at Cromer with our friend, Mrs Locker Lampson. It was delightful to see how completely for the time he forgot the existence of such things as Committees and Bills, and even Greek texts; how he shared in all the

amusements of the large house-party, the expeditions by day, the bright talk, the music, the games in the evenings, and was even one of the chief actors in the charades—wisely taking the benefit of a complete rest from his ordinary occupations.

In October he was elected a Member of the Council of the Senate, his name being on the lists of both academical parties. The meetings of the Council are held on Monday morning, which made it possible for him to attend them and yet be in town in time for the House of Commons. He also became chairman of the Joint Committee of Associations interested in Secondary Education.

On the 11th of November he went to London to attend the special Committee on the Benefices Bill, who were to receive a deputation from the Church Reform League. He had often been on deputations, but this was the first time it fell to his lot to receive one. He came down by the last train, gave a lecture at noon the next day in his class-room, had luncheon in his brougham—his wife like the wives of other labouring men brought it to him—and caught the 1.23 train back to London, where his presence was due at a meeting of an educational committee which met on two consecutive days in every fortnight. Never had he known an autumn so full of engagements, both at Cambridge and London.

But Christmas was coming. He attended a Committee on the 9th of December, and on the 10th

we crossed the Channel. From this year dates our custom of spending the Christmas vacation always at one place. On the hillside above Monte Carlo we found a hotel that exactly suited us, sheltered by the mountain on three sides, with the sunny Mediterranean on the one exposed side. He felt that here, if anywhere, was an escape from the chills that brought on rheumatism. We chose rooms on the steep side of the hotel, facing south and furnished with French windows opening out on a large marble portico with broad marble steps—a specially designed burglar's staircase he called it—leading down through a garden filled with orange-trees and roses to a gate which opened directly on the road. We could go and come unseen by the array of porters and boys in gilt buttons who always spring to attention when anyone passes through the front entrance of a foreign hotel. Even such a little thing made a great difference in his comfort. The attack of rheumatism which had caused us to leave Nice and seek a more sheltered spot was rapidly disappearing when he wrote to his sister.

"Hôtel Prince de Galles,
près d'une montagne,
le 31 *Déc.*, 1896.

Ma très-chère sœur,

Quand je serai de retour en Angleterre, je vous enverrai ma contribution pour notre cher indigent. En ce moment, ma très-chère sœur, je me trouve dans un état de pauvreté si pénible que je

ne puis pas le faire—du tout, du tout, du tout! Vous ne voudriez pas, je le crois bien, me livrer aux petits soins de l'administration monégasque.

Recevez nos vœux les plus chaleureux pour le jour de l'an—vous et vos chers enfans. Mon neveu m'a écrit de lettres charmantes, que je garde dans mon livre de 'Servanda.' Je souffre du rhumatisme, et j'emploie depuis mardi les services d'un masseur suédois, qui me fait pousser les cris d'un porc transfixé. Alors, quand le suédois est parti, Mde. ma femme, qui occupe la chambre voisine, se présente à la porte, et m'accable d'injures pour mon peu de héroisme. Elle me raconte l'histoire du jeune homme de Sparte, qui portait le renard sous son manteau. Mais que voulez-vous? Moi, je n'appartiens pas à Sparte; je suis d'Athènes.

Nous comptons de quitter cet endroit charmant samedi le 15 janvier. Ici se trouvent à présent le Speaker, le Chief Justice, et tout ce qu'il y a de plus respectable; rien ne nous manque qu'un archevêque. Ta belle-sœur te salue et tes enfans.

Ton frère dévoué,

RICHARD."

He called the hotel our "Villa on the Riviera" and always looked forward with pleasure to the weeks to be spent there. A vivid picture comes to me now of his gay spirits when the journey was over and we took possession of our accustomed rooms. "What is the first thing we do? We unpack. Allons!" he would say. The habit of a pleasure

was to him one of the most delightful things about it. We always followed as exactly as possible the routine of the year before. We knew the first walk we would take in the morning, the particular *café* that would have the privilege of giving us tea after our first concert, the newspapers we would order. Even our *arrangement* with the hotel went on year after year with no fresh word said. In our walks one villa had struck us as particularly suited to our tastes, and we decided to buy it when we were old and he had resigned his Professorship. So it was another custom, early in our visit, to go past the villa and inspect it closely, to see if it was occupied or empty, and if the garden was still trim and well kept. It stood high on the hill and was easily seen from the windows of the railway carriage. On our return journey we always looked up over the olive trees to catch a last glimpse of it and to bid it good-bye.

Professor Jebb spoke in the House on the Voluntary Schools' Grant Bill in February 1897. The speech attracted considerable notice at the time, and called forth a bit of his parliamentary biography. The *Daily Telegraph* said:

"Professor Jebb entered the House at a rather late period of life. He remained silent and in the background for some time, but one night he got up in an empty House and delivered a speech on Scotch Universities' Ordinances. The papers made no report of it and three fourths of the Members never heard a word of it; but if a man makes a good speech, it gets around pretty quickly. The few people who heard him were immensely struck with his

speech, and, from that time, his reputation was made. Last night he delivered the ablest defence of the Government, slightly academic in tone, but clear, bold, and with the blessed gift of originality of thought and eloquence of language."

Mr Balfour alluded to this speech later in the Debate.

"My hon. friend the Member for Cambridge University who spoke on the first night of the introduction of the Bill put the whole argument in a nutshell when he reminded the House that the contribution from the rates (for Voluntary Schools) was a good reason for giving ratepayers control, and that contributions from taxes was a good reason for giving the representatives of taxpayers control, but that contributions from taxes gave no right to the ratepayers, and contributions from the rates gave no right to the general taxpayers."

Jebb spoke again in the discussion on the second reading of the Bill on February 16th. The reading was carried by a large majority. Certainly this session there were no grounds for the accusation so often brought against him that he spoke too seldom in the House. He spoke at some length in favour of the Women's Suffrage Bill, brought in by Mr Faithfull Begg on February 3rd.

To HIS WIFE.

"*March* 16, 1897.

You will have seen that I am reported in the *Times* leader to-day as having intervened effectively in the debate last night. The question was whether

Teachers in Voluntary Schools should be put on the new Associations. Courtney went against the Government as usual, urging that they should be put on, to our inconvenience. Hobhouse backed him up. This was too much for your Ancient, who came to the rescue. But the most interesting thing happened in the lobby at the division. A. and B. taunted me with having contradicted Balfour, because I said that the only function of the Associations under the Bill was to advise the Department about distributing the grant, whereas Balfour (they alleged) had said that the Associations were to have other educational functions also. Of course I knew I had not contradicted Balfour's view; for what Balfour and I had both said (in the previous debates) was merely that the Associations would *indirectly* tend to educational efficiency and zeal by bringing the managers together and leading them to compare notes about their schools, and to take common counsel and action. But I thought I would ask Balfour himself in the lobby. So I said (in effect) to him: 'Are you conscious of any conflict between our views?' His answer was remarkable and gave me extreme pleasure. He replied:—'Absolutely not: you have seen eye to eye with me all through about this, so much so, that on the first night, when you spoke, I said to someone on the Treasury Bench, "he must have seen the Bill before": had you seen it?' I said, 'No.' And then he went on:—'It is a great satisfaction to me, as my statement was found fault with as wanting in clearness.'"

To HIS WIFE.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS,
March 18th, 1897.

You may have seen that I have said a few words again yesterday. I am reported verbatim. The reason I spoke was that Hobhouse, Gray, Courtney, and Lord Cranborne were all urging the amendment from our side against the Government and I wanted to redress the balance a little.....We were asked to the Hicks Beach's evening party but I could not go because my toast at the Irish dinner came last and I got away only at 11.30. I did adequately in my little speech there—no more.

Yesterday Lord Stanley came to me in the House and said that I was wanted to go down to Manchester and speak at a large meeting about the Education Bill, as Sir H. Fowler's speech some days before had done mischief. I took till to-day to consider. Gorst strongly advises me to go. He thinks it is an opportunity to help. I wish I had you here to consult. I don't think I could exist here long without you. Don't come up on Thursday evening, though, if you feel 'like staying,' as you would say. The Ancient will understand and he does not want to spoil his wife's outing."

Considerable friction had existed for some time between members of the clergy and dissenting bodies concerning burial rites in the parish churchyards. It was thought that if a Committee were appointed with full powers to take evidence and enquire into

the facts and also the law of the subject, they might arrive at a reasonable settlement acceptable to both parties in the House. Lord Cranborne (now Lord Salisbury) wrote pressing Jebb to be Chairman of this Select Committee.

"Now comes the naming of the members and, most important of all, the Chairman. In this important position we want not only a man of distinction but a friend, and a man of courage without being a firebrand. As you fulfil these most difficult conditions, may I beg you to accept the post. I have full powers to act. Now please do!"

Jebb was glad to be of use, and willingly accepted the position.

In July when the Queen completed sixty years of her reign, the Universities presented addresses of congratulation to Her Majesty. That from Cambridge was first drafted by Professor Jebb, and then submitted to the Master of Trinity for criticism; the final form was determined upon by Jebb.

A statutory Commission was appointed this summer by the Government to make recommendations with respect to the reconstitution of the University of London. Lord Davy was appointed Chairman and Professor Jebb one of the Commissioners. He was already a Fellow of the University and took much interest in the new scheme.

In August he was free to turn again for a time to scholarship. He was eager to study the newly discovered fragments of the Greek poet Bacchylides, sent to him by Mr Kenyon of the British Museum,

who was preparing them for publication. When the fragments were put together, the manuscript was so full of gaps that it presented a series of riddles for an acute mind to solve, rather than poems to be enjoyed; and Jebb always liked thinking out riddles. He also had in hand new editions of the first two volumes of his *Sophocles*, and an introduction to the Greek Text of that author which he was preparing for publication.

Of our week-end visits this summer that to Somerhill, once the home of Horace Walpole and now the residence of Mr d'Avigdor Goldsmid, was particularly interesting. It was the hop-picking season, and our host took us to the fields where men, women, and children were gathering the graceful clusters into huge baskets, and then to the machine-house where the remorseless machinery was crushing their airy beauty into solid masses of mere material. Professor Jebb, who had never before been among hop vines, spent every disengaged moment in the fields, watching the workers with eyes which saw the poetry even more than the drudgery of their task.

When evening came and we were all commanded to write Acrostics, his was suggested by the day's experience.

"While life is in my First! what beauty decks
That slender shape! But death transforms the life
To power which cheers or darkens, builds or wrecks,
Makes rich or poor, gives strength, peace, weakness, strife.

In days gone by, my Second lent her name
To one whose daughter all the years shall bless.
My First adorns my Second's crown of fame;
My First completes my Second's loveliness."

Lights.

1. A being, this, whose dignity
Hangs on the number of his feet:
With two, he is a wretched drudge;
With four, smart, valuable and fleet.

2. Athletes and bathers used to think me good;
And still I can supply both light and food.

3. Fierce tribesman of the hills, a clear, stern voice
Calls thee: Be friend or foe, but make thy choice.

4. A mighty master bore his people's name,
And linked that people's glory with his fame.

It was a curious accident that when he chanced this same evening to open a book on the drawing-room table, the *Letters of William Cory*, the first words his eye fell upon were these:

"*May 12th*, 1886.

I find I can teach much better than I could twenty or thirty years ago, partly because I have, by reading, learnt more English and have profited by the wonderful superiority of the Jebb race of scholars to those of my own day."

In the beginning of 1898 a good deal of his time was taken up by classical affairs in the University and in particular by the reform of the Classical Tripos. He had presided at a last meeting of the Classical Tripos Committee in October 1897 when

the Report was signed. This Report was now submitted to the Classical Board for consideration by that larger body. The meetings were many and long. That on March 1st, says the Diary, lasted from 2.15 p.m. to 5.15. As Jebb had to be in London that night, this note is probably the expression of some impatience.

He was now a member also of the Standing Committee on Law, one of sixteen additional members put on when the two Benefices Bills were referred to this Committee. He was present at the first meeting for the discussion of these Bills on March 15th. Thereafter meetings were held twice a week, from noon until the House met in the afternoon.

Education was still before the House. His first speech in 1898 was to second a motion of Sir John Lubbock proposing to assimilate the English Education Code in some respects to that adopted in Scotland, where the elementary schools seem to produce better results than in England. Sir John Gorst opposed the motion, explaining that in Scotland these schools had older children and better teachers. After a long discussion the motion was withdrawn. Jebb also spoke at a meeting of the Church Defence Committee on March 29th, to second the first resolution proposed by Lord Cranbrook. This resolution assured the Government of the hearty support of the Committee, in its determination to pass the Benefices Bill into law. In ending his speech, he drew attention to the fact that the first Benefices Bill was intro-

duced by a private member, Mr Lyttelton. Certain modifications of the Government measure were incorporated into it from Mr Lyttelton's Bill, though not of such a character as in any way to alter its scope or general nature. "I advert to this fact," he added, "because I think it is fair to remember that the efforts of private members, mostly members of the Church Parliamentary Party, for several years back, have not been wasted—the efforts they have devoted to bringing this subject forward. I can say that, because I am not one who has borne any leading part in those endeavours, although I have always most strenuously supported them. You may remember that in 1896 a private Bill on Church Benefices was brought in by Lord Cranborne. It passed successfully through the Standing Committee on Law; we thought it had almost entered harbour, but it was lost on the report stage in the House of Commons. Happily, this year, it is a Government Bill which will come to the trial of the report stage in the House, and there should be little doubt that it will be passed into law."

The Easter vacation was spent by Jebb at Cambridge in a persistent struggle against an attack of rheumatism which he sought to cure by cycling. The remedy was painful, but he was of the stuff that makes martyrs. "C. and I cycled round Grantchester, very painful," says the diary of April 7th, and on the 8th, "C. and I cycled on Barton road. My rheumatism, though still bad, was not quite so bad as yesterday." At first the exercise seemed to

promise a cure; but when rain came later, the record is "rheumatism worse again to-day—a disappointment after the late improvement. Cycled again with C. but in great discomfort from pain in left side." Recovery, though slow, came before Parliament required his presence in town.

The Burial Grounds Committee, which had been appointed at the end of the last session, met for the first time on April 26th. Professor Jebb was elected chairman and other preliminaries were settled. Many meetings were held, the last being on July 27th, when the report was signed. How the Bill fared is told by Mr Carvell Williams in a letter written in 1905.

To THE EDITOR OF THE *Times*.

"*December 13th.*

SIR,

I should like to bear my testimony in your columns to the conciliatory spirit manifested by the late Sir Richard Jebb in the conduct of the inquiry in 1898 into the alleged grievances of Nonconformists arising out of the operation of the Burial Acts. Under his courteous chairmanship it was possible to collect a large amount of evidence of so conclusive a character that Mr Jebb—he was not Sir Richard then—drafted the report, much to my surprise, in such a way that its statements and proposals could be assented to by the Church and Conservative and the Nonconformist sections of the committee.

Subsequently the late Government brought in a Bill which adopted in their entirety the committee's recommendations, which was carried without opposition. Since it came into operation in 1900 there has been a marked

diminution of the difficulties previously experienced in providing new cemeteries; and when the vested interests respected by the Act have died out there will be a further abolition of clerical burial fees in cemeteries, ministers of all sorts being paid only for services actually rendered.

Your obedient servant,

J. Carvell Williams."

CHAPTER XV.

DEATH OF MR GLADSTONE. SPEECH ON THE RATING OF CLERGYMEN. LETTERS. ROMANES LECTURE. WAR. CONSULTATION'S COMMITTEE. KNIGHTHOOD.

1898—1900.

On May 19th a great light went out. Mr Gladstone died at Hawarden in his 89th year. The House adjourned that day in respect to his memory. The next day a motion was passed for a public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey.

To his Wife.

"Oxford and Cambridge Club,
May 28th, 1898.

.....Behold! I enclose certain cards and also an invitation from the X.'s for Monday, when we are engaged to dine with the Priestleys: so I have written (not on Club paper but on your's and in a ladylike hand) and declined the X.'s. Don't you bless me?

Went to Westminster Hall: *very* impressive in its simplicity: stayed over an hour, watching the

crowd. Coming back I was stopped by the Marquis of —— in a pot hat and smoking a cigar, who asked me about it, and remarked that he thought Lord Salisbury had said the right thing about 'the great Christian Man'—'because, if he had said more, it would have looked like humbug.' Simple, but true and sound criticism. I thought it very characteristic of the better side of the English of his class."

On June 6th the second reading of the Finance Bill came up for discussion in the House, and Jebb spoke earnestly of the serious injustice suffered by the clergy under the present system of rating, considering the great fall in the value of tithe. "Not until it was disproved that the clergy suffered under an exceptional grievance, such as was suffered by no other branch of the community, could it be denied that it was their right to come to that House and ask for the redress of a great wrong. The clergy did not come *in forma pauperis*. They asked for their bare rights as citizens —and nothing more. The wholly exceptional burdens under which they laboured must interfere with their opportunities and with the power of discharging their duties. They must also interfere with their energy." He spoke strongly of the difficulty of finding able men willing to enter a profession so overburdened. "Clergymen cannot afford to send their sons to the University so commonly as in former days, nor, when they did come up, could the sons afford to choose their father's profession."

The London University Bill was carried on June 15th without a division. Jebb was precluded from speaking on it, as he was one of the members of the Commission to be appointed. The *Times* said:

"It would have been gratifying to hear Mr Jebb's vindication of a Bill which he approves so heartily that he has undertaken the arduous though unpaid duty of framing the system under which it is to be carried out in detail."

On the 20th he was one of a number of members of Parliament who went to Portsmouth on a visit of inspection to the dockyard; he much enjoyed this experience.

To HIS WIFE.

"*June 20th*, 1898.

.....Went to Portsmouth and saw everything; fully qualified to command modern warship. Awful hay-fever in train on Sunday,—and to-day too: it was the one drawback to my pleasure in the trip. What a plague it is; last year I had hardly anything of it.

The Benefices Bill drags its weary length along. I was paired till 9 p.m. and have already had one division this evening: will have more.....

Your most affectionate

R. C. JEBB, R.N."

To HIS WIFE.

"*July 12th*, 1898.

After a long day of toil, I am going to indulge myself in the luxury of writing to my wife. I went

yesterday evening after an early dinner at the House to Toynbee Hall by the Underground, arriving there at 7.40. There was a large drawing-room meeting of representative people interested in the Pupil Teacher question,—including Mr McCarthy, the Chairman of the Birmingham School Board. I did not make an opening speech, but only a few short remarks—as the time was so short—and then turned on the first speaker, Mr Ernest Gray, M.P. (Johnny's friend). About five or six other people spoke, and we finished soon after ten o'clock. Before leaving Toynbee Hall—in fact while talking to Mr McCarthy—I realised the awful fact that I had NOT GOT MY LATCHKEY. And I had to go back to the House till 12! When released from my duties there, I hurried to Sloane Street, where I arrived at 12.15. Knocked and rang. No answer. Knocked and rang again. At length Hanksius appeared in *deshabille*, and I made my excuses for having called him up. He was angelic, and this morning gave me another latchkey—for mine was not to be found.

I went to my Committee this morning. We sat from 12 till 4, with 20 minutes for luncheon, and agreed on a good many points for the Report.—Then I had to write out a long revised memorandum on those points for the printers, which took me till about 5.45. Then went (after a division) to the House of Lords, and was in time to hear the Duke defend Johnny. (I was in the Commons' gallery.) It was *admirably* done—loyal, chivalrous, generous, and all

this without concealing his disapproval of what Gorst had said (quoting from an Inspector) against squires and parsons. Then Lord Londonderry got up, and, after congratulating Johnny on having such a defender, pitched into him with great severity. I heard the noble Marquis say to a friend as he left the House that the onslaught on Voluntary Schools had 'made his blood boil.' Next came Lord Halifax with a few words, and Lord Kimberley finished the debate. All this time Johnny (by his right as a Privy Councillor) was on the steps of the throne,—at first standing, afterwards sitting. I saw 'Toby, M.P.' who writes the *Punch* letter, in the gallery, watching him. It was a very interesting, almost a dramatic scene. The net result of it will be to make the whole affair seem *bigger*. The House of Lords was crowded, at the bar and in the Commons' gallery, with visitors from the other chamber, and there were many ladies. The papers will have leading articles. But I think Johnny is all right: though there will be a great deal of talk.

Balfour came and sat down by me in the Tea Room yesterday, and talked in a very cordial way. He certainly is gifted with a great charm of manner.

To-morrow I go with Boscawen to Tunbridge Wells, to stay the night. I have got all the bones for my speech.

The Report will, I see, be a heavy job. They have settled now that I am to present it on Monday, the 25th: some of them could not come on Friday,

the 22nd. That means that I shall not be free before July 31st."

To HIS WIFE.

"*July 22nd*, 1898.

I was *so* glad to get your letter this morning. I, too, had a hard day yesterday. At first I had meant to give up going to Godalming for the meeting of the Charterhouse General Board, but in the morning I determined to go, as I had sent off the first part of my Report to the printers on Wednesday afternoon, and could not finish the rest until a meeting of the Church members of the Committee had been held, which was fixed for 5.30 p.m. yesterday. So I went by the 10.15 a.m. train from Waterloo to Godalming, and got there at 11.55. The General Board met at 12.15. Haig Brown was in the chair, and Rendall, the new Headmaster, was there. After lunching with the Rendalls (she is nice), I returned to town with another Governor, Lord Rollo—a pleasant elderly gentleman, once at Trinity, who had been *everywhere* on the Riviera apparently, except at the 'Mountain,' which we never mentioned. The train was only about half an hour late, which is good for the South Western, and I was at the House by 5. After tea, we had our meeting at 5.30,—Lord Cranborne in the chair,—and decided on the scheme for commuting ecclesiastical fees in cemeteries which we are to support. Then I went to my secluded gallery (in which I am now writing), and worked at my Report from 7 till 11.30 (after tea and toast, for I knew

that dinner would make me too dyspeptic, and I had practically dined at luncheon). My work was frequently interrupted by divisions, but fortunately we were usually Noes, and from the No lobby you can get into my gallery directly you have passed the tellers, without waiting for 'Unlock.' At 11.30 I had sent off my MS. (the last batch) in a registered letter to the printers, and went to the smoking room, where I had a cigar, and met my dear old Scotch friend[1]. X. came to talk to me. He said one thing that interested me. The Government want to bring in a Bill for a Roman Catholic University for Ireland, but would be glad (X. thought) if private members of some standing would give them a lead; and X. proposed that he, Courtney, I, and perhaps one or two others, should bring in such a Bill. We should be assured of Balfour's support. We are to talk about it in the autumn. I like the idea.

I have been working all the morning at correcting my proofs, and have sent off the first batch. More will come this evening, but I can dine all right to-day."

"*Tuesday, July 26th*, 1898.

I was so glad to get your letter this morning, and I wrote at once to Lord Walsingham, to say that we should be delighted to see him from August 23rd to 26th.

My report was *very* well received by both sides: indeed, I am very much gratified by the cordial things

[1] An alias for whisky and soda.

that have been said to me by Nonconformists and Churchpeople alike. The publication of the summary of our recommendations in the *Times* to-day was a piece of sharp practice on the part of their lobby correspondent, who must have obtained possession of the document, with 'Private and Confidential' printed on it. Indignation is felt by our Committee as a whole, but we fear that some member of the body may have been indiscreet; it is improbable that the printers are to blame. Other Committees have suffered from the same cause, and the notice of the House has often been drawn to it, but no way of preventing the evil has been discovered. C. moved, to-day, an addition to the Report which caused the first division that has occurred; but there was no possibility of preventing it. We (the Churchmen on the Committee) would have been in a difficulty if we had resisted him, as he is our leader in the House. I did what I could to avert the division, but in vain, though I was supported by the real feeling of our majority. To-morrow we meet (probably for the last time), to settle the question about fees and compensation. This is the real *crux*, and on this it is impracticable to obtain unanimity. Still, as no minority report has been presented, our report will go to the House as unanimous, and the division of feeling on certain points will be formally expressed only when the Government bring in a Bill on our report next year. On the whole, I look back with satisfaction on this piece of work. Both sides have expressed to me in warm terms their appreciation of my work

as chairman, and I have the satisfaction of thinking that I have contributed to the harmonious working of our committee, and to the arrival at a result which will go far towards settling a burning question.

On Thursday I go to Croydon to stay with Brodie for the night; on Friday morning I give his prizes, and on that afternoon return to London."

To HIS WIFE.

"*July 27th*, 1898.

It is a relieved and more or less cheerful Ancient who writes to you. We actually finished our Report this morning, at the third sitting, and at 1.15 p.m. (we met at 11) our labours were over! At the end, a vote of thanks to me was moved by a Nonconformist, seconded by a Churchman, supported by others on both sides, and carried unanimously. I was praised for my draft report,—for my 'suavity and impartiality' in the Chair, and for other qualities too familiar to my wife to require recapitulation in this place. Aweel. I then went over the corrections etc. with the Clerk (a process which I have performed daily), and then the Clerk furnished me, after the quaint custom of the House, with a 'dummy' Report, —simply a blank sheet of paper, folded, endorsed 'Report' &c., and tied with a green ribbon. This I handed in to the Clerk at the Table; that is 'presenting' the Report to the House. The real Report, as finally passed, will be circulated next week. It will cause lively interest in funereal circles throughout the country. So my labours are ended. Every-

body says that there never was a committee on such a controversial subject whose proceedings from first to last were so entirely harmonious. Probably I may have the chance of other such jobs in the future. I feel much more interest in the House since I have had this work to do, because it is not like making an ephemeral little speech; you feel that you are doing some solid work which is practically useful, and which will stand on record.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has asked me to be one of two members of the House of Commons who, with two peers, are to serve on an Educational Committee of the National Society about pupil teachers. It will not meet till the end of October, and as I already know the subject in outline (it was the subject of the meeting at Toynbee Hall), it will not give me much trouble."

Professor Jebb's name was on the list of speakers at the Church Congress which was to meet this year at Bradford at the end of September. His acceptance of the invitation had been conditional; but letters came to him from the Bishop of Ripon and others urging him to come:—"As a matter of fact we are not sure of either Lord Shaftesbury or Mr Gerald Balfour and we really regard you as our chief speaker on the subject. Please—please—do not fail us," wrote the Bishop—and he could not find it in his heart to refuse. The Diary of September 22nd says: "No time for cycling to-day. First day I have missed since August 8th. Worked all day at

writing address for Bradford." The Congress was not till the 29th, but we intended, while in the North and before the Congress, to go to Wallington, the Northumberland seat of his old friend Sir George Trevelyan, whom he had long wished to visit. The subject of his address was "Our Imperial Policy." It is much too long to give even in epitome, but the first paragraph may perhaps interest the reader.

"It has been said by an able writer that the national virtues of the Anglo-Saxon have their mainspring in a sense of duty, as those of the Frenchman in a power of sympathy. The Englishman is perhaps rather apt to be unsympathetic and unappreciative; but he is resolute in pursuing the course which he believes to be right. I have sometimes thought that a good imaginary dialogue on Colonisation might be furnished by a conversation between two persons who, knowing the English and the French type of character, are discussing (at some bygone period) which of the two is the more likely to succeed in colonial enterprise and in the work of governing alien races. How plausible it would have seemed to predict that the greater success would inevitably fall to the more sympathetic character, to that expansive genius which can seize and expound foreign ideas,—especially when joined, as it is in the French, to a brilliant courage and to a gift for logical organisation. The Anglo-Saxon, it might have been urged, would fail, through his unsympathetic nature, in understanding or conciliating those among whom he settled or whom he strove to rule. Experience has shown, however, that the Anglo-Saxon qualities do very well for Colonial and Imperial purposes. The truth is that the elementary functions of Government, especially that of

protecting life and property, are far the most generally important to the governed. Most people care more about having reasonable security against being robbed or murdered than about meeting with a graceful appreciation of their finer gifts. The Englishman has succeeded by dint of his dogged resolve to maintain law and order, and to see justice done, wherever he undertakes to govern. And it is quite in keeping with the earnestness of the English character, that, in our earliest colonising days, such enterprise was regularly associated with the idea of enlarging the bounds of Christendom. This is expressly recognised, for instance, in the charters given to Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh. When Barbados was granted in 1627 to Lord Carlisle, the charter stated that this was done, not only for the purpose of 'enlarging his Majesty's dominions,' but also for that of 'propagating the Christian faith.' Yet it is natural,—indeed, it was inevitable—that a sense of the moral responsibilities which Empire imposes should have come to Englishmen only by degrees,—after the first rough work of planting colonies and building up power had been done. Only then, when Englishmen surveyed the result from a central point of view, could they adequately realise the duties which such a heritage involves."

In November he accepted another invitation to give an address.

To THE PRESIDENT, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"*Nov. 22nd*, 1898.

Many thanks for your letter. I feel greatly honoured by the Vice-Chancellor's kind invitation to give the Romanes Lecture, but I tremble a little when I think of predecessors and critics, friendly though I am sure the latter will be. I have

been reading Gladstone's Romanes Lecture. The subject was too vast, but the ability and industry shown in it are truly marvellous, when one remembers the time at which he wrote. I was struck by his perfect and chivalrous courtesy to the sister University. 'O si sic omnia.'

The London University Commission is just beginning its sittings—and—as you may suppose—I have no superabundance of leisure just now. Among other things a movement is going on here for modifying our Classical Tripos: it will possibly reach some definite result next term. I hear that at Oxford something of the same kind (or at least in regard to the same studies) has been mooted, but that no action has yet been taken.

I have an article in the *Quarterly Review* for October on the Catalogue of Printed Books in the British Museum, a *vox clamantis in deserto*—uttered on behalf of some men of letters who have the idea of reprinting very much at heart. Of course I knew from the first that it was a forlorn cause; but there seemed to be no harm in stating it."

Many things came to an end on December 9th, Full Term among the rest. The Diary says: "Finished the first draft of article on Greek Literature for *Greek Aids* and took MS. to Press. Finished redrafting of the Regulations for Classical Tripos. Went to Pitt Press Syndicate at 2.30 p.m., and at 5 p.m. to Commemoration Service in Trinity Chapel. Day ended with commemoration dinner in Hall."

The next day we started on our journey to the Riviera. The first letter forwarded to him after our arrival at "The Villa" was very gratifying. Honorary degrees had long ceased to be exciting, but to be made Professor of Ancient History at the Royal Academy of Arts was of quite another colour. The distinction gave all the more pleasure for being so entirely unexpected. It involved neither emoluments nor duties and did involve several privileges.

"Royal Academy,
December 13th, 1898.

Sir,

I have the honour to inform you that at a meeting held on the 5th inst., your name was submitted by the President to fill the office of Honorary Professor of Ancient History rendered vacant by the death of the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, and was unanimously approved.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Fred. A. Eaton,
Secretary."

There are only four honorary members of the Royal Academy, namely, a Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, an Antiquary, a Professor of Ancient Literature, and a Professor of Ancient History. The first Professor of Ancient History was Oliver Goldsmith, who said, on being appointed, that it was like giving a man lace ruffles when he had no shirt. The second was Gibbon.

Early in 1899 London University received its new charter, and in February "Victoria, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, etc.," appointed "her Trusty and Well-beloved Richard Claverhouse Jebb.....to be a Fellow" in it.

Two important Conferences were held in Cambridge in April. He took the Chair and spoke at the first—on the Church's Mission—in response to a request from his friend Canon Armitage Robinson (now Dean of Westminster).

"Christ's College,
February 17th, 1899.

My Dear Dr Jebb,

May I ask you kindly to consider whether we might hope that you would speak at the opening of the Conference referred to in the enclosed paper?

I have been largely responsible for the selection of the subject, and I am very desirous that the imperial side of the Church's Mission work should obtain adequate recognition.

I know that every one looks to you to help them, and I am most unwilling to add to your burdens. But we do want to have your voice to give a breadth to the treatment of this subject at the outset."

He felt himself in duty bound to take an active part in the second Conference, that of the National Union of Teachers. A member thus described the impression he made while speaking:

"Professor Jebb is a man of unruffled calm; dignified without hauteur or pose; refined, without the least trace of

the 'superior-person' element; he wins respect immediately, and one feels that there stands before the Conference a scholarly man, a man of distinction, a University man of the very best type. His enunciation is clear and leisurely; one hears nothing but the purest English, no rhetoric, nothing but what is in the very best taste, and the whole is illumined by a delicate humour....He concluded his speech by a plea for recognition on the part of the teacher of his patriotic function."

We had found some difficulty in making comfortable arrangements for our stay in town, now that our week-ends were spent in Cambridge and our servants remained there. This year we leased and furnished a flat in Whitehall Court.

To HIS WIFE.

"*May 1st*, 1899.

I was so glad to get your letter this morning. When you come back on Wednesday, we will dine together either at Whitehall Court or at your club—for I have written and excused myself from the Clothworkers' dinner. Then I can go quietly on to the Royal Society about 9.15.

I went with the small deputation to the Archbishops this morning. It was really very pleasant and interesting. There were only about twelve of us. We stood or sat before their two Graces, each of whom spoke—characteristically and well. York was better than Canterbury, *I* thought. Lord Ashcombe drove me back to Westminster, and then I went home to the flat, and stayed there till I came to the House at 3.15.....I shall dine at the Literary

Society, having got a pair, and return to the House afterwards.

To-morrow I have to go to a Church meeting (E. Lyttelton asked me) at 2, and then to the London University Commission. In the evening there is the Club (Lord Wolseley), but I am not sure yet whether I shall go.

Do you know, I go on liking the flat very much. I don't think we have ever been more comfortable."

On the 7th of June we went to Oxford for the Romanes Lecture. His subject was Humanism in Education. The theme began with an account of the Italian Renaissance, and in the course of the address he told the following very beautiful story in illustration of the value of Humanism in training statesmen. "In 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, Robert Wood—he himself tells the story in his 'Essay on the Original Genius of Homer'—being then an Under-Secretary of State took the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris to the President of the Council, Lord Granville; who was ill, and had indeed but a few days to live. Seeing what his condition was, Wood proposed to withdraw; but the Statesman replied that it could not prolong his life to neglect his duty, and then quoted in Greek from the *Iliad* the words of Sarpedon to Glaucus: 'Ah, friend, if once escaped from this battle, we were ever to be ageless and immortal, I would not myself fight in the foremost ranks, nor would I send thee into the war that giveth men renown; but now—since ten thousand fates of death

beset us every way, and these no mortal may escape nor avoid—*now let us go forward.*' 'He repeated the last word ἴομεν, several times,' says Wood, 'with calm and determined resignation, and then, after a pause, asked to hear the treaty read.'"

This same month Jebb was appointed a Member of the Standing Committee on Law in respect of the Board of Education Bill, which had come down from the Lords. He was active both in proposing amendments in committee and in speaking in favour of the Bill in the House. He spoke at length on the 26th at the second reading and, more briefly, several times as different points arose in debate. The progress of the Bill was so slow that he began to despair of its ever getting to the Report stage.

On July 27th he gave the prizes at St Olave's School, Southwark. Anything historical appealed to him, and he watched with interest the presentation to the Warden of a bunch of red roses; St Olave's had been endowed in 1656 with sixteen acres of land in Horsleydown to be held for 500 years, for a yearly rent of a red rose—this bunch of roses was the rent.

To HIS WIFE.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July 27th.

My function went off very well, and I really found it interesting.

First, I went to the old Church of St Olave's in Southwark, and heard the Master of the Temple

(Ainger) preach. Then we all walked to the School: I gave the prizes; then made a speech (successful); then the boys did some acting and reciting; and the affair ended at 5.30 p.m.

On returning to the House, I found Anson very anxious about the Education Bill. They do not know when it will be taken; perhaps Monday next —perhaps Tuesday (the day when I have to go to Chigwell School in Essex). There is a dire rumour that the Government may drop it altogether. If they do, it will be a great mistake. Gorst talked to me about the Duke's answer to Lord Morley. The Duke said there were to be three Assistant Secretaries; Gorst wants only two.....

I think I shall have to stay here to-morrow for the Transvaal debate. In any case I shall of course come home on Saturday morning.

I am disheartened about the Education Bill, and do not know when I shall be released from attendance at the House. I may have to stay till Thursday next, or even to go up on Monday, August 7th."

His forecast was too pessimistic. The Bill was read a third time on August 1st.

In September we spent a most interesting week at Skibo Castle as the guests of that remarkable man, Mr Andrew Carnegie. The part of his new property that appealed to him most at that time was his salmon river. "Talk about owning twenty thousand acres," he said in effect. "You can't see them, you can't walk over them, you can't realise your

ownership. The imagination can hardly grasp the difference between twenty thousand and one thousand—except as mere figures. But it *can* take in, and please itself with, the possession of this leaping, rushing stream." From Skibo we went to Sir Robert and Lady Finlay at Nairn for a fortnight, where one of us tried most perseveringly but in vain to learn golf. He came back from Scotland refreshed for the work and engagements of the October Term.

War with the Transvaal broke out in October 1899, and all other interests paled before the one great interest—success for our arms. But home affairs must still go on, and Parliament must give time to the usual business of the country, though the thoughts of all Englishmen were across the Equator. The London University Commission recommenced its regular meetings after the Long Vacation, and so did the many other Committees of which Jebb was a member. Parliament assembled on the 19th of October, and Mr Chamberlain made his famous speech, which lasted two hours and forty minutes, in defence of the Government's policy in the Transvaal.

In the autumn a meeting of the whole University was held in the rooms of the Union Society at Cambridge. Jebb spoke, among others, in favour of a War Fund to be raised in aid of the soldiers' and sailors' families; the resolution was carried with acclamation.

A deputation, of which Professor Jebb was spokesman, waited upon the Home Secretary on October 23rd, to urge the introduction during the next session of a Government Bill to settle the questions dealt with by the Select Committee on Burial Grounds. It was in one respect unique in character, for Churchmen and Nonconformists, Conservatives and Liberals, were represented upon it. The unexpected harmony that had prevailed in Jebb's Committee had its counterpart at the interview. Sir M. White Ridley responded that he had already had a Bill prepared on the lines of the Committee's Report, and that he would do his best to have it included in the programme of the coming session. He said that, upon a difficult subject which naturally carried strong feelings on both sides of it, there had seldom been a Committee which did more honest work, and, on the whole, came to a compromise which was so likely to last.

At the end of the year, in answer to a communication from Sir Michael Foster, Secretary of the Royal Society, an informal meeting was held in Jebb's study at Springfield to discuss the formation of a British Academy. At this first meeting there were present only the late Lord Acton, the late Dr Sidgwick, and himself. The communication from the Royal Society was to the effect, that if, as was contemplated, an International Association of Academies was formed, there was no Society in England that could claim admission as representing

the subjects embraced in the Literary Section. (The International Association was to consist of two sections, one devoted to Natural Science, and the other to Literature, Antiquities, and Philosophy.) As matters stood, while all other countries would be represented on the two sections, the United Kingdom would only be represented on the Scientific Section. It was not for the Royal Society to suggest a remedy, but they wished to make the facts known to eminent representatives of the branches of knowledge included in the Literary Section.

The small meeting decided to call a larger meeting in London for further discussion of the matter. Such a meeting was held on the 14th of December in the Society of Antiquaries' rooms, and many distinguished men were present. A vote was carried in favour of making an *attempt* to form an Academy which should represent History, Philology, and Moral and Political Science. There for the present the matter rested.

The London University Commissioners, after many sittings, laid the statutes they had framed for that University before the Houses of Parliament in February 1900. Jebb had taken an active part in framing these, both as Commissioner and as Fellow of the University, and was well pleased when the last stage was reached. Another Bill in which he was concerned came up before the House for second reading on April 30th, and was read without a division—the belated Burials Bill. Jebb said a few words in recommending the Bill to

the House. He spoke at much greater length on the 3rd of May, when he opened the debate on the new Education Code by moving a resolution in which approval was expressed of the proposals contained in the Code for day-schools, and in the Minute of the Board of Education. He vindicated the principle of the "block grant" as against the other principle of special grants for special subjects. "To pack together snippets of knowledge," he said, "on the most lucrative plan is not to give the people education in any real sense..... Henceforth the grant will be determined by the educational work of the school and the intelligence of the teaching." There was no real opposition to the motion, and it was carried *nem. con.* at midnight.

Professor Jebb's name was included in the list of Honours which appeared on the Queen's birthday. A little history is attached to his acceptance of knighthood in 1900. Three years earlier he had received this letter.

From Professor (now Sir GEORGE) DARWIN.

"*May* 24, 1897.

MY DEAR JEBB,

Liveing has been here just now with the inquiry as to whether you would accept a knighthood, and I undertook to write to you on the subject. The Duke of Devonshire is bringing your name forward for that or some other honour. Liveing gathers that a baronetcy has been suggested to Lord Salisbury but has no information as to whether it will be offered. The Master of Magdalene has written personally to the Duke on the matter."

Knighthood was respectfully declined. Jebb would have accepted a baronetcy for a reason peculiar to himself. When Dr Jebb, the famous physician, was made a baronet, George the Third offered to include the name of his heir in the patent. Judge Jebb—then a mere lad—when consulted, demurred. He had his own way to make and to be heir to a baronetcy with only a small fortune attached would hamper him. "But for this decision," said his grandson in discussing the question with me, "I should now be the fourth baronet. No, I won't be a knight."

But three years later the Master of Corpus, Dr Perowne, who had originally asked him to become a candidate for the University representation in Parliament, and had always been one of his staunchest friends and supporters, sought an interview with him. To his great surprise he found that the Master had been much disappointed at his declining knighthood in 1897. Dr Perowne thought it becoming that the Member for Cambridge should be distinguished by some honour; and he intimated that other influential constituents shared this view. Jebb answered that if he had known at the time that such feeling existed, he would have acted differently. When the honour was offered again in 1900, it was at once accepted.

The first letter of congratulation received was from the Vice-Chancellor. The paragraph with which it ended bore out Dr Perowne's assertion on which Jebb had acted, that his acceptance of knight-

hood would please his constituents. "We rejoice," said the Vice-Chancellor, "not only for your sake but also because the University may be allowed to claim some share in a compliment paid to one of its most distinguished members and its Representative in Parliament." He was dubbed by the Queen at Windsor on June 30. He conceived a very tender and reverent feeling for the gracious Lady who had been on the throne through the whole of his life; the honour gained a value in his eyes when received from her hands. From Windsor he came on to Fulham Palace for what proved to be our last visit to the Bishop of London and Mrs Creighton. Before the spring came again that eminent man had passed "from the ranks of the combatants to those of the spectators."

An Order in Council, constituting a permanent Consultative Committee to the Board of Education, was laid before both Houses in June. Early in July the Members of this Committee to the number of eighteen were appointed. The country received some of the nominations with scant approval. Sir R. C. Jebb and Dr Gow of Westminster were among the few names supposed to possess the confidence of the schoolmasters—at least so said one of their circulars. A meeting was held at the College of Preceptors to consider the possibility of establishing a Federal Educational Council, and many hard things were said of the lack of enthusiasm in matters educational on the part of the Government. "As to the promised Consultative Committee," Mr Yoxall

said, "teachers would renounce it altogether—the members would not be representative."

By request—it was rather out of his own line—Jebb introduced a Bill to amend the Medical Acts. Hitherto there had been only one measure of punishment for delinquents—erasure from the medical register. The Council desired power to vary the punishment according to the misconduct. He also introduced Lord Monkswell's Copyright Bill which had come down from the Lords, though with small hope that the Bill could be dealt with so late in the session. Convocation also wished for power to reform their constitution, and before he left town he introduced their Bill. Then, having finished his business in the House, he paired for the remainder of the session.

To such base uses do men come that he was asked to furnish notes for an election poster—which he did quite cheerfully. After reading to his wife this rousing appeal "to the Electors," he turned the same hour, with the feeling of having come to his own again, to the writing of a lecture on Macaulay for the University Extension students, whose annual meeting was to be held in Cambridge in August.

In July he went to Paris to attend the Congress of Higher Education as the representative of the Cambridge Syndicate. He began the chief work of the first day, after the election of officers, by giving a brief history of the extension movement in England. As he stood there with his beautiful face and singular

refinement, speaking in his clear melodious voice, not an Englishman was present who did not feel proud of him—so said Mr Hartog, another representative, in describing the scene.

The Macaulay lecture was successful. Mr R. D. Roberts, the Secretary for the Lectures, wrote: "We are immensely indebted to you for what I have heard described as the 'great lecture of the Meeting.' There is a strong desire that it should be published":— as indeed he knew, for application had come to him from three publishers. It was brought out in book form by the Pitt Press.

On August 28th Professor Henry Sidgwick died, and thus there was broken for Jebb an almost life-long friendship. Cambridge never seemed quite the same to him again, when it was no longer possible "to consult Sidgwick," or to be cheered by that delightful mind.

CHAPTER XVI.

RE-ELECTION. DEATH OF THE QUEEN. DEPUTATION TO MR BALFOUR. IRISH UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

1900—1901.

The dissolution of Parliament came on September 25th. Sir John Gorst and Sir Richard Jebb were re-elected on October 1st, their "Address to their Constituents" and their thanks "for the high honour conferred upon them" appearing in the same number of the *Cambridge University Reporter*: so quickly was everything done. In November Jebb was also re-elected member of the Council of the Senate, his name being on the tickets of both academical parties.

The new year began with another loss for us, when Dr Sidgwick's very dear friend, Mr F. W. H. Myers, followed him to the shades. He died at Rome in January after a long illness.

The Queen died on January 22nd, 1901, in the 82nd year of her age and the 64th of her reign. The Vice-Chancellor wrote to Sir Richard on the 29th, "to say formally that I am trusting to you to prepare the address of condolence and congratulation

which the Council agreed yesterday to propose.... You may be glad to be reminded that the Addresses for many years back are preserved in Cooper's Annals. I have certified this as far as George I."

The address ran as follows:

"TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

May it please Your Majesty,

We, Your Majesty's most dutiful subjects, the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge, humbly approach Your Royal Presence, to offer the expression of our deep sympathy with the great sorrow which has befallen Your Majesty and the British Empire. In common with all our fellow-subjects, we mourn the beloved Queen, whose lofty example of devotion to duty, and whose great qualities of character and heart, had won for Her, in a supreme degree, the universal reverence and affection of Her people. To the personal influence of the Sovereign it was largely due that the changes, political and social, which occurred under Her reign were effected in tranquillity, and that the progressive expansion of Her dominions was not accompanied by any weakening of unity. Her profound knowledge of affairs, Her singular sagacity in difficult questions of government and legislation, the wonderful sureness and delicacy of Her judgment, have constantly been attested by the Statesmen who were called to Her counsels. They alone could

measure the whole extent of our debt to Her personal care and wisdom. But all can estimate the vast accession of strength which the nation derived from the devotion which She inspired, a devotion which was the fairest pillar of our State and the dearest bond of a world-wide Empire. By the virtues and the graces of Her own high nature the QUEEN elevated Her people. While She was the ideal of a constitutional Ruler, She was also a pattern of pure and generous womanhood, one whose simple charm came home to the humblest, touching them with a sense of human kinship in the deepest needs of human life. Her reign has been an age in which every kind of good work or worthy effort has been fostered by the favour of the Sovereign, and has been lifted to a higher level by such encouragement as only the Sovereign could bestow. With deep thankfulness we recognise that this great reign, which marks an era for our country, has been the most beneficent in its annals; and, in the hour of bereavement, we reverently acknowledge those incalculable blessings to the Empire and to mankind which will be associated for all time to come with the name and the memory of QUEEN VICTORIA.

In offering to YOUR MAJESTY the humble expression of our condolence on this solemn occasion, we beg leave also to tender our respectful congratulations on YOUR MAJESTY'S accession to the Throne of Your Ancestors, and to assure You of our loyal attachment to YOUR MAJESTY'S Person. The heartfelt good wishes which greet the commencement of

YOUR MAJESTY'S reign are nowhere more earnest than in the ancient University of which YOUR MAJESTY is a Member, over which the Illustrious Prince, YOUR MAJESTY'S Father, once presided, and which is bound by so many ties of affection, gratitude and sympathy to YOUR MAJESTY and Your Royal House. We humbly pray that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, YOUR GRACIOUS MAJESTY may long reign in the hearts of a free, contented, and united people, whose love is the heritage of Your Throne; and that, amidst the duties and cares of Your exalted station, YOUR MAJESTY and Your august CONSORT may be attended by every happiness which the devotion of Your subjects could desire."

Sir Richard also wrote similar addresses for the Hellenic and other Societies.

At a meeting of the Church Parliamentary Committee in February, 1901, he was elected chairman in succession to Lord Cranborne, who announced his resignation on taking office in the Government. He was also appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Irish University Education recently authorised by Parliament. He accepted with reluctance and only after much pressure. How time was to be found to attend the meetings, he could not divine.

After a winter of hard thinking and strenuous work it was a relief to put everything aside and go to Glasgow to take part in the ninth Jubilee of Glasgow University. Of course during the week of the function there were banquets and celebrations at

which he had to speak, but all was delightfully gay and amusing. Our hosts, Mr and Mrs MacGeorge, were old friends with whom it was a pleasure to stay, and our fellow-guests, the late Lord Dufferin and Lord Glasgow, made a perfect house-party. Sir Richard wrote some Greek elegiacs in honour of the occasion, and some other Greek verses for the "Muster Roll of Angus," a volume meant to be a tribute from the County to the University and, at the same time, a memorial of the soldiers who went from Forfarshire to South Africa.

One of his first duties after returning to London was to preside at a meeting of the Modern Languages Association held in the Queen's Hall to urge the necessity of giving the study of modern languages a more prominent position at the seats of education.

To HIS WIFE.

"*June 26th*, 1901.

The feeling among statesmen is that they wish to goodness it was Saturday. Well, the Modern Languages business is over—a long, but rather interesting affair it was, from 3 to 5.15. My address was, I think, successful in its own way. Then there was Sir Hubert Jerningham, a diplomat and Colonial Governor, who spoke English, but told us stories in the most perfect French, with mimicry: he was educated in Paris and speaks the language *even better than others*. And there were other more or less interesting speakers. To-morrow is the Hellenic Society's meeting and on Friday there is the meeting

about the Academy—and then—Saturday. I wish you could see to-day's *Westminster Gazette*: a picture of the Duke (as a schoolboy) followed by Gorst, saying to 'Clara' (Arthur Balfour)—'Stop! that's my kitten—if you drown it, there will be an awful row.' But the kitten, I suspect, is doomed. We shall hear on Friday.

What am I to do to-night? I do not know. The line of least resistance is to dine here—or perhaps at the Albemarle—and go to bed at 9.30 or 10 p.m. If some one would give me a *good* place at a good play, I should not object; but the theatres I most affect are bound to be full, and probably hot."

To HIS WIFE.

"*June 27th*, 1901.

I have had an interesting day. In the *Times* this morning, I saw an announcement that Anson, Lockwood, and Whitmore had arranged for a deputation to Balfour, about the Education Bill, at 5.30 p.m.: and I knew that I must go to it. But the annual meeting of the Hellenic Society, at which I had to preside, was at 5 p.m. So I arranged with G. Macmillan that I should speak for a few minutes at the beginning of that meeting, and then get away. I did so, and all went off well. Then I returned to the House, where I found that it had been arranged that I was to be the spokesman of the deputation—a very large one—to Balfour. Some

private business having delayed Questions,—of which there were 95—it was not 5.30, but 6.15, when Balfour received us. The meeting was in the Grand Committee Room. About 50 or 60 Unionist Members were present. Whitmore rose first, and said that I would state the object of the Deputation. Before I could rise, Sir S. Hoare got up, quickly followed by Charles Dalrymple, to object to the presence of the Press. But the meeting was evidently in favour of the reporters being there, and they stayed. Then I spoke—very briefly, as we had come, not to talk, but to give Balfour an opportunity of making an announcement. I said, in effect, that the merits of the Bill, as conducing to a better system of secondary education, had been generally recognised. We should be glad if it could be passed this session. But we saw the serious difficulties in regard to time. If the Government thought these insuperable, then we submitted two points. First, that in any short temporary Bill passed to meet the Cockerton difficulty, the School Boards must not be re-instated in the position which they occupied before the Cockerton judgment. We did not desire to see them made the permanent Local Authorities for Secondary Education. Secondly, we hoped that the Government could see their way to promise, at least conditionally, the early introduction of an education bill next year.

Balfour then made the speech which you will doubtless find *verbatim* in the *Times*. Anson, Talbot, and some others afterwards said a few words.

Balfour was going to sit down without saying a syllable on my second point—legislation next year—remarking that he thought he had now 'dealt with all the points,'—when Lord Percy, who was next me, got up and drew his attention to the omission. How curious that a Minister, on the edge of a crisis, should forget such a vital point, which had been urged on him, too, five minutes before!"

Education Bill No. 2 on the lines suggested at the meeting was at once introduced by Sir John Gorst and passed the first reading without difficulty. At the second reading Jebb spoke in its defence at some length. He said: "some persons who pleaded for the education ladder urged that continuity was desirable. Yes, but, in education, continuity meant progress, and the continuity which these persons approved meant marking time. Nothing could be educationally worse for a clever pupil than to stay on at a school of which he had nearly reached the top. What he needed was to go to a school in which he would receive a fresh stimulus, where he would compete with pupils who knew more than he did."

To HIS WIFE.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July 8th, 1901.

Speech just over. Well received. Left out part (by forgetfulness). Was it not just my luck that Professor Seymour sent in his card to me at the moment when I was waiting for the man before me

to finish—when I was, in fact, on the bound—and so of course I could not go out. And now he is gone, leaving no address!

July 9th.

Report of speech very bad—greatly abridged—language changed—speech spoilt. But a hundred years hence what will it signify? We shall get the second reading to-night. The third reading will not be till the week after next; but I hope to get paired not later than July 25th."

"House of Commons,
July 16th, 1901.

Yesterday was wholly wasted in the House, owing to the absence of the Chairman of Committees (Mr J. W. Lowther), who is laid up with gout. A deputy Chairman cannot put a motion for closure, and so the Opposition, under Stuart Wortley's presidency as deputy Chairman, simply revelled in obstruction at their own sweet will. We had a *réchauffé* of the second reading debate, and did not get a division on the first amendment. This means that everything is delayed a week. Next Monday and Tuesday will be devoted to the Committee on the Bill—nothing more being attempted this week. It is expected that Lowther will be back by Monday: if he is *not*, then there will be further delay. The third reading will not be taken till July 31st.

I am sorely tempted to come down to Cambridge for Thursday and Friday, but in view of my Friday engagements I hesitate.

I trust the luncheon went off successfully, and that the garden party will be a success.

P.S. Anson took me, rather against my inclination, to another interview with Balfour last night. Of this I will tell you more when we meet."

The Education Bill got into the Committee stage on July 23rd. Mr Mather proposed an amendment which would put more work on the Education Board, and Jebb joined in the debate to point out that the Board could not possibly perform the work it was proposed to delegate to them. At the end of the debate the Bill was reported to the House without amendments.

From THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

"*August 16th*, 1901.

DEAR SIR RICHARD,

It has been suggested to me that you would be kind enough to help me with a Latin translation of the King's new title to be placed in abbreviated form on the new coinage. The full title is 'Edward VII. by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland (and of all the British Dominions beyond the seas), King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India': the part in brackets being new. The old part, in the abbreviated Latin legend, runs 'Edvardus VII. D. G. Britt: Rex F. D. Ind: Imp:' What I want is to indicate the new title, as shortly as possible, between the words 'Britt.' and 'Rex.' And I don't like repeating the 'Britt.'

Yours very truly,

M. E. HICKS BEACH."

"SPRINGFIELD, CAMBRIDGE,
August 17*th*, 1901.

DEAR SIR MICHAEL,

The difficulty of representing the new addition to the Royal title in an inscription for the new coinage arises chiefly from the great brevity which is necessary.

The simplest and neatest way of doing it would be by merely inserting the word *omnium* after *Britt.* We do not, it is true, speak of 'all the Britains,' but it does not necessarily follow that *Britanniarum omnium Rex* would not be permissible in a Latin inscription on a coin.

Another way of expressing the idea would be by adding after *Britt. et coloniarum.* The word *coloniae* would cover, I suppose, all 'British dominions beyond the seas,' since in all of them settlements of emigrants from Great Britain have taken place. But exception might possibly be taken to the use of the word, on the ground that it suggests a relation of dependence on the mother-country in a way which the phrase 'British Dominions' does not do. It might also, perhaps, be objected that the addition of twelve letters (*et coloniarum*) is larger than could easily be managed on the coin. An abridgment, *et colon.*, would be possible, but perhaps not sufficiently clear.

It had also occurred to me that, omitting *Britt.*, one might insert *orbis Britannici*, which would include both the United Kingdom and the dominions beyond the seas: but, though this is rather attractive

from a literary point of view, it is liable to the fatal objection that some of our neighbours might perversely translate it, 'the world,—which belongs to the British.'

On the whole, I incline to my first suggestion (*omnium*). If I can think of anything better, I will write again. It is really a very difficult point.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

R. C. Jebb."

The first suggestion was adopted.

Sir Richard Jebb completed sixty years of life on August 27. An old friend, the late Dr Robertson, wrote congratulations in a charming letter.

"Whittlesford Vicarage,
Cambridge,
August 27th, 1901.

My Dear Jebb,

It was with regret that I gathered from Arthur Sidgwick in a flying visit to us on Friday that your last weeks had not been good ones. And to-day I note in a paper that this is your birthday. I am glad to see the sun at this moment struggling back again, with good omen I trust. Anyhow there are not many men whose sixty years of fine gifts so nobly and strenuously used have been more enviable. But that you should not be let off from the pains and penalties that ought to be visited only on some of us wastrels, is one of the big mysteries that we await. Meanwhile *Harre getrost!*

Yours ever,

James Robertson."

The Irish University Commission met in Dublin and held its first sitting there on the 19th of September.

To HIS WIFE.

"SHELBOURNE HOTEL,
September 19th, 1901.

I have not had one moment all day, what with people taking me off to luncheon and tea, and then the sittings of the Commission. We sat from 11 to 1 and from 2 to about 5 to-day, and it was certainly extremely interesting, especially in the afternoon, when the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick gave evidence. He made a deep impression by the remarkable ability of his statement. He is a man who would have made a figure in public life. We all felt that he had thrown new and valuable light on the question.....I am very comfortable at the 'Shelbourne': good room: four other Commissioners staying here (Lord Robertson, Butcher, Ewing, and Lorraine Smith). We have a sitting-room together where we can talk things over. It is rather too big and magnificent for homely comfort, but that is its only fault. Observe coronet above: (Lord Shelbourne): truly British. I point this out, for fear you should think that I had received an Irish peerage on landing at the North Wall yesterday, and had hurried up the stationers to make me a monogram."

"*September 27th*, 1901.

We have made great progress with our work and have gained much insight into the main conditions of the problem; but the question we are studying is most difficult and I scarcely hope for an early solution. When we stop taking evidence to-morrow, we shall have examined about twenty witnesses of various kinds, some of them very thoroughly..... On the whole, this visit has been much what I expected, except that the work has been rather harder. There is a feeling of melancholy for me about Dublin I find it hard to shake off. It was the place I lived in in early childhood; the earliest consecutive memories I have are linked with certain parts of Dublin and the neighbourhood. And now all my people are gone, my old home has ceased to exist, and I myself am sixty years old. I shall be glad to get away. I am happiest at home."

Full Term began on October 11th. On the 25th the British School at Athens held its yearly meeting at which Jebb presided. Early in November he opened an important discussion on "The Educational Policy of the Unionist Party" at a dinner of the United Club in London. His address was afterwards printed by request. In December the Irish University Commission absorbed a week of our Christmas vacation but, as if in compensation, the weather on the Riviera had never been more brilliant. On the last day of the year the diary

records: "C. and I went by train to Mentone: we walked from Mentone along Boulevard du Midi to Cap Martin: a most beautiful walk by the sea which we greatly enjoyed. Found Sir William Anson at Grand Hotel. Met him and Miss Anson again at Concert. A happy day."

CHAPTER XVII.

BRITISH ACADEMY. EDUCATION BILL. TERCENTENARY OF BODLEIAN LIBRARY. TRUSTEE OF BRITISH MUSEUM. MEMORIAL CLOISTER AT CHARTERHOUSE.

1902—1903.

THE *attempt* to form an Academy which the meeting of 1899 had resolved upon was quietly pursued. In January, 1902, a petition for incorporation was presented to the King on behalf of *The British Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical, and Philological Studies.* The list of names attached to the petition could not well have been more remarkable, and the *Times* greeted the proposal as a "great advance in the organization of knowledge in Great Britain." A charter was granted in the course of the year, Lord Reay accepted the position of President, a council of fifteen was elected, of whom Jebb was one, and the Academy was started. In a beautiful tribute paid to the memory of Sir Richard Jebb at the first meeting after his death, Lord Reay said:

"Those who are even but slightly acquainted with the first beginnings of the movement which culminated in the

foundation of the Academy must know how great a part Sir Richard Jebb took in the work at that critical period. He was firmly convinced that a great future was in store for the Academy. He took a leading part in overcoming the difficulties that beset an institution at the outset of its career. He was never discouraged, and was always ready to grapple with the problems that confronted us....His spirit is with us still."

On the 21st, Sir Richard received the following letter from Earl Spencer:

"I may have the pleasure of meeting you at the Club to-night, but I think it better to write to you on a matter of educational importance. You probably have noticed that on the invitation of University College, Liverpool, one of the constituent Colleges of Victoria University, there is a movement in each of the three constituent Colleges, at Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, for dissolving that University.....As Chancellor of the Victoria University I was asked to settle the constitution of a Committee to be appointed to advise the Court of the University as to how the change is best to be carried out.....I propose that each College should appoint three members to this Committee, and it was decided that I as Chancellor should appoint the same number. I therefore have to select three. I notice that you are a member of the Court of the University and I venture to approach you to ask you to allow me to name you as one of my three nominees. I attach great moment to your being one, for, besides many high qualifications, you are independent of either of the three Colleges, and having unrivalled experience in University questions, your presence on the Committee would be invaluable. May I therefore urge you to agree to my proposal. I tried to see you in the House yesterday and may again seek for you in that body....."

Sir Richard was compelled to decline the appointment, not having time or strength for fresh duties; but when a second most courteous letter came from Lord Spencer, asking still to be allowed to choose him as one of his nominees, even if he could rarely be present at the meetings, he was glad to accede to the request.

Meanwhile, his thoughts were much given to the forthcoming Education Bill. At a large meeting in Cambridge in January he spoke at length on national education as he saw it, his words being received with much enthusiasm.

On March 24th Mr Balfour brought in an Education Bill, "dealing not merely with secondary education or with primary education in their isolation, but dealing with both in one measure and with the view to their better co-ordination." The new Bill was both comprehensive and conciliatory, the scheme it contained was excellent, but unfortunately one clause might make all the others nugatory. The new local authority was left at liberty to accept or decline the charge of elementary education, in which latter case control would remain in the hands of the old authority. In his speech on the first reading Sir Richard Jebb dwelt very strongly on this permissive clause. "Let me touch upon the state of things that will arise when the new local authority does *not* accept the permissive clause. I ask the House, is it easy to conceive anything more invidious or more irritating than the local contrasts which will then arise perhaps within the borders of a single county?

As to the complexity of educational rating areas in that county, it will be bewildering.....I will end by once more entreating the Government to reconsider their permissive clause, and to make it not optional but obligatory for every local authority to take over both elementary and secondary education. Samuel Johnson said that 'when a man is all wrong it is from want of sense, but when he is half wrong it may be from want of spirit.' I do not presume to apply the second half of that maxim to the Government Bill; but I do venture to say that this is a case where the bolder and simpler course would also be the wiser."

There was a general consensus of opinion on this one point in a Bill otherwise so satisfactory to the party. At a meeting of Unionist members in April at which Jebb presided, it was decided to present to the Government a memorial expressing warm approval of the Bill in its general scope and urging them to take the second reading at an early date. The second reading was taken on the 3rd of May. Jebb spoke again, beginning his speech by adroitly turning a simile Mr Bryce had used into a compliment. "The right honourable member compared the Government to a Cyclops, meaning no doubt that whatever might be the condition of the Opposition, his Majesty's Government saw with a single eye." He then proceeded to deal gravely with the subject. In thanking him for his speech a member of the Government wrote:—"It is a great thing to start well, and your speech took the talk into a high realm, and others stayed where you had

led them." The second reading was carried by a large majority on May 8th. Jebb could not wait to vote and was compelled to pair, having to journey to Wales on that day. He had been appointed a delegate from Cambridge University to be present at the installation of the Prince of Wales as Chancellor of the Welsh University at Carnarvon. The ceremony was interesting. The Constable of Carnarvon Castle presented the keys of the Castle to his Royal Highness who in accepting them made an allusion to "my first visit to Wales as its Prince." When the keys had been formally accepted and returned, the new Chancellor proceeded to confer the honorary degrees, the delegate from Cambridge University being among the number honoured. Sir Richard brought away a sincere admiration for the grace and charm of the Princess of Wales.

At the end of May he went to Manchester to attend an important meeting of the Court of Victoria University, then occupied in dividing itself into its constituent parts, and to present the report of the special committee of which he was chairman. His explanation of the recommendations in the report did much to make them acceptable to the larger body. A small difficulty was raised about the name Victoria which each University wished to keep. Sir Richard thought this would not occasion any confusion. "If the title of Victoria was common to all three Universities, it was probable that in practice it would not be used by any of them." It seems that this prognostic is likely to be realised.

In June came the illness of the King, almost on the eve of the day appointed for the Coronation. Until his Majesty was out of danger, nothing was talked of, hardly thought of, except the grave peril that hung over the nation—which mercifully did not fall. The King made a steady and wonderfully rapid recovery, and perhaps had never looked better than on the day he was crowned—August 9th, 1902.

An event of great interest to scholars took place in October when the Bodleian tercentenary was celebrated in Oxford. The toast assigned to Sir Richard was "The Pious Memory of Sir Thomas Bodley"; and here is the speech he made.

"In this festival the memory of Thomas Bodley receives a tribute such as he himself, it may well be believed, would have most prized. For it is a proof that the great purpose to which he devoted the last part of his life has been fulfilled with a completeness which not even he himself could have foreseen. Three hundred years have passed, and the Library which he restored enjoys a unique fame.

It is not only that its treasures of every kind have grown in a manner which the Founder's most sanguine hopes could scarcely have forecast. It is not only that wherever in the world learning and letters are honoured that great institution is renowned, and that it is frequented by the scholars of every land. Besides all this, the place has an atmosphere, a charm, an indwelling genius of its own. To us, visitors and guests, who have so lately been received within its precincts, has it not been given to feel some part at least of that which is so deeply felt by all sons of Oxford,—that the great Library embodies, in one aspect, the inmost spirit of the University itself;—that there, if anywhere in the world, a halo of poetry and of

romance is thrown about the labours of the student; and that there, 'secluded from all worldly noise,' the surroundings themselves add something indefinable, and at the same time inestimable, to a scholar's converse with the thought and imagination of the past?

Nor is the Founder's connection with that wonderful place only such as is expressed by the name of Founder. His presence dwells in it; his purposes still govern it; the rules which he made for it are still loyally observed; the very adjective Bodleian is, I believe, not more than a hundred years old in general currency; for two centuries, the regular designation was 'Bodley's' Library; it is in the keeping of Bodley's Librarian; nay, Oxford men, I think, are wont to speak of the Library itself as 'Bodley.'

No other Library of comparable rank has ever been, in the same sense, the creation of one man.

To-day, when, with pious gratitude, the sons of Oxford and her guests unite in turning their thoughts back to the days when this immeasurable benefit was conferred upon learning, there are perhaps two moments above all others on which our recollection dwells.

We think, first, of the time when Bodley, a youth of sixteen, came from Geneva to Oxford. At Geneva, this Devonshire lad, whose father had sought refuge there from the troublous days in England, had seen and heard men whose names stood high in various kinds of learning. He had heard Beroaldus lecture on Greek, and had read Homer with Robert Constantine; he had heard Beza and Calvin teach Theology. In 1560 he came to Oxford, and entered at Magdalen. Ten years had then passed since the Commissioners had effected the ruin of Duke Humphrey's Library. Signs of that ruin were around him. As the historian of the Bodleian has said, his stationer may have sold him books bound in fragments of manuscripts; the tailor who measured him for his sad-coloured doublet may

have used in doing so a strip of parchment brilliant with gold, that had been condemned as Popish, or covered with strange Greek symbols that passed for unlawful incantations. Is it not easy to conceive the lasting impression which would be left on the mind of a studious and eager youth, when he found that the books, and the very bookshelves, had disappeared from their ancient Oxford home? The sense of all this must have been one of his motives when, as a Fellow of Merton, he undertook to lecture on Greek—at first without official recognition—in the hall of his College—the College in whose Chapel his remains rest.

Then, after sixteen years at Oxford, came that middle period of his life which saw him at the Court of Elizabeth, —presently engaged in diplomatic missions abroad—and finally, for some nine years, English Resident in the United Provinces. He was recalled by his own wish to England in 1596, and resolved to retire from public life.

And now occurs the second moment which must be in our thoughts to-day,—when, in his own famous phrase, written a few years later, he concluded 'to set up his staff at the Library door in Oxon'; convinced that he could not better serve his country than by restoring that place, then desolate, to the use of students.

How vivid are the words in which he describes the zeal which he had contrived to infuse into the many influential friends from whom he now sought gifts of books for his Library! 'Every man,' he says, 'bethinks him how by some good book or other he may be written in the scroll of benefactors.' That scroll, which has been receiving incessant additions during three centuries, is now indeed a long and varied record. And every gift which it records has remained under the inflexible rule laid down by the Founder, that no book shall ever be removed from the Library. Well did Bodley know how in the time before his own, Duke Humphrey's library had suffered from the

practice of lending books. The rule which Bodley laid down brings before us his practical sagacity, and his strong will: it was to be a rule without exception. We have all heard of the severe test to which, in two celebrated instances, that rule was put in the next generation. Charles I, when at Oxford in 1645, wished to read D'Aubigné's Universal History, and sent an order for it to the Library, signed by the Vice-Chancellor: the Librarian, John Rous, went to the King, showed him the Statutes which the Librarian had sworn to obey; and the King withdrew his request, saying, 'It was fit that the will and statutes of the pious Founder should be religiously observed.' The next Librarian, Thomas Barlow, made a similar reply to the Protector, who wished to take out a manuscript for the use of an ambassador; and Cromwell yielded with a like propriety of feeling.

Nor can we forget, in rendering our tribute to Bodley's memory, that signal proof of his diplomatic powers which was given when he secured for his Library a privilege then without parallel. It was in 1611 that he obtained from the Stationers' Company an agreement that a copy of every book entered at their Hall should be sent to the Library at Oxford. More than half a century elapsed before any other Library in the kingdom acquired a similar right.

It is a strong personality that comes before us, when we try to see Thomas Bodley as he lived; a man of affairs, even more than a friend of study; a patriotic man, energetic, farseeing; ambitious, in worthy ways; not indifferent to applause, but resolved that it should be honestly earned; moved by a deep affection for learning and for Oxford, which had their roots in his early years: a man who, having formed a noble design, knew how to put it into act, and how to make its effects enduring.

He wrought for Oxford and for England first, but also for the world-wide republic of letters. And to-day, in his

own illustrious University, representatives of that cosmopolitan brotherhood salute his memory.

The beautiful ceiling of the Bodleian exhibits a well-merited honour which Oxford granted to Bodley,—that his coat of arms should be augmented by the three ducal crowns of the University shield. And when that honour was bestowed, the University assigned to him this motto, *Quarta perennis erit*, 'the fourth crown shall be imperishable.' It may be that they who gave that motto were thinking of no earthly reward; but if we may venture to apply it to the place which Bodley's memory holds, and must ever hold, among men, may we not say that the omen of the legend has indeed been fulfilled? He has won the unfading crown of an immense gratitude, which knows no limit of country or of age. We are here to attest it. And may we not imagine, as present with us in spirit to-night, those who in past generations, amidst the influences of Oxford, have known what the poet Daniel called that 'exquisite and most rare monument,' her great Library; have loved it, have worked in it and for it, and have cherished with loyal gratitude, as we do in our day, the pious memory of the Founder?

To that memory I now ask you to drink in silence."

Parliament assembled on October 16th, an autumn session having become necessary to pass the Education Bill through its remaining stages. In his speech on the third reading, Sir Richard Jebb again began in lighter vein with a quotation from the leader of the Opposition, before proceeding to serious argument: "Referring to the Kenyon Slaney clause, after enumerating the various educational agencies under the Bill, the right hon. gentleman said 'But we have not yet exhausted the starry firmament. We

discover by its disturbing influence rather than by actual vision another mighty element, as the old and watchful astronomer recognised the planet Neptune by its influence on other heavenly bodies before it came within reach of his telescope.' That unseen power was of course the Bishop," said Jebb. "I venture to think there is one difference between the astronomical discovery made by the right hon. gentleman and that of Neptune. The actual priority of discovery in the latter case was due to a young man afterwards famous as Professor Adams, but the planet was discovered almost simultaneously by the French astronomer Leverrier. The glory of the new discovery is not shared by the right hon. gentleman with any competitor; it belongs exclusively to himself. How he calculates the deflecting influence of an invisible Bishop on the orbit of a County Councillor I cannot pretend to say; but so far as I have observed the movements of those terrestrial bodies, I have not seen that they are particularly attracted by the ecclesiastical planet." He then tried to explain the broad effects of the Bill on education. After a long debate, the Bill passed the third reading on December 3rd. The eight months' struggle was over.

Jebb had been keenly interested in securing the presence of women on the education committees, and had in November written to the *Times* urging this point again.

To the EDITOR OF THE *Times.*

"SIR,

As, to my great regret, I cannot be at the House of Commons to-day, would you allow me to say that otherwise I should have hoped to move an amendment which stands in my name on the paper, with a view to securing the presence of women on the education committees of the local authorities? Under the Bill as it stands women are eligible for appointment to those committees; but it is most desirable that every scheme made under Clause 12 should expressly provide for the inclusion of women. In 1900, out of 115 county and county borough councils, only some twenty had co-opted women on to their technical instruction committees. The new local authorities for education will doubtless, in many or most cases, be fully alive to the vital importance of placing women on the committees; but it is not impossible that there should be exceptions to that rule; and against such exceptions it is needful to guard. During more than thirty years women have done admirable work both for elementary and for secondary education. Women were members of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education appointed in 1893. Women are now members of the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education. All who have been their colleagues on those or similar bodies can attest the high value of their assistance. In constantly increasing numbers women are studying the principles and methods of education both at home and abroad, and are devoting practical

energy to raising the standard of female education in the country. The extraordinary advance made in this respect during the past generation is shown by the success of women at the Universities, in the professions, and in business. It can no longer be supposed that in any district the local authorities would have difficulty in finding women qualified and willing to serve on the education committees. To secure their co-operation is an object of the very first national importance.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. C. Jebb.

Cambridge, *Nov.* 7."

Just before leaving England in December, he was gratified by receiving a memorial signed by some of the ablest women in England thanking him for this service.

In March, 1903, this telegram came from the Prime Minister: "I have just proposed you as a Trustee of the British Museum and you have been unanimously elected." The vacancy had been created by the death of Lord Acton, to succeed whom was in Jebb's eyes an additional distinction. Dr Garnett wrote:

"No more appropriate successor to Lord Acton could have been found, and I trust that you will find it in your power to perform more for the Institution than could be effected by Lord Acton who was so much out of England. .....You have already striven to benefit the Museum by

your excellent Quarterly article on the catalogue and will find many other subjects to which your attention may be directed with advantage."

This appointment was peculiarly agreeable to his tastes, the British Museum a place of all others he could understand and appreciate: and when, shortly after, he was elected a member of the Standing Committee, its meetings were always considered a prior engagement. He had happily more free time now that no subject was before the House to make his close attendance necessary. He had to bring in one Bill, the Addenbrooke's Hospital Bill. To his surprise many objections were made to a measure apparently simple, which caused delay and gave trouble. He asked an Irish Member why *he* put obstacles in its way. "You had better talk to my leader" was the enigmatical answer. However, the Bill reached harbour at last, and, after passing through the Upper House, became law.

To go back a little. In November, 1902, this kind letter had come from the Master of Trinity.

"Trinity Lodge,

November, 1902.

My Dear Lady Jebb,

I have a piece of good news for you, if it has not already reached your ears. We have just had a well-attended meeting in the Lodge at which it was resolved with great heartiness to place a portrait of your husband in our College Hall.....The favourers of the plan will not be confined to Trinity, though it originates in the walls,

to the glory of which the great scholar has so powerfully contributed. Not that we are at all disposed to forget the statesman in the scholar or either of them in the dear friend."

Sir George Reid, at that time President of the Scottish Academy, consented to paint the portrait, and the first two sittings were given in Edinburgh before we went to Rome to be present at a Congress of Historical Studies which assembled there in April. Sir Richard had been appointed a delegate to represent Cambridge University, the British Academy, and the Hellenic Society. It was not one of our happy journeys. All the world was going in the same direction ; the trains were crowded, the heat and dust intolerable, the carriages uncomfortable. Even the St Gothard route, by which we had travelled once as on a journey through Paradise, lost all charm when a party of school girls rushed up and down the corridors, trying to secure a favourable view from the windows by leaning across the seated passengers.

Hardly had we arrived in Rome and settled down at our hotel when a strike broke out among the men who had to do with locomotion. Not a cab or carriage of any kind could be had, and for two dreadful days scarcely an electric tram. Never before had Sir Richard been persuaded to use either trams or omnibuses—he had only one objection to them, he said, that he particularly disliked being pressed into a squalid object by strangers—but here even this small prejudice had to be sacrificed. Despite these

flies in our amber we spent a delightful fortnight in Rome. The Congress was naturally the centre of interest, but there were excursions to Tivoli and elsewhere by train, in company with American friends whom we had not often the chance of seeing; there were lectures in the newly excavated Forum; there was the Coliseum by moonlight, and one night illuminated—there was always Rome!

On our way back to England we stopped over Easter Sunday at Milan, and saw the Easter ceremonies in the Cathedral. We had expected these to be more impressive. The absence of *peace* about them hindered for us the devotional feeling. The frequent robing and disrobing of the Archbishop, the continual going and coming of about fifty monks in brown stuff robes, which to our ignorance seemed without object, the flapping of their loose slippers as they shuffled about on the stone floors, checked our reverent participation in what no doubt to the instructed Catholic was extreme devotion. England seemed especially cool and clean and sweet when we returned to it in May.

In July we went to Charterhouse to be present at the inauguration of the Memorial Cloister, and the unveiling of the tablet which recorded the purpose of the Memorial and the names of those Carthusians who had fallen in the recent war; at the same time a monument which Lord Alverstone had erected in memory of his son was also to be unveiled. In his invitation to Sir Richard the Headmaster wrote:

"The Archbishop of Canterbury, as chairman of the General Board, will be here to perform the ceremony, but particularly hopes that the central responsibility of speaking will not be thrown upon him. I think of one speech only, apart from the Archbishop's words, and do hope you will prevail upon yourself to pronounce the Epitaphius. General Baden Powell will be with us but will not speak. Lord Alverstone under the circumstances will be inappropriate. I should like you to be responsible for all that needs saying of the Epideictic kind. There will I expect be a large though certainly an appreciative audience, for we ask all old Carthusians and the subscribers exceed a thousand."

The celebration was in the open air, and the speeches on such a subject seemed to gain in effect by the perfect peace and calm of the beautiful day and place.

Sir Richard spoke as follows:

"κάλλιστον ἔρανον προΐεντο.

It is as an Old Carthusian that I have been asked to speak a few words to-day. After the ceremonies, so impressive in their simplicity, which have just been performed, and after the strains of the antiphon to which we have listened, I feel, as you will feel, that the simplest words are best in unison with what is in all our hearts. All Carthusians are proud of the share taken by their schoolfellows in the toils and sufferings, in the dangers and in the triumphs of that great struggle in South Africa, by which the resources of our Empire and the qualities of our race were put to a trial severer than any which they had

known for several generations. The total number of Old Carthusians engaged in the war was, I believe, about 500. They belonged to various branches of the British forces, and occupied diverse positions: some held important commands; there were other cases like that of a young Carthusian soldier who was serving in the ranks of a cavalry regiment when he was killed in action, only a few days before the news came—news which was never to meet his eyes—that he had received a commission. From that great Carthusian muster-roll it would not be difficult to select names of exceptional distinction; such names rise in my thoughts at this moment—they almost come to my lips: and yet I feel that the spirit of our commemoration to-day—its distinctive and essential meaning—are such as should rather dissuade us from any attempt at selection. The tribute which we now render is collective, and in that fact resides its highest significance. The records of individual prowess are indeed preserved by us with pride; they are dear to all Carthusians; but the festival which we are now keeping has a place apart in our calendar: to-day our thoughts are turned, not to the most successful and the most illustrious alone, but to all Carthusians who served their country in the field.

It is the indwelling spirit of a great and ancient school which gives unity to this celebration. A stranger to the public schools of England might find it hard to realise the full sense in which this is true. But all public school men know what it means. The attachment to one's old school is not merely a matter

of sentiment; a sentiment indeed there is, a strong and healthy one; but there is also much more: there is our knowledge that the school-world, and all that we learned in it—not only, perhaps even not chiefly, from books—the habits and associations formed, the friendships enjoyed—went far towards moulding our characters, and thereby towards shaping our after-lives. Our school is a country within the fatherland; membership of it is an intimate franchise: few boys can ever have passed through such a school without in some measure appreciating the rights of that unique citizenship, and in some degree responding to its duties. For no one, probably, is the public school life better than for him who is destined to the profession of arms. At school he can learn, not by a mechanical or rigid routine, but in a large and liberal sense, the two supreme functions of the soldier—to obey and to command. If one should try to sum up the public school spirit in a single word, that word would be 'loyalty.'

There were occasions in the ancient world when a city paid collective honours to her sons who had fallen in battle. But the honours which our Carthusian city renders in this fair place to-day differ in one signal respect from any which Athens bestowed in the Outer Cerameicus. This Cloister—of which the first stone was laid by our renowned schoolfellow, Major-General Baden-Powell—is dedicated alike to the dead and to the living. A time must come with years when those arches can no longer re-echo the footfall of any man who bore arms

in the great African War; when the heart-aches which that war caused shall long have been lulled to rest, when the glories which it bequeathed shall long have been heirlooms; and when, as we may hope, the good seed which is even now being sown on the distant veldt shall have come to the fulness of flower and fruit. The Cloister which has been opened to-day will remain to tell the Carthusians of that time that on this tranquil and hallowed spot, where brave lives have their record, the shadow of death never fell as a dividing line; and that those who established this memorial, in days when the great war was recent, knew no distinction between the man who took his life in his hands for his country, and the man who was called upon to lay it down.

There is another Carthusian cloister in London, which some of us knew long ago—a cloister fraught with memories of old times, though not with such associations as these. That fact may remind us how completely the unity of Carthusian feeling, which is so marked to-day, has survived the change of abode. We have present with us here the honoured leader of the migration, the first Headmaster of the school in its new seat: to-day he sees a fresh proof, if any were wanted, that, though there have been two Carthusian homes, there is but one Carthusian brotherhood. In the long annals of our school there are names not a few of men who have done good work in Church and State, in the professions, in the pursuits of literature, of the sciences and of the arts. But there are times of stress, such as those through which our

country lately passed, when the supreme necessity is for the service of the soldier. Truth—that truth of purpose which must animate all high effort—then makes her simplest and sternest claim upon devotion. It is then that we understand the words of the poet, speaking of the quest for truth in its relation to patriotism :—

> 'Many in sad faith sought for her,
> Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
> But these our brothers wrought for her,
> At life's dear peril fought for her,
> So loved her that they died for her.
>
> * * * * *
>
> They followed her and found her,
> Where all may hope to find,
> Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
> But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.'

This is our feeling to-day, when we honour our Carthusian soldiers, the living and the departed. May the old school continue to flourish! May it produce, in the future as in the past, good men and true, loyal subjects of their Sovereign, trusted servants of the State, steadfast champions of the nation and the Empire at its need, faithful guardians of our ancient tradition, worthy inheritors of the Carthusian name!"

His portrait painted for Trinity by Sir George Reid was finished in July. It was unfortunate that the only time when both artist and subject could be together in London was during the season when hay-

fever was rife—a scourge from which Sir Richard always suffered with severity, and which altered for a time both eyes and features. Sir George Reid tried hard to keep its traces out of the picture, but he had to paint what he saw, with the result that the portrait, otherwise fine and noble, has a look of distress not at all characteristic of its subject when in normal health.

For the remainder of the summer except when giving away prizes and making speeches at Bangor, Durham and elsewhere, he was occupied with his own special work. In July he received from the Greek Minister in London the diploma and insignia of Commander of the Order of the Saviour, and returned, in accordance with regulations, the Order of the Gold Cross which he had held since 1878.

Among the mass of letters which made up his daily correspondence, asking favours of one kind or another—to open a school, to give away prizes, to deliver addresses, to join a Balkan Committee, to pronounce for or against fiscal reform—it was delightful to receive one of a totally different nature. He brought it to his wife for the pleasure he always had in sharing any good thing with her.

From Walter Headlam, Esq., Litt.D.

"King's College, Cambridge.
September 29th, 1903.

I never differ from your deliberate opinions without grave misgiving, and to my great satisfaction I find myself coming round to your opinion of the value of Composition. By severe reasoning I got to the point that Knowledge and

Taste are the δύναμις, and Composition the ἐνέργεια. Then says the advocate of Composition, 'Very well; I want the ἐνέργεια for a test of the δύναμις': and there I'm posed. I cast about to think of people who possessed the δύναμις without being *able* to translate it into ἐνέργεια, and unless you can supply me with examples I am bound to change my view. If he had been required to do it, Cobet *could* have written Attic Prose, and Porson Attic Comedy, and Bentley in the manner of Callimachus to some extent; and any one in any style that he commands; so far as he has mastered it. The ἐνέργεια may be sometimes more or less unconscious; and I certainly don't think that constant exercise of it is necessary; and, Classics being a house with many mansions, pupils can appreciate much and scholars can do plenty of good work without this special power over the language; but I think those things will do no harm to say so long as I vote with the Government on the main point. I shall have to write the whole thing again a third time, but that will be a lighter labour in my joy at having found salvation."

In November the Master of Trinity wrote to announce the hanging of the portrait.

"Trinity Lodge, Cambridge,

November 5th, 1903.

I hope you will like your final resting-place in the Hall. The Memorials Committee, to whom its position was referred, met to-day, and we agreed in giving you a central place on the same side of the Room as that occupied by Cayley, Clerk Maxwell, Michael Foster and Henry Sidgwick. They would all be proud to welcome you, and you will feel at home amid such 'a band of brothers.' The Portrait will be a joy and a pride for long years to come."

Mr Chamberlain had now made his manifesto on Fiscal Reform, and the country was seething with the new ideas presented to it—new at least in England where Protection had had no foothold for more than half a century. At a meeting in the Guildhall at Cambridge in November, which was addressed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Austen Chamberlain, Sir Richard Jebb seconded a vote of thanks to the speaker. Finding his position misunderstood by some of his hearers, he wrote to the Editor of the *Cambridge Chronicle*.

"Sir,

At the meeting in the Guildhall which was addressed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Nov. 26, I seconded, in a short speech, the Resolution which was then moved and adopted. The purport of that Resolution was to express unabated confidence in His Majesty's Government, and to endorse the policy announced by the Prime Minister in his speeches at Sheffield and Bristol. Some errors have crept into certain passages in your report of my brief remarks; and I should be obliged if you would permit me to correct them. Referring to the policy stated by the Prime Minister, I said:—

'That policy is accepted by such a man as Sir Michael Hicks Beach, a distinguished ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, an eminent economist and financier, who has always been, and is now, a Free Trader. A temperate and prudent use of such

negotiation as that policy contemplates would *not* tend, in his opinion,—and in the opinion of many others who have studied the question, though few can bring to it such knowledge and experience as his,—would *not* tend to set up a system of protection in this country; it would rather tend to discourage aggressive protectionism abroad, and so to secure great advantages for us by expanding the freedom of trade. On the other hand, the essential aims and principles of Free Trade (as distinguished from its formulas) may happen to be obstructed rather than promoted by a rigid adherence to the letter of doctrines formulated a long time ago. In the course of the last fifty years, and more especially in the latter part of that period, many conditions of industry and commerce have been completely transformed.' With regard to the Prime Minister's claim on the confidence of Unionists, I added:—'We should give credit to him and to his Government for discretion, for patriotism, for knowledge of the elementary conditions on which the welfare of the country and the Empire will continue to depend. We should also cultivate a sense of proportion in politics, remembering how much easier it is to break up a great political party than to reunite it.....What is needed just now is a little patience, reasonable trust in our leaders, tolerance for varying shades of fiscal orthodoxy, and steadfast adherence to those broader principles of political faith on which party loyalty must ultimately rest. Let us who are Unionists remember, each and all of us, the great responsibility

which lies upon us at this juncture: let us strive to maintain the solidarity, and to preserve the power for national good, of the great historic party to which we belong.'

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. C. Jebb."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LETTERS. ORDER OF MERIT. DEFEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

1904—1905.

In 1904 Jebb came back from the Riviera in time to be present at a meeting of the Trinity College Mission at Camberwell on the 14th of January. "Expedition to Camberwell a success" he wrote to his wife. "Stewart called for me and we drove to Trinity Mission—in the heart of dreary London. At supper sat between the Warden and a very intelligent young milkman, whom I found agreeable and interesting. Talking of women's wages, he said a sister of his was once employed in a shop where she had to attend every day from 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. (half hour for dinner and another for tea); no holidays except paid for; wages thirteen shillings a week!!! My little speech was all right. Weather fairly bright: white frost this morning; cold, but not too cold. Barometer 'Set Fair': but bar.'s notion of 'Fair' is sometimes peculiar." (His wife had remained abroad for a fortnight longer and had asked for reports of the weather in order to fix the time of her return.)

The International Association of Academies met in London in May, and happily the new British Academy had now received its charter and was ready to take its share in the many functions which followed. The first meeting was held in the rooms of the Royal Society, and Sir Michael Foster, K.C.B., was elected President. Jebb brought forward a proposition of the British Academy—"that the International Association approves of a project for constructing a new Thesaurus of Ancient Greek.' This evoked an interesting discussion and was carried unanimously. He was one of a Committee appointed to inquire as to means, methods, and general initial considerations. The Association visited Cambridge, and we had the pleasure of a short visit from Professor Theodor Gomperz, the delegate from Vienna, and his wife—which to one of us at least was the pleasantest event of the meeting. In writing from Oxford to tell Sir Richard that the "Thesaurus" Committee had appointed him, Jebb, their President, Herr Gomperz added, "As to the question which is finest, Oxford or Cambridge, I should like to have the English say what Goethe said when asked whether he or Schiller were the superior: 'Sie sollten froh sein, zwei solche Kerle zu haben.'"

On the 5th of July the Hellenic Society celebrated its 25th anniversary. Of 112 original members only twenty-seven were now living—and these might well feel a thrill of satisfaction in telling and hearing of the valuable work the Society had accomplished in its first quarter of a century. The very large meeting

was a real success, and Sir Richard's address as President was well received.

Among the honorary members present was Professor Gildersleeve of Baltimore. He and Mrs Gildersleeve were making some short stay in London, and the following letters tell chiefly of Sir Richard's efforts to see as much of them as possible in such a short time.

To HIS WIFE.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July 5th, 1904.

As to the Gildersleeves, I feel that three 'courses are open to the embarrassed General.' (1) To get them to come down from Saturday to Monday. Objection: the house will be full with our other guests. (2) To ask them to the Albemarle to dinner. (3) To ask them to tea on the Terrace and dinner in the House. Whatever it is to be, it must be done quickly. If you would wire your advice *fully*, I would *repay* you on my return.

July 7th. All went well yesterday. The Gildersleeves dined with me (alone) at Albemarle. The dinner was fair—some things good—though I have known it better. Then we drove to the House. Just as I had shown them Westminster Hall and we had entered St Stephen's Hall, a division sounded and I had to rush. When I came back we went into the members' lobby and let Mrs Gildersleeve 'peep.' Then we moved towards the Terrace. Another division: had to leave guests in Library lobby.

Terrace at last. Here came the real success of the evening. I had asked Sir R. Finlay to dinner and he had told me he was dining at the House with his wife, and so I then asked him if they would both join us on the Terrace. And they both did. And they were so *very* nice. Lady Finlay was going to Mrs Gully's Gallery. Through Sir R. she somehow managed to get leave to bring Mrs Gildersleeve also. *Was* not that nice of her? So up they went, Finlay taking them while I kept Gildersleeve company on the Terrace. But in five minutes a division came—or rather a series of divisions. The House was a perfect bear-garden on account of the closure at 11 p.m. Mrs Gildersleeve had an exciting evening for seeing the place. It was 12.15 before Finlay and I could go for the ladies.

July 20th, 1904, 3 *p.m.*

This is Wednesday to the multitude: to the M.P. it is still Tuesday. The sitting of the House which began at 2 p.m. yesterday has lasted all through the night, and is still going on. It is the Committee on the Budget. When it is finished, we are to go away, and there is to be no Wednesday at all. That consummation will be reached before 7.30, they say.....

Went to Reid for last time. Picture not *quite* so good (I think) as it was at one moment. I pleaded for lightening of that line on my face which you

unkindly say expresses impatience of fellow-creatures, and he consented, only saying 'that in nature it was much more strongly marked.' Wish he had made me a more cheerful and spirited-looking chappy. Aweel. Picture to come to Springfield in about 10 days.....

I half thought of going down to-night, but thought, that on the whole, to-morrow morning would be more comfortable, both for household, and for another—whose convenience is, however, a secondary consideration.

This prolonged heat has enfeebled me. I should like to have my yacht waiting for me at Southampton, *i.e.*, if my wife was coming too—but she would not" .....[she was too bad a sailor].

"Saturday's *Times* will be interesting. The Duke is to ask Lord Lansdowne how far the Government intend to support preferential tariffs and impose taxes on food. It is high time something was done. I wonder what Sir Michael Hicks Beach thinks. He is retiring at the end of this Parliament, and leaves no one behind him who is capable of taking his place as a leader of the Conservative Free-traders, who support Balfour's Sheffield programme, but will not go further. For a University member like myself—at Cambridge at least—the sound policy is to say nothing about the fiscal question at present, but to stand simply as a loyal supporter of Mr Balfour's Government."

To HIS WIFE (AT NEWTON, NAIRN).

"SPRINGFIELD, CAMBRIDGE,
Saturday, July 23rd, 1904.

So the 'Malacca' affair is going to be settled peacefully. You will have noticed the calm tone of the letters from Springfield during the last two days: that was because an experienced politician knew that it was all right. Have been reading debate in Lords yesterday (*Times* of Saturday). The Duke's speech was clear, strong, and to the point. It is just what one wanted said. Lord Lansdowne's answer struck me as very unsatisfactory. But at least he declared that the Government, as such, is opposed to preferential tariffs and taxation of food.....On Monday (I see) there is to be a meeting of Unionist Freetraders in a Committee Room at the House. They are to consider, among other things, what they are to do about the Vote of Censure in the House on August 1.....

Yesterday, I wrote my letter to Sir Arthur Godley, about the Cambridge view of the India Office's proposal as to the age limit of candidates, and then posted it; and 'triked' round by Grantchester.....

As the post here goes out only at 8 p.m. on Sunday, this will be my last letter. Please give my kindest regards to Lady Finlay.

P.S. If any Emporium should be visited by Madame on Tuesday, it may be mentioned that PENKNIFE, in its present condition, is a standing menace to life and property, especially to waistcoat pockets."

Everything now pointed to a General Election, and constituencies were asking their candidates to define their position, especially with reference to the new propaganda. In answer to a question on this point Sir Richard wrote to the President of the Cambridge University Free Trade Association.

To THE HON. ARTHUR ELLIOT.

"SPRINGFIELD, CAMBRIDGE,
August 5th, 1904.

MY DEAR ELLIOT,

...I am, and have always been, a Free Trader. I am opposed to Protection. I am also a Conservative, and a supporter of Mr Balfour's administration. Since I have been in the House of Commons, I have always supported the Unionist Government, which I was returned to support.

I do not think it desirable to join the Cambridge University Free Trade Association.

Yours very truly,
R. C. JEBB."

On August 17th the British Association met at Cambridge. The attendance of members was very large. Was not the Prime Minister of England the President of the year, and would not his address most certainly be interesting? And would many of the members ever have again so good an opportunity of seeing and hearing him? Besides, is not Cambridge

a charming place to spend a week in? Sir Richard Jebb joined the Association and was elected a Vice-President of the Education Section. This led to his being chosen President of the section for the next year and to his going to South Africa in 1905.

In October he retired from the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education, and was at once reappointed by the President to serve for another term of six years. In the same month he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Numismatic Society.

The subscribers had offered to his wife a replica of the portrait of Sir Richard Jebb which they had presented to Trinity. The Master sent the following letter to announce the arrival of this replica.

"Trinity Lodge, Cambridge,
October 17th, 1904.

My Dear Lady Jebb,

On behalf of the friends who subscribed to the portrait of your husband, which now hangs in our College Hall, I have the very pleasant duty of requesting your kind acceptance of the second picture also painted by Sir George Reid. Long may it hold a conspicuous place on the wall of one of your rooms, and long may at least four living eyes be permitted to see in it the warm regard and respect in which the original was held by all who knew him.....

Yours very sincerely,
H. Montagu Butler."

This autumn Greek was again put on its trial at both Oxford and Cambridge. Oxford disposed of the case in favour of Greek in an afternoon's sitting, but in the Senate House at Cambridge the discussion of the first report of the Syndicate lasted two days—and the decision was adjourned till the following week. It was in the end the same as that of Oxford. The chief Counsel for the defence was as usual the Regius Professor of Greek. One of the points he made was that it was obviously desirable that the two Universities should, as far as possible, act together. "If however one of the two older Universities retains Greek to a larger extent than the other, the one that so retains it will become *par excellence* the University of the ablest literary boys. Let members of the Senate weigh that consideration."

In January, 1905, Jebb found himself in a difficulty. There was to be a meeting of the Church Emergency League in the Guildhall on the 16th, and his name was on the notices issued as seconder of a resolution, which he had not seen and with which he was not in agreement.

To HIS WIFE.

"*January 17th*, 1905.

.....Well, the meeting is over. I *wrote* a short speech, knowing that care was necessary.....Dr Chase presided, the Bishop of Ely being unable to come. Gorst moved the resolution in a speech more

or less amusing. Of course he was cheered by the fighting parsons. Then Canon Russell got up to second. When he rose instead of me, inquiring and gloomy eyes were turned on me. Russell made a good speech from the fighting point of view. Then my turn came. His reference to me obliged me to begin by a brief statement of the facts. I said I was in full sympathy with their *object*; that I wished the managers to retain independence in the conduct and control of religious instruction, and that it was the spirit of the Act of 1902 to reserve it to them, while giving control of the secular instruction to the local authority. I then explained why the terms of the resolution did not accurately describe the essence of the situation. The Board of Education in its circular of July does nothing *new*; it merely recognises the rule which has existed since 1870 that attendance at Church shall not count as attendance at school, *except* with the acquiescence of the Local Authority. I went on to advocate the policy recommended by the Council of the National Society with the Archbishop at its head,—a policy of peace rather than war. They heard me very patiently—though of course there were some derisive interruptions—and at the end there was even applause. From what several men said to me afterwards I hope that I have done a little good. So ended my appearance as Balaam on the 'Emergency' platform. The report of my speech in to-day's *Times* is condensed beyond recognition, though I gave them my notes. Aweel.

January 19th, 1905.

.....I am just off by train to London for deputation to Brodrick. The India Office proposes to establish a School of Forestry at Oxford; whereas we want it to be at Cambridge. Hitherto, it has been at the Indian Engineering College. Deputation no good but right thing to do. Day lost—that's all. When I come back I shall have tea and work from 7 to 9.....Yesterday X. wrote apologetically to say that he was coming out with an anti-Greek letter in next Cambridge Review, and asking me to dine at St John's as a sort of propitiatory offering. Declined the dinner while re-assuring him as to my unaltered sentiments of regard. Horace Darwin called yesterday; he wanted me to come to a Free Trade Meeting on the 27th when Goschen is to speak with Arthur Elliot in chair. Told him frankly I should not object, only I had to consult feelings on other side. Didn't want to rile them just now. He quite saw it. This week will be very busy. Three meetings with speeches here, —viz. Library Appeal, Church Defence, and address to Mayor. Also an afternoon in London at Academy. I can hardly get two consecutive hours to myself except on Sundays.

I enclose a letter from 'Lady Help.' I should say No. I don't want a Lady-parlourmaid. She would be a nuisance. If you could find an impecunious Earl who would come and shave me every morning for a modest remuneration—that would be different."

To HIS WIFE.

"SPRINGFIELD,

January 22nd, 1905.

.....Such a nice letter has come from Miss Penrose thanking me for the Greek verses in memory of her father. They are for the tablet to be set up in the Penrose Memorial Library attached to the School at Athens.....What a day I have had! one piece of work after another. In the evening I went to preside over a meeting of undergraduates at the Carlton Club which they are refounding on a new basis. It was well for them to have an experienced chairman, for they were helpless as to procedure, and it was rather funny. I managed to keep them to the successive points by taking votes by show of hands; and we finished in about an hour and a quarter, when they gave me a cordial vote of thanks. The young man who got the thing up, a nice undergraduate of Trinity, was going to be President of the new club, and seemed to have settled the whole constitution off his own bat or along with a few cronies. The other young men modestly asked questions, but he was equal to them all, and the oligarchy (or autocracy) simply had everything its own way. It was charming.

Give your niece my love and tell her that the postal symbol which she placed on her valued epistle was Helvetian, or, as the herd says, Swiss. It is not recognised in the *Alpes Maritimes*; and the minion of a tyrannical government, the postman, made the

parlourmaid pay five pence for that letter. It was ridiculously cheap at the price; but I mention it because, when you come back, my financial position may be deemed disappointing; and I wish all my outlays to be recorded."

"SPRINGFIELD,
January 28th, 1905.

I have just come back from the Mayor meeting at St John's. This is Mayor's eightieth birthday, and we met to present him with a Latin address, numerously signed. Sandys moved that I take the chair. About seventy or eighty people were present,—scholars. Then I spoke for about six or seven minutes, and the Master of Trinity followed. After that, I read the Latin address, and presented it to Mayor. Then came the really interesting part. The fine old man got up, and began with a speech in Latin, after which he passed into English. It was characteristic of his *non*-egotism that he seemed to forget the occasion, and launched out into a discursive speech on all his favourite hobbies in scholarship, illustrated with a wealth of learning. His memory is still prodigious. As to vigour and spirit, he might be forty. There was one quaint circumstance. The gallery at St John's can be lighted only by candles, and the only candles near us were on the reporters' table. Every now and then Mayor asked for a light to read his notes, and I had to take the massive candelabrum which stood behind me on the reporters'

table, and place it on another table in front of us. It seemed as if Mayor might go on for ever, but it was all interesting and characteristic. He must have spoken for at least forty minutes. Then there were votes of thanks, etc., and we got away at 5.45, having been there since 4.

It was a memorable meeting, and it was a real pleasure to see how genuine the reverence for Mayor's character is, and how warm the personal regard for him,—not to speak of the admiration for his wide and deep learning.—This is the last of my speeches for the present. I have had a series of them since my return."

On February 25th, the Cambridge University Amateur Dramatic Club celebrated its jubilee by giving a dinner at the Guildhall. Sir Frank Burnand, its founder, was the guest of the evening, and among the older members present were many distinguished men, one of whom, Mr J. W. Lowther, now Speaker, took the chair. Jebb proposed the toast of "Actors past and present," and wrote the Epilogue recited at the end of the evening. Some extracts from it follow:

"Stay yet a moment, friends; dissolve not yet
The charm which dreams of other days beget:
One moment more, beneath that gentle pow'r,
Indulge the genius of the place and hour!
Yes, fifty years have fled, since Drama's reign,
Once known in storied hall and stately fane,
Once linked with solemn revels of the gown,
Rose to new life in Granta's ancient town:
Drama returned,—less classic than of yore,
Child of the time, and modern to the core

Lo, we salute our founder on the scene
Where still the laurels of his youth are green,
And bid BURNAND recall that happy thought
By which the A.D.C. to birth was brought!

* * * * * *

O for the skill to trace from page to page,
Through years gone by, the annals of our stage;
To hail those sprightly authors of our choice
In whom the lighter Muse has found a voice.

* * * * * *

But who shall render justice to that line
Of actors whom our chronicles enshrine?—
Our favourites of the old time and the new,
Some with us still, some pass'd beyond our view,—
Whose varied gifts, embracing all the spheres
Betwixt the springs of laughter and of tears,
Gained on our stage those plaudits, doubly sweet,
Where joy in art and joy of friendship meet,
Whether in greater parts they bore the stress,
Or helped with care and spirit in the less.
Who would choose names from such a brilliant roll?
We bring our grateful tribute to the whole.
O friends and guests! To-morrow's cold grey light
Will spare, perchance, some vision of to-night,
Some vestige of those hours which gathered here
Comrades well-tried in many a vanish'd year,
Drawn once again within that magic ring
Where breathe the memories of the golden spring.

* * * * * *

O may one loyal aim, through times to be,
Still knit the brethren of the A.D.C.,
Humour with pathos mingle, grace with fire,
Bid ease with force, and wit with sense conspire!
Hail to our founder, ere the curtain fall;
Thanks to our Chairman, and good-night to all!"

We went up to town as was our custom for the three months after Easter. On June 22nd we were preparing to go out to dinner when a letter came bearing outward signs of its contents. Sir Richard on entering the drawing-room saw it, and had just time to grasp its contents when his wife's step was heard on the stairs. "Hullo!" he called out, "they are going to give me the Order of Merit. Lord Knollys says that he is commanded by the King to inform me that on the occasion of his Majesty's official birthday he has much satisfaction in conferring it upon me, 'in recognition of the great services you have rendered to literature.'" This was an honour which he valued most highly. Part of his pleasure in it was the surprise—no whisper had reached him of any such intention. It dropped down like a good gift from the gods. He liked its coming direct from the King, and as he never discovered who had first moved in the matter, he was entitled to indulge his fancy. The next day on meeting Mr John Morley, he said, "I think I am right in believing I am indebted to your good offices." "No," said Mr Morley, "I admit that the King consulted me, but it was his Majesty who mentioned your name to me, not I to him."

The Order, which was instituted in 1902, has I believe now only sixteen members. Lord Reay, in his address at the annual meeting of the British Academy on July 5, alluded

"in particular to the honour conferred on Sir Richard Jebb of the Order of Merit. To Professor Jebb the

Academy was deeply indebted for the services he rendered in its formation, and the encouragement he afforded in face of prophecies of failure. The Academy was itself honoured in this recognition of Sir R. Jebb's services to letters."

Early in July there came a delightful letter from Professor Michaelis, of Strassburg, acknowledging Sir Richard's congratulations on his 70th birthday. Jebb had drafted a Latin address which was sent to Herr Michaelis from the Hellenic Society and formally acknowledged in Latin to that body.

"STRASSBURG,

July 6th, 1905.

DEAR SIR RICHARD,

I have just despatched to Mr Macmillan my reply to the splendid address the Society has honoured me with, and I trust he will give you notice of it; now I come to thank you personally for your kind letter of June 20th containing your personal congratulations. I feel always extremely satisfied seeing that my old relations with England are not entirely gone. It is so long I have not been in England; a new generation is now living and studying there; I feel to be a stranger in a country with which once I was so closely connected. If your address gives me the impression of being not entirely forgotten beyond the Channel, I know very well to whom I owe that feeling, and I am the more obliged to you for having seized this occasion of reminding me of those old associations with England."

An event long expected happened at last in the House of Commons at midnight on the 21st. The Government was defeated by a majority of four:—Ayes 200, Noes 196.

To HIS WIFE.

"THE ATHENAEUM,

July 21st, 1905.

.....I was in the fateful division last night, I am glad to say:—to have missed that would have been serious. Our whip yesterday morning warned us expressly about the evening. Before dinner the house wore a deserted aspect on our side; indeed the Irish had it almost to themselves. There was no symptom of their wishing to divide, but, as Redmond had moved a reduction of Walter Long's salary (which was the peg on which the whole debate hung), it was obvious that a division was probable at 12, if not earlier. There was really no excuse whatever for the absence of about 150 of our party, especially after the urgent appeal made on Tuesday at the Foreign Office by Balfour, who dwelt precisely on this very danger—that of some casual defeat on a minor issue.

At 12 to-day the House met in a state of expectancy. The Opposition declined to challenge a division as we were present in full strength, people having been whipped by telegram. We got away in half-an-hour!

The question is now, what will Balfour say on Monday?

Three courses are possible:

(1) To resign and dissolve now.

(2) To ignore the accident and submit the vote for the Irish Secretary's salary again to the House—there are plenty of precedents for such a course—finish the session, and dissolve *this autumn.*

(3) Ditto, but do not dissolve till next year.

This third course is that which the majority of the Unionist party seems to favour. But Cripps favours number (2), and he may be taken as a typical Chamberlainite. At any rate there is a strong feeling against (1).

Most people seem to think that there will now be no Redistribution Bill next year. But I do not quite see why. The defeat yesterday was really a piece of carelessness (inexcusable, no doubt); it does not mean that the party is less ready to support the Government."

"*July 22nd*, 1905.

.....I duly attended the British Museum Meeting in Cromwell Road this morning. John Morley told me that he believed the Government were still undecided:—he had met some Cabinet Ministers at dinner the night before, *after* the Cabinet. But I have not the least doubt that what the *Times* says this morning is true, and that they *have* decided not to resign now. Indeed my whip for Monday says there will be a division early on that afternoon. This can only mean that the Government will propose to *rescind* the vote of Thursday night, by which

£100 was cut off the vote for the Irish Land Commission.

What I wonder is whether the *Times* is also right in saying that Balfour will not give any indication of the date of the dissolution. John Morley remarked to me that the Government could not *now* face Parliament next session with a big Bill like Redistribution, and would probably dissolve in January. But, if they get over the accident of Thursday night without resigning or dissolving, there is no reason why they should not go on as if the accident had not occurred."

CHAPTER XIX.

VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA. LAST ILLNESS.

1905.

Every spare moment through the winter was devoted to his edition of Bacchylides. The book had been long in hand, and he felt bound to finish it before sailing for South Africa. The British Association was to meet this year at Capetown, and he was going out to preside over the education section. By the end of May the book was ready for publication. He then turned to his next task, which was the writing of an address to be given at the opening of his section on the 16th of August. This was soon finished and the manuscript was packed away, not to be unfolded again until the Association had landed at Cape Colony. The last fortnight before sailing he gave to the thorough sifting of all the papers and manuscripts in his study, almost as if his spirit had received the message—"set thy house in order," and as if he had a presentiment that this was the last opportunity. Every paper was labelled, dated, and arranged in the drawer assigned to it, with the extraordinary neatness and method so characteristic of him.

The British Association sailed for South Africa on the 29th of July. Sir Richard's first letter to his wife was written from the ship while still in harbour.

"The Saxon,

July 29th, 1905.

Journey prosperous so far. Luggage all in cabin. Cabin satisfactory, but not so palatial as fancy painted. Provost ahead of me" [the cabin was shared with Dr Traill, the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin]. "Lots of nice people on board: lunched beside Freshfield: Lord Rosse opposite: every one friendly and cordial: weather fine. Only six places for writing letters here. People stand looking on till one has done.....Therefore excuse haste. We sail between four and five."

"At Sea,

August 1st, 1905.

All has gone well so far. We have had wonderful weather—sea smooth, sky bright, atmosphere clear. .....I am called by a steward at 6.30 a.m., who brings me a cup of tea and a biscuit. Then I don that delightful dressing gown (it was wise of you to advise my bringing it) and go forth in quest of a bath. There are many baths, but most of them at some distance from number 12.

.....To-morrow early we shall be at Madeira, where we have about five hours. It is proposed that we should go ashore, breakfast on top of a hill,—and shoot down 2000 feet in six minutes on a sort

of tray piloted by Portuguese attendants. After Madeira we do not stop before the Cape.....I feel that this life on board, the weather being so glorious, is most healthful. The delight of a bath in tepid sea-water at 6.30 a.m., is indescribable; and then *such* air. The only defect in the arrangements is the scantiness of space for letter writing in this writing room. I had to wait a long time this morning, though I was here at 7.30, to get this place. Forsyth, who always finds out everything, says that there is a writing table locked up against the wall in every cabin, with an ink-pot. I am going to investigate. *Ink* is the one thing needful.

Yesterday two whales are said to have been seen, but this I take on faith.....I finish up on this *Saxon* sheet to show the style of the stationery" [very flamboyant: a blue flag crossed with orange diagonals, and large letters for Line and ship] "and to give some idea of the self-denial represented by the first two sheets of my letter." [He had been provided with reams of thin writing paper.] "It is a triumph for you to have developed in me that consistent economy by which I am now distinguished. But it will have to be considered in future letters.....(Foreign envelope *too* squalid—I cannot do it)."

The voyage remained pleasant to the end. Lectures were often given in the morning for those who wished to improve their minds, while physical development was promoted by the ship's "sports," which he described as very spirited and amusing. "To-night there is to be a fancy ball. It occurred

to me, remembering Alma Tadema's picture of some years ago, that robed in my dressing-gown I might appear as 'Caracalla coming from the bath,' but as even with a label the allusion might not have been seized, I shall content myself with personating a spectator."

The Association reached Capetown on the 15th of August. The Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, sent an *aide-de-camp* on board to meet his guests—Lord Rosse, his son, and Sir Richard Jebb—and very soon they were comfortably installed at Government House. The small luggage was forthcoming, but after its habit Sir Richard's portmanteau went astray, and its owner was very anxious. "Rushed off to meeting of my Committee, after luncheon, and came back to find TRUNK arrived—oh joy! I have a splendid large room with a big open verandah and arm chairs, where I indulged in a cigar to celebrate its arrival."

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Saturday, August 19th.

I have not had a moment to myself since I arrived on Tuesday morning, and am now writing against time in the few minutes left before going on board ship to sail for Durban in Natal. All has gone well. My address extremely well received. No time to describe drives, parties, etc. I was one of four Englishmen who received Honorary Degrees from the Cape University on Thursday.... The Governor's

kindness and hospitality have been simply boundless; never had I a more genial or perfect host than Sir W. Hely Hutchinson. I had a delightful motor drive of three hours with him to-day."

"BULAWAYO, RHODESIA, *September 11th.*

We are on the point of starting for the Victoria Falls at Zambesi. On Thursday we return from the Falls and go on to Beira on the East Coast, from which place we sail on September 17 for home. There is no time to describe. I am well and have been so all through. All has gone smoothly. My address[1] at Johannesburg was a real success. So large was the number who wished to hear it that we had to move from the room assigned to us to a large hall in the town, where I had an audience of six or seven hundred. The stay with the Selbornes was very pleasant. Will tell you everything when I get home. It has all been pleasant and most interesting—but the pace!! It has also been very tiring; no rest from travelling and sightseeing; it would have killed you."

Mrs John Hopkinson, who was very kind to him during the whole trip, and very thoughtful of his comfort, writes to me :—

[1] "Professor Jebb's address constitutes one of the most striking addresses ever made on the subject of education. Those who heard it.....have expressed the conviction that its delivery alone would have justified the meeting of the Education Section at Johannesburg." *British Association, South Africa*, by Principal H. S. Hele Shaw.

"In the records of my diary everywhere stands out the inspiring, kindest presence of Sir Richard Jebb. As I left the Saxon, the remark, 'I shall read my Address on Education on Tuesday at 10 a.m., Section L; perhaps you will come,' made me keep that hour clear, in all the hurly-burly of the Cape Town days. Our small band assembled on that morning to have the greatest treat of the journey—that luminous inspiring address, which to South Africa was priceless. And the little band were faithful apostles, for so much was said by each one of the beauty and charm of thought and diction that, as you know, there was a glorious repetition at Johannesburg to which hundreds thronged. And later again I have a little picture of our coming out of the sunny little graveyard on the summit of Wagon Hill at Ladysmith. Sir Richard turned as we passed by and said, 'Look—thirteen young heroes under these fair white crosses—all under twenty-six. They died for England on that morning, January 6th, 1900.' And then he read the following touching inscription: 'Tell England, ye who pass this monument, that we, who died serving her, rest here content.'"

Those members of the Association, who returned by the east coast, were delayed at Suez by obstructions in the Canal and only reached England on the 19th of October. Sir Richard was ill when he came home. What we thought to be the effect of sunburn, the unusually bright eyes and flushed face, must have meant fever even then. He was more silent than was his custom, and talk seemed an effort. "I will tell you everything when I have more time" he would say, when asked questions about South Africa: "we will read my notes together in the evenings."

But no evening came when he was not too tired with the day's work for consecutive talk. He was urged to see a doctor, but persisted in his belief that nothing ailed him except dyspepsia and the lassitude natural after so much nervous strain. He spoke at the Mansion House for the South African Education Fund on Monday the 13th of November, attended all the usual committees, and gave the usual lectures that week. Returning from a lecture on Friday he was seized with a severe chill followed later by high fever. I think that he was glad to give up and go to bed—that even his strong endurance had reached breaking-point. He never saw his study again. The illness grew steadily worse; there was no delirium, his mind remaining perfectly clear and conscious to the very end, nor was there positive pain, though great discomfort was caused by the high fever and the pressure of a large internal abscess. He never complained, he hardly spoke at all in the three weeks after he took to his bed; and on the afternoon of December 9 he died as peacefully as a child falls asleep.

"Farewell: the voice that called the Theban King,
This night, rich dowered soul, hath called on thee:
Thou through the unknown ways art travelling
To some fair life of ampler lore to be.
There what high shades shall greet thee! Chiefest He,
Whose song through thy fit spirit flowed like wine,
Borne from the Mount that by the storied sea
Lifts to the light Athene's maiden-shrine[1]."

[1] By Mr Ernest Myers, December 9th, 1905.

Sir Richard Jebb was buried in St Giles' Cemetery on the 13th of December. The funeral *cortège* met in Trinity College at 2.30 p.m., and the first part of the service was held in the chapel. The pall-bearers were Lord Reay, Lord Battersea, Sir William Anson, Sir John Gorst, Mr Augustine Birrell, the Provost of King's College, Mr S. H. Butcher and Mr Aldis Wright. The officiating clergy were the Master of Trinity, the Bishop of Ely, the Headmaster of Charterhouse, the two Deans and the Precentor of Trinity. It was a most touching moment in the ceremony when, after the service in chapel, his body passed for the last time through the Great Gate of Trinity. A pause was made, while the choir sang the *Nunc Dimittis* and the Master and Fellows ranged on each side of the long gateway seemed to bid a last goodbye from the great College to her son.

The Headmaster of Charterhouse wrote:

"Everything—the historic courts, the quiet December greys, the long ranks of mourners so representative of England's choicest intellectual hopes and aims, the simple pageantry of academic gowns, the collegiate chant and anthem, the dignity, the restraint, the reverence for the dead—all seemed as it should be."

The College has placed a brass tablet to his memory in the ante-chapel, with this inscription written by the Master, Dr Butler:

RICARDO CLAVERHOUSE JEBB
EQ. AUR., O.M., LITT.D.
HUIUS COLLEGII SOCIO OLIM TUTORI
LINGUAE GRAECAE PER XVI ANNOS PROFESSORI REGIO
ACADEMIAE SUFFRAGIIS IN SEN. BRIT. QUATER ELECTO
LITTERARUM ET HUMANITATIS ORNAMENTO ET VINDICI
SOPHOCLIS SUI INTERPRETI EXQUISITISSIMO
IN CURIA ET CONTIONIBUS ELOQUENTI
AD VARIA VITAE MUNERA
VEL ACADEMICA VEL CIVILIA UNICE IDONEO
HANC TABULAM DICAVIT COLLEGIUM
CARITATIS DESIDERII ADMIRATIONIS TESTIMONIUM
NAT. A.D. VI KAL. SEPT. A.S. MDCCCXLI. OB. A.D. III ID. DEC. A.S. MCMV.

THE SCHOLAR AND CRITIC

BY

A. W. VERRALL

THE SCHOLAR AND CRITIC.

It is thought desirable that this volume should comprise some notice of Sir Richard Jebb as a writer and critic, some attempt to appreciate his specialty as a scholar. This I have been invited to supply; and though I feel that the task is, in its own nature, and apart from personal competence, not merely difficult but truly impossible, I comply without hesitation, in the confidence that every reader, in proportion to his own capacity, will be quick to perceive the difficulty and to make the necessary allowance.

Sensibility, subtlety, delicacy, economy, reserve—these were, as I apprehend, the essential qualities of Jebb's mind, and the foundation of his skill in expression. His central achievement, the edition of Sophocles, owes its success, and the general recognition of its singular importance, to the happy application of these qualities, and a natural harmony between the expositor and the poet. Fineness of stroke, the dislike of crudity, violence, and emphasis, an ever-present perception that what is most worth saying cannot—such is language—be said, but must,

if it is to come with true force, be hinted and suggested, all these are principles common to the dramatist and the annotator. We have Sophocles illuminated by Addison.

But how shall this method of art be itself set forth in detail, without destruction of the quality? To exhibit the strokes, to blacken the touches, is precisely to undo the work. It is their merit that they just, and only just, make themselves seen, and tell, with true proportion, in the general effect. How, without injury, shall they be pointed out? Those who best appreciate a fine paper from the *Spectator* will least admit that its merit, if not perceived, can be made perceptible by stressing the points. To stress is to break them. An analysis of such work stands in the dilemma of appearing either obvious or exaggerated according to the perceptiveness of the reader; and while it is scarcely possible to avoid both charges, it is quite easy to incur both at once.

One thing is clear: that, in the case of Jebb, no method of enumeration, no mere catalogue of works, however ample in description, would bring us any nearer to the heart of the matter. It would be certainly ineffective and probably uninteresting. So at least I think, and accordingly I shall not proceed in this way. A descriptive list would indeed display his industry, his ample range of interests and information. But these qualities, however meritorious, are not distinctive. My purpose is to disengage, if possible, the radical virtues, which make the edition of Sophocles so comfortable and so fortifying to the

literary taste. For this purpose the 'Sophocles' itself, with perhaps some illustration from the 'Bacchylides,' is material more than sufficient. We shall have enough with one or two plays.

I select first the *Philoctetes*, because I have myself heard Jebb express, or, to speak more exactly, come near to accepting, the opinion which he cites in an early essay on 'The Genius of Sophocles,' that this play is the poet's masterpiece. I add the *Trachiniae*, because on the contrary it is most liable to objection, and offers most matter for debate. From these three books, the *Philoctetes*, the *Trachiniae*, and the edition of Bacchylides, the whole case may be demonstrated, so far as it admits of demonstration; and I shall hardly go beyond them. But, as the author's own compositions in Greek and Latin, especially in Greek, illustrate his mind from a different side, I shall add some criticism upon the very remarkable collection, of which, since his death, we have had a second and somewhat enlarged edition. Premising then, once more, that to expound the specialty of Jebb is a paradoxical task, in which the utmost measure of success will be to prompt the better reflexions of the reader, we will make first some observations upon his edition of the *Philoctetes*.

None will deny that the book is, to an extraordinary degree, comfortable to the literary taste. We never feel a jar. Though the whole is filled with debate, though at every step the path must be found between masses of controversy, and hedged against actual or probable errors, though the ex-

positor luxuriates in distinctions, and is, if anything, only too anxious to leave no opening unguarded, yet throughout there is a certain serenity, which leaves us always, after discussion, in a mood not unfit for applying the result to the enjoyment of harmonious art. Nor is this serenity, this smoothness, attained at the expense of decision and definiteness in the view. Almost never are we left without the help of a positive opinion; in the facing of doubts there is often the extreme of hardihood. Yet hardly ever are we sensible of a prick or an edge. The importance of this negative quality, and the difficulty of attaining it in the conditions, those will best know who have ever attempted any similar work; but every one feels the effect, and is more or less consciously grateful. And if we seek the cause, the chief contributory seems to be an ever sensitive delicacy, a reserve and economy in expression. Nothing is obtruded. The greater the import of a proposition, the stronger the emotion which Jebb desires to convey, the more severely will he abstain from thrusting it upon us, the more will he strive to secure that, in the last resort, the student himself shall take the thing, and shall not have it put into his hands.

Let me try to show what I mean by an instance vital, in fact and in the view of Jebb, to the conception of the *Philoctetes*. This tragedy turns upon a prolonged agony of physical pain, which has extended over many years and is forced upon our consciousness, as spectators, by horrible paroxysms,

exhibited with unflinching reality upon the stage. To bring such a theme within the limits of absolute aesthetic satisfaction, to compensate the hideous and revolting side of it, was a thing immensely difficult, though desirable, as an artistic triumph, in proportion to the difficulty. The torment of Philoctetes, the ten years of lonely and terrible suffering, is just one of those possibilities in life, which turn imagination to darkness, and have seemed, as Sophocles himself points out[1], to justify the conception of a Hell. In the presence of such a thing, the facile assumption of a providential purpose in the suffering, some large design, external to the sufferer, to which the agony is alleged to contribute, does not content, will never content, the emotional demand of average humanity when it is thoroughly alive to the facts[2]. Not Troy nor this whole world, it seems, could properly pay an innocent Philoctetes for tortures which no explanation can prove to have been really necessary to a good end. Without some outlook beyond this life, a Philoctetes, painted as Sophocles paints him, is a figure beyond the limits of aesthetic harmony. So at least Sophocles would seem to have thought; for, as a background and relief to the picture, he has painted, with softer touches, the Hellenic symbol of immortal hope, the figure of Heracles, triumphantly raised from his pyre upon Mount Oeta to the bliss of Heaven. The actual appearance of this deity at the close is only the consummation of a process,

[1] *v.* 680.

[2] See *vv.* 191 ff., 1325 ff., and the sequel in each case.

persistent throughout the drama, by which our attention is constantly directed to him and to all that he represented. The association of ideas is natural, for Philoctetes was a native of the land from which Heracles ascended, and had himself kindled the pyre of triumph. But the skill with which Sophocles has used the association, the delicate and unobtrusive tact by which the thought of an infinite compensation is insinuated without unwarrantable emphasis, is undoubtedly one principal factor in the tragic achievement.

Now the Greek audience of Sophocles were properly prepared for this artistic operation. The religious or legendary data were native to them, and could be revived in memory by a touch; the solemn scenery, amid which the ascending hero passed to his reward, was familiar to the minds, if not the eyes, of them all. But the modern reader will come to the play, more probably than not, without any such natural preparation—unable therefore, without aid, to respond to Sophocles in a matter of essential moment. Here then is an opportunity and a duty for the commentator. But there is also a difficulty.

To perceive the duty was perhaps not hard, or not specially characteristic of Jebb. How clearly he perceived it, how strongly, as poet sympathizing with poet, he felt the significance of the Heraclean symbolism to the scheme of Sophocles, is visible throughout, nowhere perhaps better than when, using boldly the requirements of a defective text,

he fills up, with happy touch, the last verse of the principal Chorus—"where, above Oeta's heights, the lord of the brazen shield[1] drew near to the gods, amid the splendour of the lightnings [of his sire]"—

ἵν' ὁ χάλκασπις ἀνὴρ θεοῖς
πλάθει πατρὸς θείῳ πυρὶ παμφαής, Οἴτας ὑπὲρ ὄχθων[2].

The word πατρὸς, 'of his sire', is the editor's substitute for an unmetrical and unintelligible πᾶσι. It may or may not be what Sophocles wrote; but the allusion to Zeus, the hero's divine parent, completes the religious thought, and is in perfect harmony with the intent of the passage and its bearing upon the play.

However, in all this, in seeing the opportunity and duty of the commentator to bring out, for the aid of a modern reader, the Heraclean element in the story, there is perhaps, as we said, nothing above common apprehension and due fidelity, nothing peculiar to Jebb. But what does appear proper to Jebb, what distinguishes his treatment, is his manner of meeting not only the duty but the difficulty. For the Heraclean background in the *Philoctetes*, however important, is after all only a background. The legend of the ascension, with its hint of immortal hope, is but touched in. Its bearing upon the effect of the piece, however apparent to critical reflexion, is never emphasized, or even made explicit. And those who are acquainted with the state of religious

[1] Heracles.

[2] *v.* 726.

belief in the age of Sophocles, and with the relation of his art to that belief, will, I am sure, feel and admit, that we should distort and injure the Sophoclean balance, we should misrepresent him, if we converted the consolatory suggestion into anything more explicit than it is in the text. Here then is the difficulty for the expositor, how to make perceptible, to unprepared minds, what, if he would be faithful to his author, he must not emphasize, or even expressly assert.

Jebb's Introduction to the play opens thus, the whole, as I need hardly say, being printed in one type :—

> On the eastern coast of Greece, just north of Thermopylae, lies a region which in ancient times was called Malis, 'the sheep land.' This was the country of Philoctetes,—the home to which, in the play of Sophocles, his thoughts are constantly turning. *It will be well to form some idea of its chief features and associations.*
>
> Pindus, the spine of northern Greece, terminates at the south in Typhrestus, a great pyramidal height, from which two mountain-ranges branch out towards the eastern sea. One of these is Othrys, which skirts the southern border of Thessaly; the other, south of it, is Oeta, which, like Malis, takes its name from its pastures. The deep and broad depression between them is the fertile valley of the Spercheius (the 'hurrying' or 'vehement')—which rises at the foot of Typhrestus, and flows into the Malian Gulf.... Precipitous cliffs are thrown forward from this part of the Oetaean range....These cliffs were called of old the 'Trachinian Rocks.' Trachis, 'the city of the crags,' stood on a rocky spur beneath them, a little north of the point where they are cleft by the magnificent gorge of the

Asopus,—*that steep ravine by which Hydarnes led his Persians up through the mountain oak-woods, on the night before he surprised Leonidas*....Just opposite the entrance of the Gulf, the bold north-west promontory of Euboea, once called Cape Caeneum, runs out towards the mainland. There was a peculiar fitness in the phrase of Sophocles, when he described this district, with its varied scenery, as 'the haunt of Malian Nymphs[1],' those beings of the forest and the river, of the hills and the sea.

It was in this region that legend placed the last deeds of Heracles, and his death, *or rather* his passage from earth to Olympus. After taking Oechalia in Euboea, he was sacrificing on Cape Caeneum when the fatal robe did its work. He was carried to his home in Trachis; and then he commanded that he should be borne to the top of Mount Oeta, sacred to Zeus, and burnt alive. He was obeyed; as the flames arose on the mountain, they were answered from heaven by the blaze of lightning and the roll of thunder; and by that sign his companions knew that the spirit of the great warrior had been welcomed to the home of his immortal father. Somewhere in the wilds of those lonely summits tradition showed the sacred spot known as 'the Pyre'; *and once, at least, in later days a Roman Consul, turning aside from a victorious progress, went up to visit the solemn place where the most Roman of Greek heroes had received the supreme reward of fortitude*[2].

Now any one can see that this is pleasant, easy reading. Any student of English will be aware, more or less, that it has a style of extreme rarity, a style of the Addisonian class, which, by the severest economy, by delicacy of management, attains the effect, without the cumber, of wealth. It is all alive

[1] *v.* 725 [near the end of the principal Chorus, above quoted].

[2] Livy, 36. 30.

with poetry and feeling, intense in proportion to the reticence. A professional writer might further suspect, what was certainly true of Jebb, as it was generally of Addison, that the ease of composition was not only apparent, but real; and that, the material once mastered and the view chosen, these liquid sentences, with all their eddies and flashes of suggestion, flowed fast from the pen. The labour was done before, in a long and brooding preparation of years rather than hours.

But what is not so readily apparent, what may perhaps without offence be indicated, is that by this method and style, and only by this, could be solved the problem offered by the *Philoctetes* to the modern expositor,—how to suggest (as Sophocles does), without saying (since Sophocles would not), that the vision of Mount Oeta, seen at intervals in the distance of his picture, stands for a symbol of the common hope, and is, in this relation, vitally significant. What we get from the editor, in the way of preparation, is exactly what to the audience of Sophocles was given by native circumstance—the chance, that is to say, of comprehending this aspect of the play, if and so far as we have an eye for it. By emphasis, by weight of assertion, the chance of comprehension might, no doubt, be converted into a certainty, but the effect would no longer be the Sophoclean effect. To rub a delicate fruit is a sure, but not a good way of showing that it had a bloom. And for this same reason, I shall here leave Jebb's exordium to the appreciation of the reader.

In the Introduction to the *Trachiniae*, we might cite, for the same merit, the pages on the character of Deianira[1]. They deserve the best praise which the case admits; they speak not intolerably about things which, were it possible, should be expounded by silence; they suggest this to the student, and nothing more can be done for him. But I prefer to take a different example, different and yet radically similar, because it depends for its effect upon the same habit of economy and reticence.

The text of Sophocles, from his habit of passing lightly, of hinting and not stressing his point, is peculiarly exposed to the hunter of interpolations. Nothing is easier than to find verses or couplets, which can be pulled away without any resistance perceptible to the common finger. In the last century this game was played with such perseverance, that almost any extensive passage had been by some one somewhere adorned with a bracket. To Jebb the whole business seemed, as it is, fallacious and dull. His commentary, especially the small print of the *apparatus criticus*, is dotted with remarks like this[2]: "These two verses are rejected by (So-and-so) with (Somebody's) approval, who pronounces the second of them 'quite unworthy of an intelligent poet'." And below, in the explanatory note, will be half-a-dozen words of conclusive interpretation. Now the *Trachiniae*, for reasons obvious to those acquainted with its style, presents to excisers a specially accom-

[1] pp. xxxi ff.

[2] *Philoct.* 13.

modating field. It was observed by Jebb that, in this play, the total of their spoils would amount to something near one-tenth of the text; and he had the happy thought to exhibit this fact by way of a warning[1]. One 'clear case' of interpolation he acknowledges, and one probable; references to all the rest, which had been alleged, he subjoins in a portentous block. His feelings break out on this occasion in plain sarcasm,—a tone almost prohibited in his writing, and impressive in proportion:

> Besides these verses, many others—not fewer than about 120 in all—have been suspected or rejected by various commentators; often, apparently, on the general ground that anything is suspicious which is not indispensable.... It is to be regretted when a habit of mind such as might be fostered by the habitual composition of telegrams is applied to the textual criticism of poetry—or, indeed, of prose. Yet it is right that students should have notice as to what verses of the play have been suspected or condemned by scholars of mark. I cannot vouch for the completeness of the following 'black list,' but I believe that it is nearly complete.

But what is here characteristic of Jebb, is not the sarcasm. It is the suppression of the intended inference, and the turn of the sentence *Yet it is right...*, by which that inference seems to be rather deprecated than enforced. Jebb's meaning here, his personal opinion, undoubtedly is, that the catalogue is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the method which has furnished the materials, and that it almost disproves

[1] *Trach.* Introd. p. lii.

every item. Most writers would have said so plainly; and that way would have manifest advantages. But the cautious and suggestive understatement, preferred by Jebb, is the way which should be preferred by an Attic wit, by a writer naturally fitted to understand the linguistic art of Athens, and, above all, of Sophocles.

And now, with these two preparatory examples in mind, let us see the commentator directly at work upon a critical passage. The speech, in which Philoctetes describes his sufferings after and since he was left alone in the misery of his maimed condition, is a cornerstone of the play, and a touchstone of sympathetic interpretation. We will take from it the piece, which Jebb renders thus[1]:—

So time went on for me, season by season; and, alone in this narrow house, I was fain to meet each want by mine own service. For hunger's needs this bow provided, bringing down the winged doves; and, whatever my string-sped shaft might strike, I, hapless one, would crawl to it myself, trailing my wretched foot just so far; or if, again, water had to be fetched,—or if (when the frost was out, perchance, as oft in winter) a bit of fire-wood had to be broken,—I would creep forth, poor wretch, and manage it. Then fire would be lacking; but by rubbing stone on stone I would at last draw forth the hidden spark; and this it is that keeps life in me from day to day. Indeed, a roof over my head, and fire therewith, gives all that I want—save release from my disease.

ὁ μὲν χρόνος δὴ διὰ χρόνου προὔβαινέ μοι,
κἄδει τι βαιᾷ τῇδ' ὑπὸ στέγῃ μόνον
διακονεῖσθαι· γαστρὶ μὲν τὰ σύμφορα

[1] *Philoct.* 285.

τόξον τόδ' ἐξηύρισκε, τὰς ὑποπτέρους
βάλλον πελείας· πρὸς δὲ τοῦθ', ὅ μοι βάλοι
νευροσπαδὴς ἄτρακτος, αὐτὸς ἂν τάλας
εἰλυόμην, δύστηνον ἐξέλκων πόδα
πρὸς τοῦτ' ἄν· εἴ τ' ἔδει τι καὶ ποτὸν λαβεῖν,
καί που πάγου χυθέντος, οἷα χείματι,
ξύλον τι θραῦσαι, ταῦτ' ἂν ἐξέρπων τάλας
ἐμηχανώμην· εἶτα πῦρ ἂν οὐ παρῆν,
ἀλλ' ἐν πέτροισι πέτρον ἐκτρίβων μόλις
ἔφην' ἄφαντον φῶς, ὃ καὶ σῴζει μ' ἀεί.
οἰκουμένη γὰρ οὖν στέγη πυρὸς μέτα
πάντ' ἐκπορίζει πλὴν τὸ μὴ νοσεῖν ἐμέ.

Now, about the many small points in which this passage, with all its simplicity, has, by lapse of time and other causes, become open to some doubt upon the exact sense, we need not here say anything, except that Jebb seems to leave none untouched, and is, if anything, only too full. But when explanation is done, there remains the vital matter for the student. When he understands the passage, is he kindled by its passion, and soothed by its dignity? If not, Sophocles can do nothing for him, and his time is wasted. Yet the negative chance, the chance that full understanding may leave in the mind a perfect blindness to what is here essentially valuable, is not at all unlikely ; as appears from the fact, that a very acute observer and reasoner, deeply read in Sophocles and in Greek generally, proposed to improve the composition by eliminating the verse

καί που πάγου χυθέντος, οἷα χείματι[1].

[1] Writing ξύλον τε in the next verse.

The one thing, then, of ultimate importance to us as students is to make such a conjecture as this impossible to us,—to make us capable of perceiving that πάγου χυθέντος is just one of those stars of speech, by which the simple tale is lighted up, and without which it would not be Sophocles. But this again is the sort of thing which will not bear plain saying, not at all events through the medium of a book. My reader, I imagine, is ill-pleased when he reads it here, perhaps even, because he reads it, incredulous. Such are the straits, which too often make commentary impotent. Now let us hear Jebb :—

πάγου χυθέντος : cp. *Trachiniae* 853 κέχυται νόσος, 'hath spread abroad' (through his frame). Attius, *Prometheus* fr. 1 *profusus gelus*. Psalm cxlvii. 16 : 'He giveth snow like wool : he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels.'— ... —Nauck would delete this verse, because it is unreasonable that the hero should delay providing himself with firewood until the frost has set in.—ξύλον τι. Lemnos is now almost devoid of wood, save for a few plane-trees in the water-courses, and a little undergrowth.

One is ashamed to expound the art of this, which would normally be read, and should be read, without arrest and almost without notice. But every touch tells : the Biblical illustration—a thing rare in Jebb, saved, like all powerful instruments, for a fit place ; the bit of irony ; and above all, the last paragraph, which itself is poetry, and, like all poetry, is beyond analysis. The sum is this : a reader of the note has the best chance, that any one can help him to, of

seeing why and how the passage of Sophocles is lovely. If, with this note, he does not see it, he never would. And what more could one say for a commentary?

At the end of our citation from the text occurs one of those linguistic subtleties, those minute, but pregnant, deviations from common form, in which all Athenians delighted, Sophocles not less than any, and which, in the state of our textual tradition, became matter of doubt and dispute :—

> A roof over my head, and fire therewith, gives all that I want—save release from my disease.
>
> οἰκουμένη γὰρ οὖν στέγη πυρὸς μέτα
> πάντ' ἐκπορίζει πλὴν τὸ μὴ νοσεῖν ἐμέ.

That the purpose of this emphasis on the pronoun (ἐμέ, not με) is not, to the modern mind, evident, appears from a row of conjectural substitutes. Jebb writes :

> ἐμέ has been suspected. But it serves to qualify the general sentiment by a reference to his special circumstances :—'shelter and fire give all that a man needs—except, in *my* case, health.'

Whether we accept this or not (I do so myself without hesitation), it is manifestly the remark of a very clear and penetrating mind, a mind peculiarly fitted to follow the flexions of Attic speech.

Certainty in such matters is often not now to be had ; and the point is inevitably reached where such an expositor as Jebb, pursuing the turns of such a composer as Sophocles, will be charged plausibly, if

not justly, with cutting too fine. Such a case is presented by the opening of our passage. Jebb, it will be seen, renders

ὁ μὲν χρόνος δὴ διὰ χρόνου προὔβαινέ μοι

into 'So time went on for me, season by season,' and compares, very appropriately at all events in respect of the matter, these lines from *Enoch Arden*:

> Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
> The sunny and rainy seasons came and went,
> Year after year.

The explanation, by which this version is supported, will seem to some 'more elaborate than is necessary[1]'; and this (let us note) it may be, even if nevertheless it is right. I venture no opinion, but will call attention in passing to Jebb's firm and just defence of the verse against the suspicion, much supported, of clerical error. "The text" he says "has been boldly altered....to get rid of διὰ χρόνου: but the iteration itself is a proof of soundness." This is surely true; and by such neat, decisive strokes Jebb will constantly limit those doubts which he may not altogether remove.

Indeed, whatever doubts may remain, there is no difference of opinion as to the general soundness, as well as subtlety, of Jebb, in discriminating the shade of a given expression from approximate equivalents. It is the most obvious of his gifts, and perhaps the

[1] So Professor L. Campbell, *Paralipomena Sophoclea* (p. 203). He prefers 'Well, after a time, I found the time advancing.' Note however the position of the words διὰ χρόνου.

most indispensable to the exposition of his favourite poet. Never does he sink into the algebraic method of interpreting language, as if it consisted of interchangeable varieties, or forget that, for the purpose of art, no two expressions can be absolutely and indifferently equal. To be weeded of this error is the benefit most easily and certainly procurable from a course of Jebb. Examples abound, and, to represent him fairly, must be given in some fulness. In making a selection, I have not ascertained or considered, whether Jebb's view is original or adopted—which is not the point. I believe however that in most cases the substance of his remarks is his own, as well as the form.

"Thou must beguile the mind of Philoctetes by a story told in thy converse with him," says Odysseus to Neoptolemus[1], and uses an irregular syntax—

τὴν Φιλοκτήτου σε δεῖ
ψυχὴν ὅπως λόγοισιν ἐκκλέψεις λέγων—

of which two other examples (one Sophoclean) are extant. Some have proposed to correct the irregularity, others, with more discretion, to admit it. Neither way comes to the point, which is, that if, as would appear, the variation commended itself to Sophocles, it had presumably some distinction of colour, which distinction, Jebb sees, is the thing to be fixed. "In [all the three examples] the construction is used by an elder, or superior, in giving a precept of conduct. The admonitory tone thus associated

[1] *Phil.* 54.

with the formula confirms the text." The basis of induction is narrow, and possibly uncertain; but this is the spirit in which grammar should be handled, and the only way of making it fruitful. And see in the same note, for a specimen, both instructive and amusing, of the difficulties inherent in a language so remote from us and so subtle as Attic Greek, the discussion of the word λέγων. Of four interpretations Jebb disallows only one, though as usual he is decisive in preference, and seems, as usual, to be right.

The same principle, applied to a peculiarity not of syntax but of vocabulary, is seen in the following case[1], which might be multiplied almost without limit. Neoptolemus, having convinced the seducer Ulysses of his determination to restore what they have stolen to the true owner, dismisses him thus: "Thou hast come to thy senses; and if thou art thus prudent henceforth, perchance thou mayst keep clear of trouble"—

> ἐσωφρόνησας· κἂν τὰ λοίφ' οὕτω φρονῇς,
> ἴσως ἂν ἐκτὸς κλαυμάτων ἔχοις πόδα.

What shall we say of this mixed metaphor, "Thou mayst keep foot out of weeping"? Note it merely for an oddity, or impugn it as an error[2]? Neither, if we would appreciate Sophocles.

κλαυμάτων: cp. *Ant.* 931 τοῖσιν ἄγουσιν | κλαύμαθ' ὑπάρξει. The familiar use of κλαίων in threats (*ib.* 754)

[1] *Phil.* 1259.

[2] Hartung conjectured πημάτων.

made it natural to use the substantive as = 'troubles': hence the confusion of metaphor would not be felt. For like phrases with πόδα, see on *Ant.* 619.

That is to say, two streams of colloquial phraseology here flow together; two metaphors, each, as a metaphor, all but killed by much use, produce by fusion a point of colour; and, where πημάτων would have been commonplace, κλαυμάτων gives the touch of life. In the references, the reader, if he pleases, can retrace the history.

So also when Sophocles writes

ὁρῶ κενὴν οἴκησιν ἀνθρώπων δίχα[1],

a modern reader will be apt to feel, clearly or obscurely, that the reduplication of κενήν, *empty*, by ἀνθρώπων δίχα, *without men* (*in it*), is a mere negligence or, at best, a technical trick, not really made any more agreeable when it has been labelled as poetical. A set of parallel passages, proving that Greek and Latin writers not unfrequently did such things, does not help him at all. He perhaps knows that they did, and wishes that they did not, since he does not perceive, if he were to speak his mind, any better reason for such superfluity than the filling of the verse. Even those, who may see more, will often tell him no more, because, in such matters, to see is one thing, but to say is quite another, and harder. What he wants will be this:

ὁρῶ. Neoptolemus, mounting the rocks, has now just reached the mouth of the cave. κενὴν is made more explicit

[1] *Phil.* 31.

by ἀνθρώπων δίχα: 'empty,—yes, there is no man there.' Such iteration is natural when the mind confirms itself in a first impression, or dwells on a striking thought; so Verg. *Aen.* 4. 588 *vacuos sensit sine remige portus* ('empty,—no rower there'); *Ai.* 464 γυμνὸν φανέντα τῶν ἀριστείων ἄτερ '(when I return) ungraced,—aye, without the meed of valour'.

This is something more than an explanation of the passage, more even than a general precept about Greek or Latin. It is a light on the nature of language and the method of art.

More important still is another application of the same principle—that an irregularity in language should signify, and, if you can trust your author, will signify, some corresponding peculiarity of thought, some special colour of circumstance or insinuation: I mean, where the controlling force lies behind the words, in the mind of the speaker, which mind he would fain both express and conceal. So Philoctetes expresses his confidence in Neoptolemus, promising to put into the young man's hands his fatal and coveted weapon[1]: "The bow shall be thine, to handle, and to return to the hand that gave it; thou shalt be able to vaunt that...thou alone hast touched it." This reads not quite smoothly in English, and more disjointed still is the Greek:

> παρέσται ταῦτά σοι καὶ θιγγάνειν
> καὶ δόντι δοῦναι κἀξεπεύξασθαι βροτῶν
> ἀρετῆς ἕκατι τῶνδ' ἐπιψαῦσαι μόνον.

[1] *Phil.* 667.

Beyond this perception, that the run of the words is odd, and that the oddness can be located in the clause *καὶ δόντι δοῦναι*,—beyond this most of us will not go without help, as appears by a string of proposals (with very good names to them) for correcting the recalcitrant words. Nevertheless

> These words are not only genuine, but mark a delicate turn of phrase. Instead of saying, 'You shall be allowed to handle the bow, on condition of returning it,' he says, 'You shall be allowed to handle the bow and to return it.' ...The condition which *qualifies* the boon is thus lightly and courteously hinted,—being inserted between the words (*θιγγάνειν*, *κἀξεπεύξασθαι*) which express the privileges conceded.

Observations of this kind, fine, exact, and satisfying, may be picked from almost any page.

I turn aside here to indicate, in the immediate context of the passage last cited, a case in which Jebb does not, in my judgment, exhaust his problem, though he does conclusively settle the points which he raises. It is due to him to exhibit at least one such case, for, as a proof of sound quality, nothing is better. The speech of Philoctetes, consenting to put the bow in the hand of Neoptolemus (see above), continues and concludes in the MSS. thus:

> ...τῶνδ' ἐπιψαῦσαι μόνον·
> εὐεργετῶν γὰρ καὐτὸς αὖτ' ἐκτησάμην.
> [οὐκ ἄχθομαί σ' ἰδών τε καὶ λαβὼν φίλον·
> ὅστις γὰρ εὖ δρᾶν εὖ παθὼν ἐπίσταται,
> παντὸς γένοιτ' ἂν κτήματος κρείσσων φίλος.]
> NE. χωροῖς ἂν εἴσω.

Now the sentiment, that "whoever knows how to render benefit for benefit must prove a friend above price," has no point here, if addressed by Philoctetes to Neoptolemus, who, having received no benefit, has not rendered any. The text therefore must be in some way faulty. Two remedies had been proposed: (1) to transfer the bracketed verses to Neoptolemus, (2) to omit them altogether. Upon this state of the question, Jebb remarks, that, if the verses are rejected, then Neoptolemus deigns no reply to the gracious and cordial speech of Philoctetes, including the offer to entrust him with the bow, beyond the bare χωροῖς ἂν εἴσω, "Go in, I pray thee," which alone is assigned to him by the MSS. He ignores the offer, that is to say, altogether. Jebb thinks this dramatically intolerable, as surely it is. He also explains correctly what the verses mean in the mouth of Neoptolemus:—"I am not sorry that chance drove me to Lemnos, and thus enabled me to gain your friendship. One who is ready to requite a benefit (viz., conveyance to Greece) by such a kindness as this (the promised loan of the bow), must indeed prove to be a priceless friend."

So far I see no objection. Jebb has done here what, at the least, he always does. He has cleared the position; he has fixed a base and limit of possible departure. But has he proved that "the three verses are clearly genuine"? What he has shown is, strictly, that, if Neoptolemus does not acknowledge the offer of Philoctetes by the im-

pugned verses, then *he must acknowledge it otherwise.* Omission of the verses, that is to say, is not admissible as a complete remedy. I still believe that the verses are spurious. In the mouth of Neoptolemus (for whom they were undoubtedly written) they have indeed meaning, as Jebb explains; but they are (I think) pompous and inappropriate[1]. The offer of Philoctetes, to deliver the bow to Neoptolemus *for a moment*, merely that he may 'handle' it, may 'touch' it, and then return it to the owner,—surely this piece of courtesy is not well described as 'a benefit,' a reward for the service of conveying Philoctetes to his home. And further, why should the offer of Philoctetes be left unperformed? Neoptolemus has asked merely to have the bow in his hands and to pay his respects to it[2]. He is told that he may. Then why should he not? It appears necessary to the natural effect of the scene that the thing should be done, that, when Philoctetes has spoken, he should act upon his offer, by delivering the bow, which Neoptolemus, after expressing his pretended satisfaction by kissing it, or such other reverent gesture as may be appropriate, will of course reverently restore, as he was bidden, to Philoctetes. But if this, or something like this, here passes between the speech of Philoctetes and the "Go in, I pray thee" of Neoptolemus, there is

[1] So also, as I understand, Professor Campbell (*Paralipomena* p. 211)—"It must be allowed that Neoptolemus is 'daubing it' rather far."

[2] *v.* 657, *v.* 660.

no need and no room for any words on the subject from the young man. Words would only spoil the significant action. We may thus satisfy the instinct of those many scholars (five are cited by Jebb) who mislike the three verses, and yet we shall not infringe the requirement of Jebb, that the offer of Philoctetes must not pass without notice. The verses will have been inserted to fill an apparent lacuna, produced by the absence of stage-directions. They will have drifted (in the MSS.) from Neoptolemus to Philoctetes, because, as is natural in a patchwork, they do not really fit either. But be this suggestion right or wrong,—I put it forward not at all for its own sake, and will suppose that others can see something better, —what I would point out is, that Jebb here closes decisively some ways of going wrong, and places us, at all events, in the right position from which to move, if move we will.

This clearness of view, with a keen and imperturbable sense for the less obvious relations between words and thought, fitted him admirably for the interpretation of drama. For a good example, see the exclamation of Neoptolemus[1], when he forces himself to the uncongenial work of fraud: 'Come what may, I'll do it, and cast off all shame' (*πᾶσαν αἰσχύνην ἀφείς*). To complain, with some, that so complete a change of mind is abrupt and unnatural, is to confuse form and substance—an error only too easy for a commentator, intent for the moment upon the phrase before him. "He will do the deed,"

[1] *Phil.* 120.

writes Jebb, "but there is still a sense of αἰσχύνη, which it costs an effort to shake off. These are the words of one who may yet feel remorse." Just so; there is no more to be said[1].

Often of course a trenchant decision would be a misrepresentation; and it is not the least of Jebb's merits, that his opinion and arguments are given, in such cases, exactly for what they are worth. Was it possible, in the Greek of Sophocles, to express "Thou art not departing from thy sire's example" by οὐδὲν ἔξω τοῦ φυτεύσαντος σύ γε δρᾷς[2]? Could a place be said συμφέρεσθαι θνήσκοντι, in the sense of being 'fit' to die in[3]? These, and other such questions without number, are matters of feeling, which for decision demand a native, and a native highly trained. Jebb's treatment of them has these constant qualities, that he determines exactly the conditions of choice, reducing to reason all, to the last shade, that can be so reduced, and pretending no more.

It is often manifest that he himself felt, and not without internal justification, much more assurance than he could ground upon logic; and he had an enviable power of implying this without improper emphasis. But no one could be more free from the

[1] For the same reason, unfailing clearness, Jebb is excellent in the classification of syntactical forms. See the notes on ὡς ταῦτ' ἐπίστω δρώμενα (*Phil.* 567) and ἐντυχεῖν or ἂν τυχεῖν (*Phil.* 1329). In these, and hundreds of places, whether he settles the matter or no, he eliminates confusion with incomparable dexterity.

[2] *Phil.* 904.

[3] *Phil.* 1085.

vice of brazening, and from the temptation to fortify a weak point by 'abusing the adversary's counsel.' His strict courtesy, his reticence *in reticendis*, is only the more appreciable, because rarely, here and there, just once in a way, a little cry reveals his inner impatience :—

"Such as the time needs, such am I," says Odysseus[1]. "Where the question is of just men and good, thou wilt find no man more scrupulous."

οὗ γὰρ τοιούτων δεῖ, τοιοῦτός εἰμ' ἐγώ.

Upon this Jebb remarks, with his usual precision :

τοιούτων, 'such or such' a man,—'any given kind' of person :—euphemistic for δολίων, or the like. Such a colloquial use of τοιοῦτος seems quite intelligible, since it could be interpreted by an expressive tone of the voice, or by a slight gesture. (Not, 'such as thou hast described.')

This is right—if we so see it ; and argument can help no further. But what should be done, in view of the fact that, in an important edition, τοιούτων was changed to πανούργων, "where wickedness is wanted, wicked I am"? Jebb's practice is to record such things, when the case demands, and to pass on. But here, for once, his tone is sharp : "It would be grievous" he adds "to change τοιούτων into πανούργων." So it would ; and we get a salutary shock, a useful caution against rough handling. But such an effect rewards only the severest economy ; and you may read a hundred pages of Jebb without finding anything similar.

[1] *Phil.* 1049.

Indeed, in his general treatment of controversial matter, in his desire to exhibit, not only what ought now to be said upon the subject, but, if possible, all that has been worthily and helpfully said, he is only too scrupulous and insatiable. His passion for completeness, his desire not to suppress an aid, are chief causes of the only fault which, apart from details, may be alleged against the commentary on Sophocles,—that sometimes, not often, it might be shortened without practical loss. Wordy he never is; terse he is often, to the despair of imitation; and where he gives more than the student of Sophocles, as such, actually wants, it is most commonly because he insists on marking the imperfect contribution of a predecessor. It should be observed that, even in these cases, the presentation of the development is in itself valuable, as illustrating method and the growth of opinion. And indeed, where such matter is given in an appendix, we have more reason to be grateful than to complain. But in the footnotes it is occasionally burdensome. I will give one example, not, I think, uninteresting.

The last decisive moment in the plot of the *Philoctetes*, the final victory of honesty, is reached when Neoptolemus, unable to convince Philoctetes upon the question of his voluntary submission to destiny and removal to Troy, declares nevertheless his own adherence to his promise,—that he would convey the hero, if he wished, to his home in Malis.

"*Ne.* If thou wilt, let us be going.
Ph. O generous word!"

ΝΕ. εἰ δοκεῖ, στείχωμεν. ΦΙ. ὦ γενναῖον εἰρηκὼς ἔπος[1].

Now in this verse, and in those which follow, the change in the situation and movement is marked, after the artful manner of Greek tragedy, by a change of form, the substitution of the long trochaic metre for the common iambic. But this verse, the first in the new metre, is irregular, because practice required that the centre of the verse, the end of the fourth foot, should be marked by a division between words, whereas here it occurs within a single word (*ὦ γενν-αῖον*). The irregularity is intentional and valuable, as it enforces the pause at *στείχωμεν*, and adds strength to the exclamation which follows. This effect, the explanation of which was the work partly of Porson, partly of Hermann, had doubtless been *felt* before, though not technically comprehended, by many ; and, for practical purposes, it might be dismissed in a couple of sentences. If Jebb's notes on it, the critical and the explanatory, are (as may be thought) too elaborate for the importance of the matter, the cause is plainly his wish to reward exactly the deserts of all concerned in the evolution of the true view, and particularly to do justice to Porson.

And for once that he is too ample, he is twenty times admirable in compression. Take for a specimen a note from the *Trachiniae*[2]:

> ἀλλ' οἶσθα μὲν δὴ καὶ τὰ τῆς ξένης ὁρῶν
> προσδέγματ', αὐτὴν ὡς ἐδεξάμην φίλως.

[1] *Phil.* 1402. [2] *v.* 627.

"And then thou hast seen the greeting given to the stranger maiden—thou knowest how I welcomed her." The MSS. vary between *αὐτὴν* and *αὐτήν θ'*. Here is the statement by which Jebb not only settles this doubt, which has produced a long course of misadventures, but also illuminates the principles of Greek:

I read *αὐτὴν* (with A), not *αὐτήν θ'* (with L), for these reasons.—(1) It is clear that *αὐτὴν* means merely *eam*, not *ipsam*. We cannot distinguish τὰ τῆς ξένης προσδέγματα, as meaning the welcome of Iolè *along with the other captives*, from a special welcome given to Iolè personally. (2) *αὐτὴν*, although unemphatic, has a position which would usually give emphasis. But this is excused by the fact that the whole clause, αὐτὴν ὡς ἐδεξάμην φίλως, depends on οἶσθα, being merely epexegetic of τὰ τῆς ξένης προσδέγματα (instead of *οἷα ἐγένετο* or the like). The chief stress falls on φίλως. (3) If, however, we had αὐτήν θ', then the sentence would lose that compact unity which justifies the place of the pronoun. And so *αὐτήν θ'* would naturally seem to mean *ipsam*—raising the objection noticed above (1). The insertion of θ' may easily have arisen from a notion that the second clause required a link with the first.

From the *Trachiniae*, which, in its varied and elaborate style, offers special opportunities for the sense of poetical discrimination, I will take some further specimens of Jebb's characteristic faculty, the reference of linguistic variety to the subtleties of thought which determine it. Again and again he will show, at a stroke, not merely that a peculiar phrase is possible, but why it is wanted. The examples will be different in kind, as dealing with

vocabulary, or grammar, or other matter. But in all will be seen a like penetration, the same neat cutting to the quick. Be it remembered, that in all or most of these cases, the knot, which we see loosed, has been pulled and tangled to distraction, though the solution (Jebb is the last to forget this) may nevertheless be largely due to the failures.

"Let me hear thy name," says Deianeira to Iolè, "from thine own mouth. It is indeed distressing not to know *thy* name"—

...ἐπεὶ
καὶ ξυμφορά τοι μὴ εἰδέναι σέ γ' ἥτις εἶ[1].

She is deeply interested by the captive, and anxious to know her story, in order to offer her formal sympathy. On *ξυμφορά*, where many have stumbled, Jebb remarks, that the use of it here is a subtlety of art, which

depends on the different shades of meaning possible for the word. When Deianeira at last learns all, that knowledge is to her a *ξυμφορά* in the gravest sense: she knows that, in Iolè, she has received a *πημονὴν ὑπόστεγον* (376). But here she is courteously using *ξυμφορά* in the milder sense which it could also bear,—'a matter of deep regret,'—

which sense he illustrates, and surely stops all question.

"Let my wife but come to me," cries Heracles in his agony, "and she shall learn to proclaim this message unto all, that in my death, as in my life, I chastised the wicked"—

καὶ ζῶν κακούς γε καὶ θανὼν ἐτεισάμην[2].

[1] *Tr.* 320. [2] *Tr.* 1111.

The γε, says Jebb, is very expressive:

It means, 'when *guilt* is to be chastised, I am strong even in weakness,—even unto death.'

"Of course," we say. Yet a critic of the first rank proposed to write κακούργους.

Heracles (to Hyllus): "Thou must consent and help with a good grace, as one who hath learned that best of laws, obedience to a sire."—

δεῖ σ' ... αὐτὸν εἰκαθόντα συμπράσσειν, νόμον
κάλλιστον ἐξευρόντα, πειθαρχεῖν πατρί[1].

The word ἐξευρόντα is not what would occur to the ordinary composer; hence conjectures, ἐξορθοῦντα, ἐξαίροντα, and so on. But

ἐξευρόντα is illustrated by the words αὐτὸν εἰκαθόντα. He is not to wait until this law has been brought home to his mind by a rebuke. He is to 'find it out' in the light of his own reason;

and it is shown that, in fact, εὑρίσκειν 'often expresses the result of reflection.'

Deianeira, in innocent anticipation, describes Heracles, clad in the fatal robe of sacrifice, as '*newly* radiant at the altar in a *new* garb'—

θυτῆρα καινῷ καινὸν ἐν πεπλώματι[2].

The repetition is a common idiom for emphasis; but, adds Jebb with poetic insight, it has here a further motive, as pointing to the unforeseen catastrophe:

It is a touch of tragic irony....For θυτὴρ καινός could mean 'a sacrificer of a novel kind,'—

[1] *Tr.* 1178. [2] *Tr.* 613.

which fact, and the sinister sense of *καινός*, he proves by illustration. Yet it had been proposed to substitute *κλεινῷ κλεινόν*, 'glorious and gloriously attired.'

When "to prate *with* the brainsick befits not a sane man" is expressed in the form—

τὸ γὰρ
νοσοῦντι λῃρεῖν ἀνδρὸς οὐχὶ σώφρονος[1],

every one perceives in *νοσοῦντι*, the simple dative, a departure from ordinary grammar. To make this acceptable—and a rain of conjectures has proved the peril of alteration—we must learn what poetical purpose it serves, what is the shade of colour by which it differs from *πρὸς νοσοῦντα*. To this, the true point, Jebb instantly proceeds:

> The dative follows the analogy, partly of *διαλέγεσθαί τινι*, but more especially of *φιλονεικεῖν τινί*, *στασιάζειν τινί*: the notion is 'to hold a silly *controversy* with a madman.' Cp. the schol. *οὐ γὰρ φιλονεικήσω πρὸς αὐτόν.*

So again, he will not let us suppose, that, in

ὁρῶ δέ μ' ἔργον δεινὸν ἐξειργασμένην[2],

the use of the accusative, instead of the common nominative, is merely a convenience, which we have done with, when we have registered it as exceptional.

> The examples are of two kinds. (1) Most often there is a contrast of persons; *El.* 65.... (2) Sometimes, as here, ...the effect is merely to give a certain objectivity: *El.* 470 *πικρὰν | δοκῶ με πεῖραν τήνδε τολμήσειν ἔτι*. ... This is

[1] *Tr.* 434.
[2] *Tr.* 706.

especially fitting when the speaker is in an evil plight, and means that he can see himself as others see him.

Nothing seems more obvious. Yet nothing is more difficult to sustain than this sure touch upon the nerves of the language, or more rare than the power to be at once so minute in distinction and so simple in expressing it.

Again and again it enables Jebb to see, and to bring out, points of value in the phrasing, which would escape the majority even of practised readers. Deianeira was told (she says) by the Centaur, to keep his supposed love-charm in a secret place, always remote from fire and sun, "until I should apply it, newly spread, where I wished"—

ἕως νιν ἀρτίχριστον ἁρμόσαιμί που[1].

Whereupon Jebb:

που: neither Nessus (575) nor she herself had ever thought of the charm being used on any one except Heracles. But, as she shrank from naming Eurystheus (35), so, at this moment, she shrinks from naming the man whom she loves.

Remarks of this kind, which abound, are what I had chiefly in view when I said, that Sophocles is here interpreted by an Addison. It appears, I hope, that this is at all events not an over-statement.

We might prolong the exemplification indefinitely, and still it would not be adequate. Many expositions, especially upon points of syntax, however good in their place, cannot fairly be presented in detachment

[1] *Tr.* 687.

and under the present conditions. I must be content to mention, without citing, the notes on *Trachiniae* 438, 463 (ἐντακείη τῷ φιλεῖν), a model of scientific skill directed by sympathetic intuition, 468, 547 (disputable, but in my opinion right), 562 (τὸν πατρῷον στόλον: see particularly the remarks on the 'dramatic fitness'), and 584 (equally subtle and true).

But I cannot refrain from quoting in full the note on *Trachiniae* 494 ff. The moment is a crisis in the development of the drama. Deianeira has just formed in her own mind the fatal plan, shortly after revealed, to attempt the recovery of her unfaithful husband by a charm. She will send it by the hands of his own messenger, to whom she speaks as follows:—"But let us go into the house, that thou mayest receive my messages; and, since gifts should be meetly recompensed with gifts,—that thou mayest take these also. It is not right that thou shouldest go back with empty hands, after coming with such a goodly train."—

ἀλλ' εἴσω στέγης
χωρῶμεν, ὡς λόγων τ' ἐπιστολὰς φέρῃς,
ἃ τ' ἀντὶ δώρων δῶρα χρὴ προσαρμόσαι,
καὶ ταῦτ' ἄγῃς· κενὸν γὰρ οὐ δίκαιά σε
χωρεῖν, προσελθόνθ' ὧδε σὺν πολλῷ στόλῳ.

That the word προσαρμόσαι has a somewhat artificial effect, one may easily perceive; but that the choice of it is dictated by anything beyond technical convenience, I, for one, should certainly not have suspected. It would pass, with ninety-nine readers in a hundred—and with the hundredth too, for a fair

specimen of tragic diction, for a variation, fairly appropriate, chosen to mark poetry as something different from prose. Whether this is all the effect that Sophocles intended, or all that a native hearer would have felt, the reader must decide after perusing this comment:

προσαρμόσαι, literally 'adjust'; *i.e.*, 'give in fitting recompense.' But Deianeira's choice of the word has been influenced by her secret thought,—already turned towards the philtre which she would *apply* to Heracles: cp. 687 ἕως νιν ἀρτίχριστον ἁρμόσαιμί που. And at the same time the word is unconsciously ominous (cp. 767 προσπτύσσεται[1]).

This is the first mention of the fateful gift. An unobtrusive significance is given to it by two traits of expression. (1) δῶρα is drawn into the relative clause,...and resumed, with a light emphasis, in καὶ ταῦτ': cp. *Phil.* 1247[2]. (2) A pause follows the second foot of the verse (ἄγῃς).

It would be needless to tell any one, versed in the classics and their expositors, that this is by Jebb. There are no such notes, none exactly such, in any commentaries that I know of, except his. Such points go, for the most part, unobserved, and, when observed, are seldom expounded, because they are so hard of definition. And it is true, as Jebb was well aware, that such points will hardly bear explanation; if they are not *seen*, they must be partly lost. Hence the lightness and suspense of his touch, a sort of colourless language, which sometimes eludes and defeats the unwary. But thus only may the thing

[1] Said of the poisoned robe, when it *folds itself*, like a fitting garment, to the flesh.

[2] Where, as here, the trait serves to mark a dramatic crisis.

be done at all; and so often and so far as we apprehend it, we get a lesson beyond price in the essence of literary art.

Of Jebb as a textual critic, a manipulator of readings, this is not the place to speak at any length. It is enough to say that he understood the principles thoroughly, and his judgment was sound. In the fascinating art of conjecture he deserves, at any rate, what is perhaps the chief praise in this kind—that he did no mischief. It will be hard to find a place, in which he has meddled with a text certainly defensible. His greatest success, I think, is in places properly called 'hopeless', where evidence fails and the way is open for free supplement. I have referred above[1] to the admirable πατρός (for πᾶσι) in *Philoctetes* 729. The word of Sophocles, whatever it was, can hardly have been more illuminating in the place. So in *Phil.* 1092, though no one can pretend confidence, any more than Jebb does, that, for εἶθ' αἰθέρος ἄνω, we ought to accept πέλειαι δ' ἄνω as the demonstrable words of Sophocles, we can nevertheless say for the suggestion, that it would be absolutely satisfactory, if it were certified. There is hardly one other, in the very interesting catalogue supplied by the Appendix to the passage, of which one would say just this, though in point of ingenuity some surpass the proposal of Jebb. And his conjectures, whatever their value, are given fairly for what they are worth; he is not the dupe of his own cleverness. To that of others he is, I think, sometimes, though

[1] p. 435.

rarely, too favourable. "Surely," cries Philoctetes to his lost bow, "Surely, if thou canst feel, thou seest with pity that the comrade (?) of Heracles is now to use thee nevermore!"

> ἦ που ἐλεινὸν ὁρᾷς, φρένας εἴ τινας
> ἔχεις, τὸν Ἡράκλειον
> ἄθλιον ὧδέ σοι
> οὐκέτι χρησόμενον τὸ μεθύστερον[1].

For ἄθλιον here, ἄρθμιον (Erfurdt) seemed to Jebb 'a certain correction'. I doubt if he would have thought so, had the surmise occurred first to himself[2].

His substitution of λώφημα for λύπημα in *Trachiniae* 554,

> ἦ δ' ἔχω, φίλαι,
> λυτήριον λώφημα, τῆδ' ὑμῖν φράσω,

"I will tell you, friends, the way by which I hope to find deliverance *and relief*," has almost every merit and justification that a conjecture can have, and fairly deserves to be propounded with the assurance, 'I believe that Sophocles wrote...'[3]. And

[1] *Phil.* 1130.

[2] It is supposed to be a poetical variation for φίλον or ξένον (*friend*), but I agree with Professor Campbell in thinking it strange. I suspect that the text, though bold, is sound; τὸν Ἡράκλειον, *the Heraclean* (*one*), means here 'the friend of Heracles', as in a suitable context it might mean 'the son of Heracles'; ἄθλιον is part of the predicate. But the general judgment declares the place corrupt.

[3] By this I do not mean that it is certain. Others (*e.g.* Campbell's νόημα) may well be right. The supposed 'certainty' of a conjectural reading is generally a delusion, arising from imperfect appreciation of possibilities.

it is evident that his confidence was not really less in the case of the phrase (*Tr.* 869)

ὡς † ἀήθης † καὶ συνωφρυωμένη
χωρεῖ—

which, as he says, cannot be right. "Surely," he continues, "ἀήθης was merely a corruption of ἀ(γ)ηθής, which does not seem to occur, but which is as correct as εὐγηθής or πολυγηθής." He scrupled to put it in the text; but in the Introduction (p. liv) seems near to regretting his abstinence. The regret is instructive, and the scruple characteristic.

For, like most men of acute artistic sensibility, he had a strong respect for convention and tradition, a prejudice in favour of custom for its own sake[1]. Because he loved and seized upon the subtlest departure from the commonplace, and delighted in tracing it to the obscure motive, for this very reason he disliked a freak. He would not readily admit for fact a phenomenon altogether without parallel, and was perhaps only too ready to class the unprovable with the impossible. In a lyrical passage of the *Philoctetes*[2], the MSS. present us with lines—

παρὸν φρονῆσαι,
τοῦ λώονος δαίμονος εἵλου τὸ κάκιον αἱνεῖν—

which can be scanned only by assuming that λώονος has the quantities ∪∪ –, and that ω within a word is

[1] He could not speak of Euripides without pain in his voice, and seldom, without necessity, spoke at all. He had no strong desire, I think, to comprehend such a person.

[2] *v.* 1099.

here treated like an ῳ final, being abbreviated before the following vowel. Parallels, not adequate, have been adduced for this. Jebb disposes of them justly, and takes for granted that, this done, the case is at an end. The bare chance that Sophocles did here what strictly he should not have done, or again, the bare chance that he had reasons for doing it, which, with our materials, are no longer discoverable,—in these directions Jebb would refuse to look, rightly perhaps, certainly with a solid preference for the measurable and the safe.

This is not the temper of the discoverer; nor is it by discoveries, in the common sense of the word, that Jebb is to be classed. Original he was to a very high degree, but not in that kind of originality which elicits a shock either of disapprobation or of assent. It is easy to cite from him single remarks, six words, it may be, or a mere reference, which, otherwise handled, would have made an eloquent paragraph or a striking essay. When Philoctetes is deprived, apparently for ever, of his sole defence against starvation, turning to the cave in which he has lived so long and so miserably, and is now, as it seems, to die, he salutes it with the bitter cry: "Thou hollow of the caverned rock, *now hot, now icy cold*, —so, then, I am never to leave thee":

ὦ κοίλας πέτρας γύαλον
θερμὸν καὶ παγετῶδες[1]...

"Contrast this" says a laconic note "with the description by Odysseus"—who, viewing the place

[1] *Phil.* 1083.

(if we may say so) like a tourist, finds it excellent for comfort in all weathers![1] If this note, and a dozen other such, scattered over the whole commentary, had been put picturesquely together, they would have had the air of a discovery by the editor. But a reader, who does not miss them, will like them better, and will profit not less, because the discovery seems to be made by himself.

A distaste for strangeness, a respect for boundaries, will be serviceable in proportion to the intrinsic value of established presumptions. The exposition of Sophocles gave to Jebb just the field which suited his genius. The main lines of the subject are well fixed and rightly fixed. Few fundamental questions are open, or could probably be opened with any advantage. On the other hand, there is no degree of exactness, which Sophocles does not fairly invite and reward.

Not that Jebb neglects or misses the large aspects. I have already observed the breadth and fidelity with which, in the Introduction to the *Philoctetes*, the main lines of the composition are indicated. Not inferior, as a whole, is the Introduction to the *Trachiniae*. I would refer especially to the pages[2], in which, by dexterous approaches and careful balance, we are shown precisely in what sense and for what reasons the *Trachiniae*, measured by the standard of Sophocles, lacks the roundness, harmony, and completion, which are his characteristics, —what meaning we must give to the phrase 'want

[1] *vv.* 17 ff. [2] xxxv–xlii.

of unity', if we are to apply it at all to this play. This discussion can neither be presented here entire nor fairly exhibited by extracts. We must be content to signalize a by-stroke of sympathetic delicacy. The character of Hyllus—the son of Heracles who, by his father's command, bears him alive to the pyre, and who, obeying a still harder injunction, takes to himself for wife, in the person of Iolè, the very cause of his father's death—is described in a paragraph of disciplined eloquence, which culminates in these sentences[1]:

> Thus, under the dark shadow, pierced by no ray from above, which rests upon the close of the drama, this thrice-tried son calls the gods to witness that his own will has been overruled. With bitter anguish in his heart, he sees his father abandoned, as men must deem, by heaven; he is no longer the buoyant youth of the opening scene, but a man who must now take up the burden of a great inheritance, that Hyllus whom a grave and warlike race were to honour as the father of their kings, the ancestor of the Dorian Heracleidae.

This is undoubtedly the colour in which the dramatist desired to present the legendary relation of Hyllus and Iolè to their supposed descendants in the Greek world. And, like the Heraclean aspect of the *Philoctetes*, it is touched by the editor with firm decision, yet not over-touched. But to appreciate fully his judgment in disposing his material, we should turn from this paragraph to the note on the final injunction of Heracles—*προσθοῦ δάμαρτα*,

[1] p. xxxix.

"Take this woman to be thy wife[1]." There we learn—what, as matter of history, is possibly true—that the transference of Iolè from Heracles to his son, however skilfully it is handled, was nevertheless primarily an expedient, a somewhat hazardous and embarrassing expedient, to reconcile certain *data* of legend with the requirements of dramatic invention; "it was rendered indispensable by the plot." Of course it is not the intention of Sophocles that we should feel this constraint as readers of the play; nor on the whole do we feel it; and still less should we feel it as spectators. With justice, therefore, Jebb sets the widest possible interval between his picture of the Sophoclean incident, and his historical explanation of its origin, and, as far as truth permits, duly protects the picture against inopportune disturbance.

Less satisfactory perhaps are his remarks on the neglect, in the *Trachiniae*, of the so-called rule respecting the 'unity of time'[2]. Much indeed in this paragraph is true,—for example, that "amid the excitement, the alternations of hope and fear, which pervade this play, the action hastens forward in a manner which leaves us no leisure to remark the feats of travelling performed by Hyllus and by Lichas." Nevertheless, the whole statement seems to repose on conceptions which, though current, are confused and confusing.

Hyllus goes to Euboea, witnesses the sacrifice there, and returns to Trachis, in a space of time measured by less than 700 lines.

[1] *v.* 1224. [2] p. xlii.

If that were all, there would be nothing to criticize. 700 lines, or 7 lines, or no lines at all, but a bare interval, may, with perfect propriety, stand for any space of time whatever, provided that the lapse to be supposed is sufficiently and consistently indicated. Nor in fact does the *Trachiniae* exhibit any inconsistency, any internal inconsistency, in the time-indications; and we learn nothing from the statement, however familiar, that "in this play 'the unity of time' has been disregarded with exceptional boldness"—for this formula covers different meanings. What Sophocles has here disregarded is simply the exact topography of the region where his scene passes. He chooses, for the convenience of his plot, to write, throughout and consistently, as if Cape Caeneum were much nearer to the territory of Trachis than it is,—say, five miles off instead of nearer twenty. It may be inferred (and there is nothing surprising in the inference), that his audience and readers generally were not likely (or so he thought) to realize the actual facts in such a way as to be disturbed, in their enjoyment of his picture, by the geographical names. Such licences, common in all ages, are matter of practical judgment, not of artistic theory; and the 'unity of time' is in this connexion, as always in reference to Greek literature, a futile invention. Jebb is embarrassed here by conventional terms, which perhaps he had not strictly examined. For the practical effect of this drama, the matter is, as he truly says, "not a point of importance." And in these circumstances, no one was less likely than

he to raise a large problem, which might not inconveniently sleep.

Here, with a profound sense of inadequacy in my treatment, I must quit the edition of Sophocles. What I have offered is not a description; otherwise it were idle to concentrate our attention on two plays. My hope is to have exhibited, by a few examples carefully chosen from a prescribed space, the intimate and essential quality of the work, the touch of individual genius by which it is distinguished from other good work generally similar. As for the common epithets of scholarly praise, you would hardly find one, which might not warrantably be bestowed on this vast monument of learning and industry. But Jebb deserved, if ever any man did, the true reward of the artist, *not* to be praised otherwise than with exactness and propriety. And though no eulogy could be too high for him, it is, I feel, beyond me, to frame any which is not too gross.

Next among his works to the 'Sophocles', in permanent fame and utility, we should place, I suppose, his edition of the newly discovered lyrics of Bacchylides. Judged indeed merely by the ordinary standard, as a piece of literary and historical research, faithfully finished to the last detail, this book is not, I consider, at all inferior to the 'Sophocles' itself. Rather, perhaps, the number of problems, the constant pressure of uncertainty, the doubtful limits of the discoverable, bring out more strongly than ever Jebb's thoroughness, and his skill in the management of material. But what is wanting, inevitably, is the

charm of the subject, and the loving enthusiasm of the student. The disinterred pieces of Bacchylides are a precious addition to a miserably defective chapter in the history of literature; one or two of them are notable works of art; but, if they were modern and familiar, five pages, instead of five hundred, would be enough to bestow upon them. "One does wish," as I heard Jebb say, with a sigh, in the midst of his labour, "that the man were just a little better." Moreover, for practical purposes, the theme requires a bolder and more emphatic discrimination than Jebb's conscience and taste would permit. For practical purposes, the reader should be sent straight to Poem XVII (*Theseus*), which is first-rate work in a modest way, then to XVI (*Youths and Maidens*), then to some marked passages elsewhere; after which, he may go as he pleases. But no such rude finger-posts will he find in Jebb.

Nevertheless, for the scholar, as an ordered collection of all available information on the subject, the book is invaluable. In the archaeology of poetry, in the traditional colour of phrases and epithets, Jebb was always deeply versed and interested. Specimens of this kind appear often in the 'Sophocles', perfect in precision and finish, perhaps only too elaborate for the literary occasion[1]. And the 'Bacchylides' is everywhere rich in the like. Moreover, the deficiencies of the tattered MS. give Jebb excellent

[1] See for instance the note on θεοὶ ἐπόψιοι (*Philoctetes* 1040), and on Heracles ὁ χάλκασπις (*ib.* 728), and in the 'Bacchylides', the discussion of χλωραύχην (Deianeira) on p. 473.

opportunities for the supplementary invention, the fine use of poetic faculty, which, as we said above, was his happiest exercise in textual criticism. Whether the remnants of Ode III 72 ff. should really be so completed, as to make of the letters μαλεαι an allusion to the Greek Cape of Storms—

ὡς δ' ἐν] Μαλέᾳ ποτέ, [χεῖμα δαί]μων
ἐπ' ἔθ]νος ἐφάμερον α[ἶψ' ἴησι—

Jebb (p. 461) is careful not to determine. But his lines put a saving touch of colour into the passage,—and Bacchylides (one would say) can hardly have done better.

Subtleties in Bacchylides, for the best of reasons, Jebb does not show us. The strongest points in the volume, or the most characteristic of the editor, are those criticisms in which, with infinite precaution against crudeness or disrespect, he shows not only that in fact 'the nightingale of Ceos' is a singer of no great compass—any one can see that—but also just why and where the note fails. Take for example a portion of the interview in Hades between Heracles and the ghost of Meleager[1]—not the least beautiful episode, some might say the most beautiful, in the extant poems:

"'Tis said that then, and then alone, tears came to the eyes of Amphitryon's intrepid son, in pity for the ill-fated hero's doom; and he answered him with such words as these: *It were best for mortals that they had never been born....*"

[1] v. 155.

φασὶν ἀδεισιβόαν
'Αμφιτρύωνος παῖδα μοῦνον δὴ τότε
τέγξαι βλέφαρον, ταλαπενθέος
πότμον οἰκτίροντα φωτός·
καί νιν ἀμειβόμενος
τοῖ ἔφα· θνατοῖσι μὴ φῦναι φέριστον...

On the last four words Jebb remarks, of course, that they are the first half of the familiar maxim, made famous by Theognis, Sophocles, and others, which further said, that *next best was to die as soon as one might.* Then he continues thus:

This passage illustrates the pathetic power of Bacchylides. It is impressive, indeed, that this should be said by Heracles 'the unconquered.' Yet a subtler poet would scarcely have made him say it here, within the gates of Hades, to Meleager, whose fate he pities. For the first part of the adage...inevitably suggests that other which is not spoken....Contrast the manner in which the whole γνώμη is introduced by Sophocles (*O. C.* 1225 ff.). As uttered by the men of Colonus, it is not only a comment on the trials of Oedipus, but also a thought which turns the mind towards his approaching release.

The sympathetic Heracles concluded his speech, according to Bacchylides, thus: "But, seeing that these laments avail not, a man should speak of that which he can hope to accomplish. In the halls of the warrior Oeneus is there a maiden among his daughters like in form to thee?"—like, that is, to Meleager, the ghost. "Fain were I to make her my queenly bride."—

ἀλλ᾽ οὐ γάρ τίς ἐστιν
πρᾶξις τάδε μυρομένοις,
χρὴ κεῖνο λέγειν ὅτι καὶ μέλλει τελεῖν.
ἦ ῥά τις ἐν μεγάροις
Οἰνῆος ἀρηϊφίλου
ἔστιν ἀδμήτα θυγάτρων,
σοὶ φυὰν ἀλιγκία;
τάν κεν λιπαρὰν ἐθέλων θείμαν ἄκοιτιν.

Here Jebb puts criticism in an appendix.

We have the 'Bacchylides'; and, partly perhaps for this reason, we have not the 'Pindar', which some day, if days had been more, Jebb would have given. We cannot have everything; οὔ τις πρᾶξις τάδε μυρομένοις. And there *is* the essay on Pindar in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*[1], which, with that on 'The Speeches of Thucydides'[2], I should put next in value after the two great editions. Here is a penetrating and characteristic remark from the 'Pindar'[3]. In discussing the poet's peculiar treatment of metaphor, we come naturally to the too famous *whetstone* of *Olymp.* vi. 82, which, says Pindar, as a thought upon his lips, "woos my willing soul with the spirit of fair-flowing strains": δόξαν ἔχω τιν᾽ ἐπὶ γλώσσᾳ ἀκόνας λιγυρᾶς, and so on. "There is a general principle," observes Jebb,

> which ought, I think, to be clearly perceived. Most Indo-European nouns expressed some one obvious and

[1] Reprinted in *Essays and Addresses*, p. 41.

[2] Originally in *Hellenica*, reprinted in *Essays and Addresses*, p. 359.

[3] *Essays and Addresses*, p. 83.

characteristic quality of the object which they denoted: *e.g.* *ναῦς* is "the swimmer," *ῥῦς* "the thing which is cleft," etc. Similarly, *ἀκόνη* is the *sharpener*, *κρατήρ* is the *mixer*, etc. A Greek who called a thought an *ἀκόνη* was thus using a less startling image than we should use in calling it a whetstone....And such phrases are less audacious in proportion as they are old, *i.e.* near to the time when the language was still freshly conscious of the primary sense.

Whether this be a sufficient defence for Pindar or no—Jebb does not say so,—the principle ought indeed, as he says, to be clearly perceived, and easily may escape notice.

I pass over, with this slight indication, a great mass of useful but subordinate work, and come to the last part of my programme, some remarks on Jebb's compositions in Greek and Latin. "What have you done," said a man of science, "when and if you *have* made a piece of Greek verse, which, for anything that we see, might have been written by a contemporary of the classics? What does it signify?" Not very much, perhaps, to knowledge; yet not nothing either, when the thing is done as by Jebb. One might lecture long on the fundamental affinity of all great poetry throughout the ages, on the immense proportion which the common properties bear, in point of mass, to the temporary or personal variations, without producing as much conviction as Jebb produces, by translating Wordsworth's 'Intimations of Immortality', the whole ode, from beginning to end, into Greek hexameters. The stately and unbroken rhythm gives indeed a different

effect from the subtly varied stanzas of the original, but it is not less appropriate to the philosophic attitude, and every thought flows into the ancient language like bullion into a flawless mould.

"See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life."

ἠνίδε δέλτιόν οἵ τι παραὶ ποσὶν ἠέ τι πλάσμα,
δεῖγμα βίου τόν τ' αὐτὸς ὀνειροπολῶν ὑπέγραψεν.

"Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A presence which is not to be put by."

σεῖο γὰρ ἀθάνατος δαίμων Ὑπερίονος αὐγαῖς
ἶσος ὑπερκρέμαται, βασιλεύς θ' ὡς θητὸς ἀνάσσων
ἠνεκέως τε πάρεστι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλει παρεῶσθαι.

"My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all."

πάρειμι δὲ καὐτὸς ἑορτῇ,
ὅσσον ὁμοφρονέειν γε, κομάς τ' ἀνέδησα καὶ αὐτὸς
μυρί' ἰαινόμενος μετὰ μυρί' ἰαινομένοισιν.

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

κρέσσονα καὶ δακρύων μελεδήματα βυσσοδομεύειν.

This fineness of touch, this sure dexterity and exact comprehension, belong to every piece in the volume. That the task is always so well chosen would be too much to say; and in one instance

I think the choice unfortunate[1]. The tragic metres are handled, needless to say, with mastery, and the effect, where the matter is within compass, is unfailingly delightful.

"But when I met
Merlin, and asked him if these things were truth—
The shining dragon and the naked child
Descending in the glory of the seas—
He laughed as is his wont, and answered me
In riddling triplets of old time, and said:

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows.
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ Κάλχαντι συντυχοῦσ' ὅτε
εἰ ταῦτ' ἐτήτυμ' εἴτε πλάστ' ἀνηρόμην,
κέλσαι θαλάσσης παμφαοῦς περιστεφὲς
γυμνὸν δράκοντι ξὺν παναιόλῳ βρέφος,
γελῶν τὸ δὴ ξύνηθες ἀντεφθέγξατο
αἰνιγματωδεῖς καὶ παλαιφάτους στίχας·
τῇδε μὲν αὐγῶν τῇδε δ' ἀπ' ὄμβρων
κέχυται πολύχρους ἶρις ἐπ' ἀγροῖς·

[1] Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*, represented by a Latin Alcaic poem of more than 200 lines. The length serves to excuse some 'cutting', and not a few roughnesses. "Regem fatebantur venire | ora metu pavefacta regum" is scarcely to be taken with content for "And kings sat still with awful eye, As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by."

ἔστι δ' ἀληθὲς τοῦτο μὲν ἡμῖν,
ὑμῖν δ' ἕτερον· σαφὲς οὖν ἔστω,
κεκαλυμμένον εἴτ' ἀκάλυπτον.
ἡδὺ μὲν ὄμβροις ἡδὺ δ' ἐν εἴλῃ
καλύκων ἀνθεῖ γάνος αὐτοφυές·
τίς δὲ διέγνω δνοφερ' εἰλικρινῶν
βροτός; ἐξ ἀφανοῦς προφανέντ' ἀφανὴς
κευθμῶνος ἐδέξατο κευθμών.

In Latin, Jebb's skill as a manipulator of language is not less than in Greek, though some might perhaps say of him, as a Latin poet, what Cicero, with his Roman sensorium, said of the best Athenian oratory, that somehow 'non implet aures.' Possibly he is, in a certain way, a little *too* Augustan—if that is intelligible. But if there are, or can be, any Horatian lyrics except those of Horace, an Englishman would claim the title for Jebb's renderings from *In Memoriam*—'Dost thou look back on what hath been...', as Alcaics, or, still better, 'Witch-elms that counterchange the floor..', in the prevalent metre of the *Epodes*:—

"O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn."

"O quom beati cingeremus Laelium
stratum in virenti caespite,
quam cordibus vox, quam placebat auribus,
vates legentis Atticos!"

And miraculous, to the degree of illusion, is this transformation of Keats:

> ..."Ah! would 'twere so with many
> A gentle girl and boy!
> But were there ever any
> Writhed not at passéd joy?
> To know the change and feel it,
> When there is none to heal it,
> Nor numbéd sense to steal it—
> Was never said in rhyme."
>
> "virgines o si iuvenesque nuper
> fervidi Lethen biberent eandem!
> sed quis angori moderetur orbus
> deliciarum?
> 'unde quo veni?' dolor ingementis,
> nulla quem vincit medicina, nullus
> decipit torpor, quibus exprimatur
> carmina quaerit."

In such a mirror, as in St Mary's Lake, the poetry 'floats double, swan and shadow'; and we fancy, unreproved, that Apollo of the Palatine may hear again the music of his sacred birds from the dust-strewn mere which remembers the temple of Delos.

Most famous of Jebb's compositions, and in some respects justly so, are the imitations of Pindar, of which the first known was the translation of Browning's 'Abt Vogler' into the metres of the *Fourth Pythian*, the opening piece in the original collection of 1873. The very conception of such an

experiment, both matter and manner, strikes the 'classical man' with a sense of awe. Yet the promise is kept:—

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will
that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and,
lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be
allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth
sound, but a star."

νῦν δὲ δαίμων ἐξεκάλυψε βίαν,
ἀστραπὰν ὥς, παντοπόρου κραδίας, θεσμῶν κνεφαῖον
τέκτον' ἀριπρεπέων·
ποῦ γὰρ ἐξῆν ἄλλο βροτοῖς τι τοιόνδ', οἷον κτύπους
τρεῖς συμπλάσαντι
μὴ τέτρατον κτύπον ἀλλὰ σέλας πάμφλεκτον αἴρειν:

One would like to propound this to Pindar, in return for some problems of his. But however he might understand it, to us it is a revelation, deepening, by the sense of affinity in difference, our comprehension both of English poetry and of Greek.

It is an instructive fact, and deserving mention as such, that, though the versification of this celebrated piece is almost invariably melodious, and often (as in the second line of the citation) magnificent, it is not always perfectly faithful to the Pindaric model proposed. Thus the 3rd line of the 1st antistrophe,

ὡς ἕκαστοι συμπόνεον, σποράδαν εἴτ' ἰλαδόν, πρόθυμοι,

however satisfactory in itself, is not identical in rhythm, as it should be, with its strophic pair:

πρόσπολ' ὄρσαις φθέγμαθ' ἕτοιμα θιγών, ὡς δαιμόνων
ὄρσεν ποτανὰν—

having no equivalent for the two long syllables of ὄρσεν. Three similar discrepancies occur elsewhere[1]. They must be mere oversights; for Jebb, who applied to the lyrics of Attic tragedy canons of responsion perhaps stricter than our evidence proves[2], is not at all likely to have departed intentionally from the severity of Pindar. The truth is, that, without the musical accompaniment, *θεσμῶν κνεφαῖον τέκτονα*, the choric *strophé* has no sensible limits. Pindar is for us, as he was for Horace, 'unmeasured'; and, so long as a line ran well, not even Jebb could say, without counting, whether it had, or had not, the proper number of syllables. But I hasten to add that, so far as I have observed, there are no flaws, even of this innocent sort, in the beautiful ode, a marvel of invention and grace, which he composed, as ambassador from the University of Glasgow, for the 800th anniversary of the University of Bologna. Upon the model of Bologna the Scottish corporation was constituted in A.D. 1450 by Pope Nicholas V.

[1] *Epod.* 2, *v.* 4 τίς κεν...., *Str.* 3, *v.* 7 σὺν δυοῖν...., *Str.* 4, *v.* 3 οὗ γ' ἅπαξ...., are imperfect lines. There are discrepancies also in 'The Reign of Youth' (added in the 2nd edition, p. 275). See for instance the penultimate verse of the first *strophé* πνεῖ δ' ἀκραιφνὲς..., where the word ἄνθος gives one long syllable too much.

[2] *e.g. Phil.* 1094. The dactyl οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' is conceivably right.

"Go on then," says the poet, in his final salutation, to the academic Mother, "Go on then, Thou, to the Muses dear, in these summits of high praise! For, as kind children keep for ever green the memory of a parent, best flower of reverent hearts, such pious guerdon have thy colonists dedicated to Thee, from whom they came. And such is this song from Scotland, prosperously sent over sea from home to home, from the far stream of Clyde to a Senate of Italy. It was the Wind of the North, they say, that rapt Erechtheus' daughter from the City of the Violet Crown, and the banks of fair Ilissus where she played."—

βᾶθι δή, Μοίσαισι φίλα, μεγάλων ταῖσδ' ἐν κορυφαῖσιν
ἐπαίνων·
παισὶ γὰρ ὡς παρὰ κεδνοῖς ἄφθιτος
οὐ καταφυλλοροεῖ
τοκέων μνάμα, φρενῶν
ἄνθος αἰδοιέστατον,

τοιόνδε τὶν εὐσεβὲς ἀγκεῖται γέρας
ματροπόλει παρ' ἀποίκων· οἷα Καληδόνιον
καὶ τόδ' ὑπεὶρ ἅλα πέμπεται μέλος,
οἴκοθεν οἴκαδ' ἔπουρον
τηλεπόροι' ἀπὸ Κλώτας Ἰταλὸν ἐς πρυτανεῖον·
φαντὶ δὲ καὶ Βορέαν ἰοστεφάνων ἀπ' Ἀθανᾶν ἁρπάσαι
τὰν Ἐρεχθηΐδα, καλλιρόου
παίζουσαν Ἰλίσσου πέλας.

With this melodious and pregnant sentence the poet's readers may themselves most aptly sum and

conclude their opinion on a book, to which, in this province of art, one will hardly find an equal.

I have now completed my plan, and, discarding criticism, will take leave to add but a few words of a more personal bearing. It is not without reflexion that I have repeatedly coupled the name of Jebb with that of Addison. Unless I mistake, there is a real similarity of genius and type. Again and again, watching and listening to Jebb in the lecture-room, in society, or alone with him, was I reminded of the traits attributed by tradition to the author of the vision of Mirzah[1]. The veil of reserve and the sudden glow, the sensibility, the cover of outward patience, the hint and the hesitation, and above all, the side-glance of the eye, demure and humorous,—all must have noted these, who had any intercourse with Jebb. Not many years since, I attended, for the purpose of certain teaching, in which I was acting as his coadjutor, some courses of lectures which he gave in Cambridge, as Professor, on the history of Greek Literature. Apart from the direct profit, it was an exquisite feast of observation. The class was large, and consisted almost entirely of young students. The lectures, designed to cover nearly the whole subject in four terms, were models of proportional compression; and though of course they proceeded mainly upon familiar lines, they were full of slight but significant touches of differentiation or correction. It was a lesson in itself, to follow the management of voice and feature, with which these

[1] *Spectator*, no. 159.

were submitted to an audience, whose convictions, for the most part, were not easily to be disturbed, or indeed to be found. Better still was it, to have Jebb upon the hearth, and to propound—as was not difficult—some view which he would scruple to pass. Looking back on many such hours, it is something, that at least one has not to lay to oneself the reproach of Ajax: "They know not the good they have, until it be dashed from their hands." Now from the portrait, silent upon the wall, we turn to the speaking page.

A. W. V.

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CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY JOHN CLAY, M.A. AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

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